Spring, 1971

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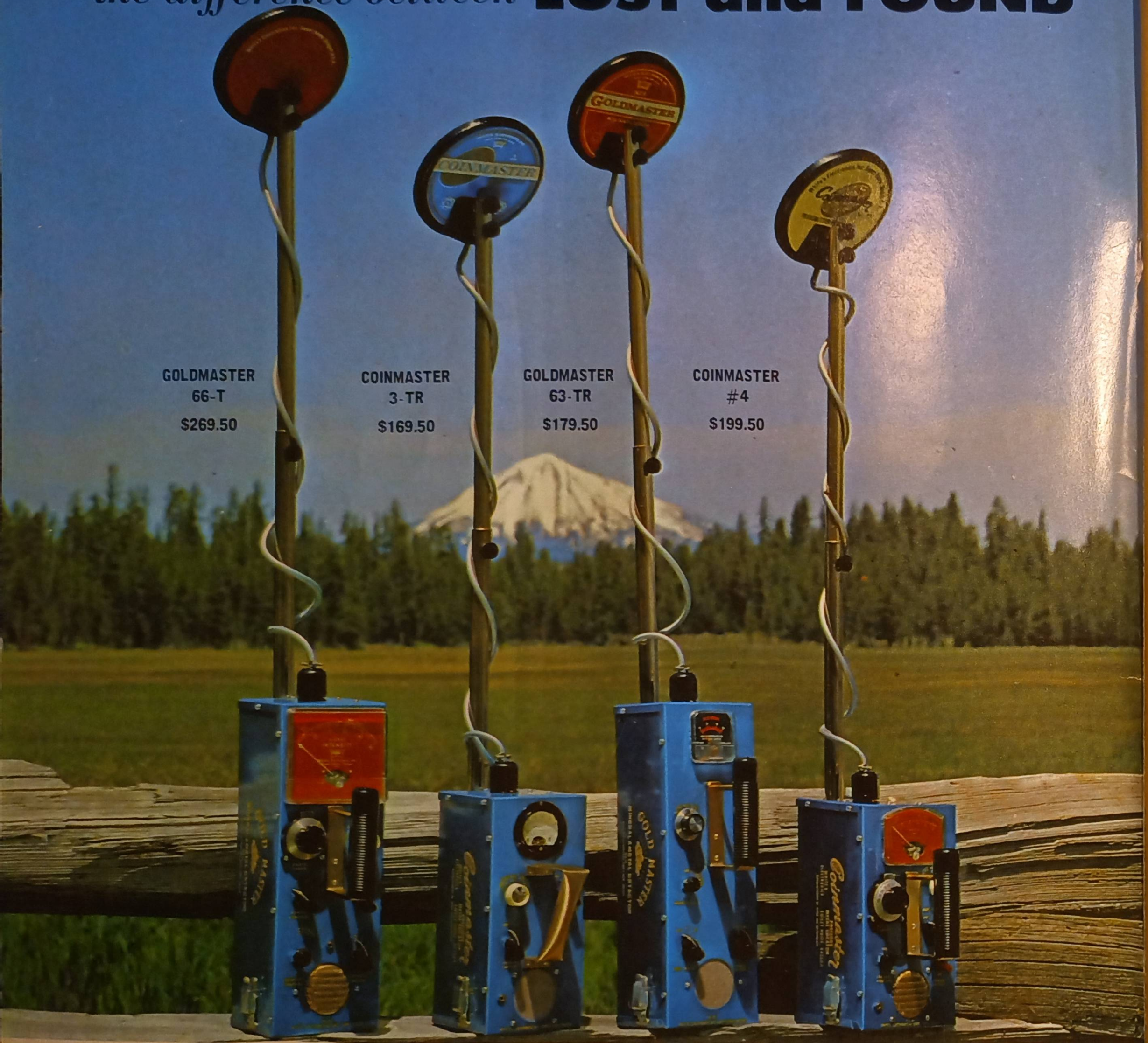

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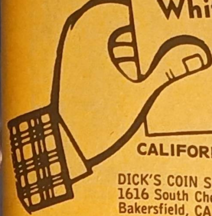

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Scarce 1935 Pamphlet
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"PRISON DELIVERY"

BEGINS on PAGE 74!
**Written by
Emmett Dalton
After Fourteen Years
In Lansing Pen!**

SPRING, 1971 VOL. 7, NO. 3 WHOLE NO. 27

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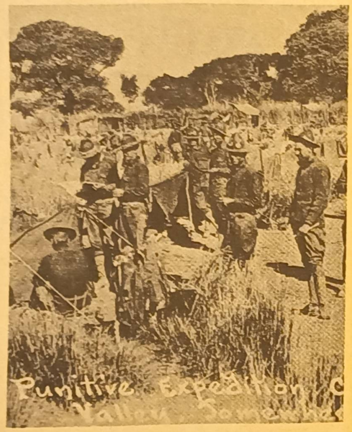

Chasing Pancho Villa in Mexico
See page 6!

Where Preston met Butch Cassidy
Turn to page 20!

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THE LOST BADGER MINE
SUNKEN SILVER STAMPEDE!
THE TOWN THAT COPPER KILLED
THE LOST CRAZY WOMAN MINE
THE FORGOTTEN MEN
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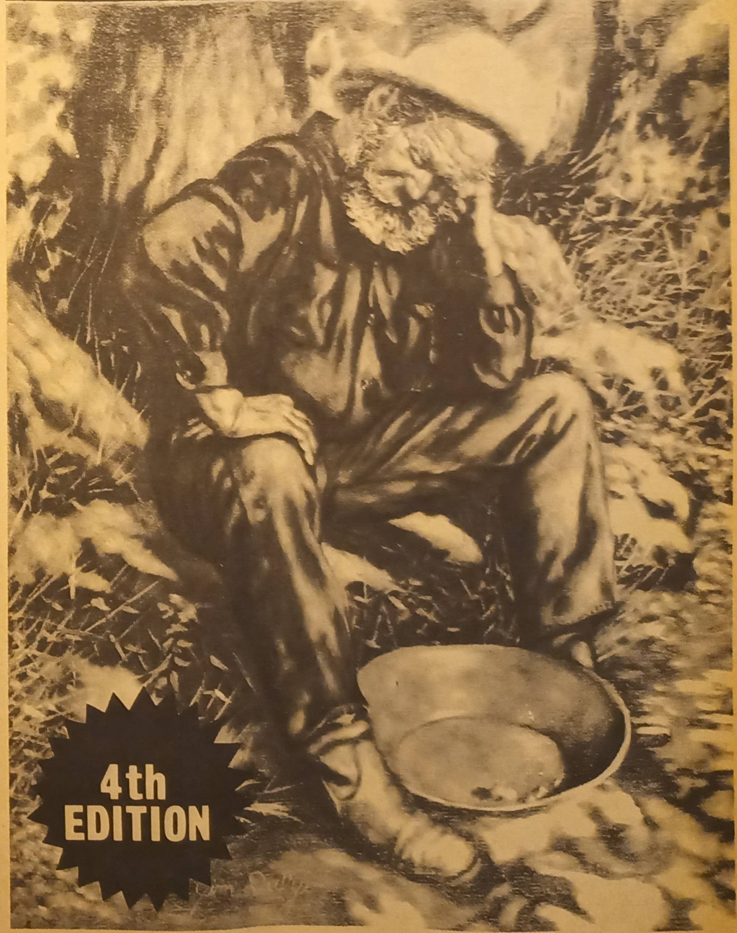
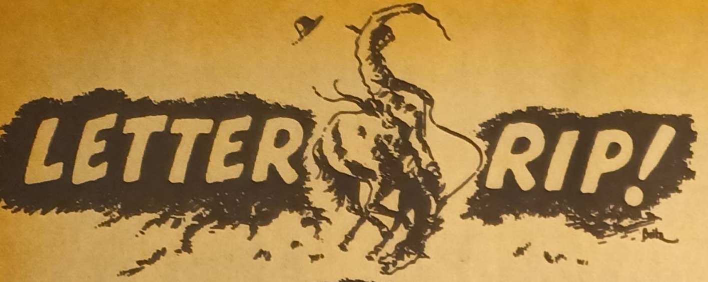
THE LEGEND OF FRACTION JACK
THE SUGAR SILVER CAVE
A DEVIL OF A LOOKING MINER
TREASURE BOOK ROUNDUP
TREASURE FEVER
CORONADO'S LOST CHILDREN
IS THE TREASURE REALLY THERE?





Vandalism

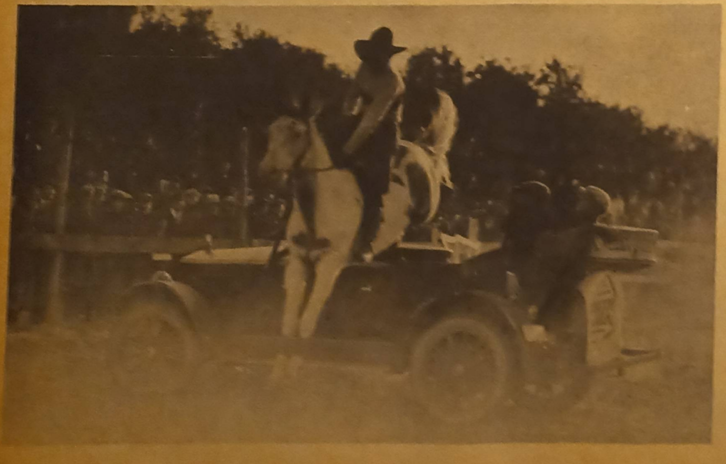
I wholeheartedly agree with Alan Jay [Editorial, Fall 1970 OLD WEST]. He is right—most Americans are good people but there are a lot who are just what he said: Plunderers and thieves. I don't blame Canada. They should check tourists at the border and if they have taken anything, fine them $1,000 or six months in jail. Oregon is my home and things here are the same—what people can't take with them, they tear up.

They come here with their guns and kill our birds, our deer, our elk and just leave them to rot. They just slaughter the bear, put trash in our beautiful lakes and one can hardly find old homesteads anymore since people tear them down. I know of several but I sure won't tell anyone where they are. We've found a few on hunting trips and just our hunting gang knows where they are. We never bother them—we'd rather look at them and daydream of what the people were like who lived there. We were taught never to take or go on another man's property without asking first, and leave it as we found it. So you see, my Canadian friend, we have problems too. Don't let them ruin what you have.—Just a Friend from Oregon

One Horsepower Tops Essex

It is unusual to see a horse jumping over a 1920 Essex, so I thought you'd like to take a look at this photo. Instead of cowboy hats, the people are wearing caps. Horses in 1971 don't jump over automobiles, even with the tops down.—S. H. Berry, Box 1192, Boise, Idaho 83701

"Chief" jumping a seven-passenger Essex.



A Canadian Replies

After reading the Fall 1970 OLD WEST, I just feel doubly mighty glad I subscribe!

Regarding ghost town and cemetery lootings—there will always be thieves among us. But if by chance they read your editorial, I'm sure they're feeling a whole lot guilty! It's a downright shame they can't leave things be for others to enjoy. Reminds me of children who dislike having to share toys. But I'm sure most Canadians realize there is always one bad apple in every bushel. After all, we have our own bad apples! We thoroughly enjoy having you, our neighbors, to come and share the beauty of our country. We only ask that you try to leave it as you found it, and we in turn will do the same when visiting you. (If you can put up with our bad apples, we can put up with yours!)

Speaking of beauty in our country, after reading "Prospecting in British Columbia" by Pappy Manthos, I just "gotta git out" and see this province. Ain't it true, that we can't see what's under our noses 'til someone comes along and points it out. I live near Cache Creek and have passed by the house on the cover (of the Fall issue) many times. It's a great picture of the past.

You asked how readers value the old books you're running. Here is one reader who considers them "priceless." I'll just keep on reading and enjoying them as long as you keep on printing them.—Mrs. Dawn Cowan, Box 130, Savona, B. C. Canada.

Black Pot of Yellow Gold

I think I know of Mr. Bond's black pot fortune [Fall '70 OLD WEST]. Thirty-five years ago I heard the story from a very old man—a Mr. Denton. He knew where it was but only told us the part which concerned Arkansas. Mr. Denton said the money was being sent from the governor of Missouri during the Civil War and was buried in Arkansas on its way south. I can't recall any of the details, however Mr. Denton may have grandchildren in Little Rock who remember.—T. Klingle, Southaven Mississippi 38671

Blue Duck Killed His Great-Uncle

I have bought your rag for years. My wife finally said I'd better do something with them since they were going to break the shelves! So, I wrapped them in plastic and am keeping them in my storehouse.

The best story you ever had in your wonderful magazines was "Cow By The Tail." There was another one which I believe should be in the hall of fame—"Nine Years Among the Indians."

A few years ago you had a story about Belle Starr and her boyfriend, Blue Duck. The man whom Blue Duck shot and killed for his herd of cattle was my great-uncle, Samuel Wyrick. Judge Parker in his court at Fort Smith sentenced Blue Duck to be hanged. However Belle got a smart lawyer and his term was commuted to life. He only served a few years and died of lung trouble.—Bert Wyrick, 3108 Ross, Clovis, New Mexico 88101

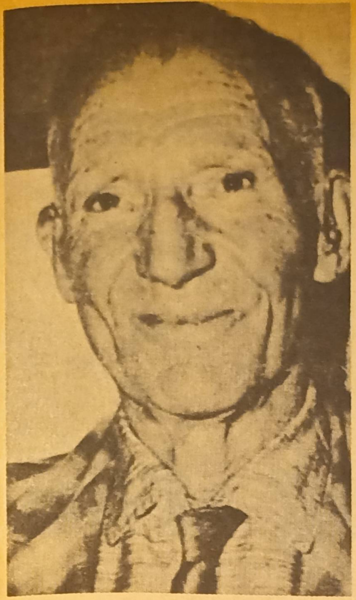
The Passing of Lige Coalman

I am sending you page one of July 9, 1970 issue of *The Sandy Post* of Sandy, Oregon, which contains the obituary of Lige Coalman referred to in Victor White's story, "Mystery Man of the Cascades," OLD WEST, Fall 1970.

[Ed.'s Note: We were saddened to read that Lige Coalman died in La Habra, California on June 29, 1970 at the age of 88. Back in the Winter 1968 OLD WEST, we published a story devoted entirely to Lige, "Lige Coalman—Mountain Boy," also written by Victor White.]

I've camped with my father at the north end of Summit Meadows referred to in the story and picked many a pail of huge strawberries—descendants of the patch of berries planted there by Mr. Vickers, we were told. We lived there in 1922-25 and saw parts of the corral fence, barn, etc. before the meadows were cleared for an airplane landing field—which was not successful.

We like your western magazines and find the Oregon pioneer stories interesting and accurate.—Mrs. M. A. Haines, Route 2, Box 187-B, Aurora, Oregon 97002



Lige Coalman.

Train Wreck at Trinidad, Colorado

When my wife saw the two checks I wrote for two-year subscriptions to all of your publications, and the order for back issues, I thought she was going to bust a hame string. In order to settle her down it cost me $50 for a new set of living room drapes, so I reckon I won't be sending any more back issue orders until she needs something new for the house.

I was in the logging business for twenty-two years with my own outfit and have probably cut second-growth timber over land I've read about in your publications. I bought logged-over land when I was in high school in Rainier, Oregon back in 1944. We built our home on it and are running a few beef cattle along with my job of running a D8 'dozer, pushing chips at the new paper mill at Wauna, Oregon about twenty-five miles down the Columbia River from Rainier.

I've read a lot of letters from your readers and enjoy them very much, so I am wondering if someone may be able to give me some information on a train wreck that happened in or near Trinidad, Colorado on July 18, 1930. My dad was killed in that wreck and I get conflicting answers as to the cause of it. I think it was a freight train, but I'm not sure. I was only four years old at the time and we moved to Oregon the following winter. We lived in Clinton, Oklahoma at the time of the wreck. Maybe some old-timer will remember about it and let me know.

If you ever stop publishing all this good reading, you better leave the country because a lot of people would be after your hides. I don't know how you can publish something so good and sell it so cheap. Keep 'em coming.—Carl A. Blank, Rt. 1, Box 495, Rainier, Oregon 97048

Wants Bill Miner Information

I would appreciate hearing from people who knew Bill Miner or who have heard stories about him. He was born in Kentucky about 1847, and after a career as a stagecoach bandit he served 1881-1901 in San Quentin Prison. Thereafter he robbed trains at Corbett, Oregon in 1903; Mission Junction, B. C. in 1904 and Furrer (now Ducks), B. C. in 1906, after which rewards of $12,800 brought about his arrest. After a jail break that caused a scandal, he robbed a bank in Portland and a train in Georgia. Caught, he died in prison in 1913.

At various times he was known as George W. (or Bud) Edwards and George or Sam Anderson. His real name may have been William A. Morgan. When Bill wasn't on the run he seemed to be a peaceable, law-abiding citizen, and he looked nothing like a notorious train robber. All letters will be speedily answered.— Robert Olson, 7143 South Bequette Avenue, Pico Rivera, California 90660

Osage Mission in Kansas?

Does anyone have any information on a place in Kansas which used to be called Osage Mission? I believe it had a mission school for Indians. My great-grandparents were supposed to have started the first hotel there. They started with a tent, then a shack with lean-to, and slowly built up till it was a regular hotel. My last relation, as far as I know, on that side of the family, Etta Vernum Null, worked for her parents when a tot helping to wait table for the travelers that stayed at the hotel. She died in 1959 or '60.

The family name was Vernum. I believe my brother's son is the last of the line. They were of German-French nationality and I think my great-grandpa was born in Europe. My great-aunt Etta told me a bit of the story but was quite old and rambled so I coudn't piece it all together.—Mrs. D. V. Bateman, Box 144, Goodsprings, Nevada 89019

Old Poem's Lines Lost

I have been reading OLD WEST for some time now and I am hoping you or your readers can help me. Years ago I read a poem by an unknown author. It started off like this:

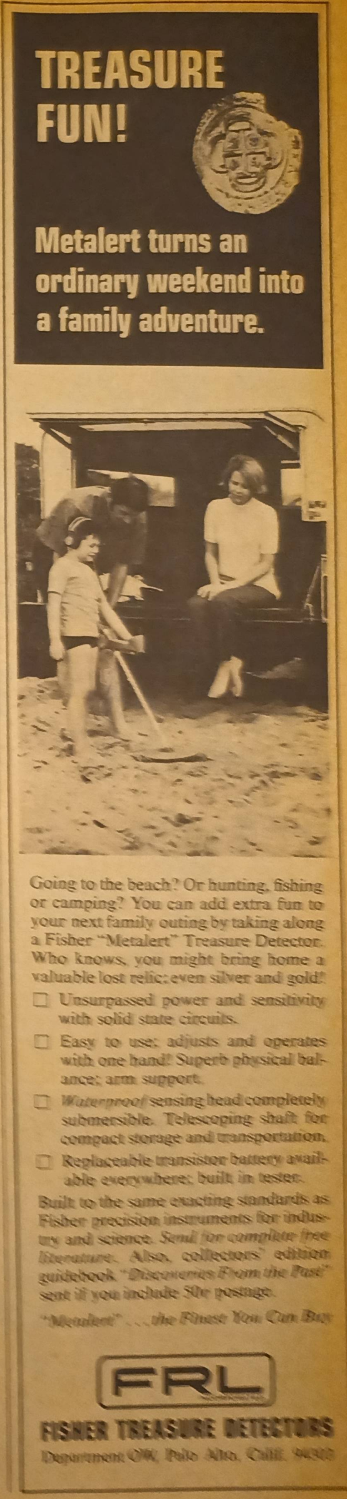
"Upon the desert's burning floor
The merciless sun beat hot.
But the pitiful reeling figure
Seemed to feel it not."

At this point, I am lost, but I remember it ended like this:

"He rose to his feet only to fall again.
He had lost at the age-old game.
Water, Water, the rending cry
Deep from his innermost soul.
His outstretched hand, with a gurgling
splash
Fell into the waterhole."

If anyone can help me with the rest, I'll be forever grateful.—John W. Terwilliger, 151 DuPont Avenue, Newburgh, New York 12550

(Continued on page 58)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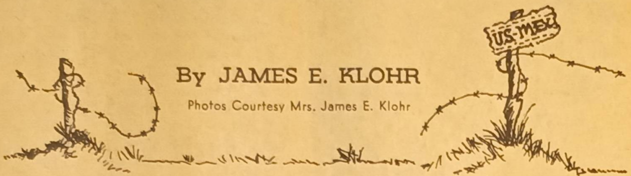
First-hand account of a trooper on the trail of big game—Pancho Villa!



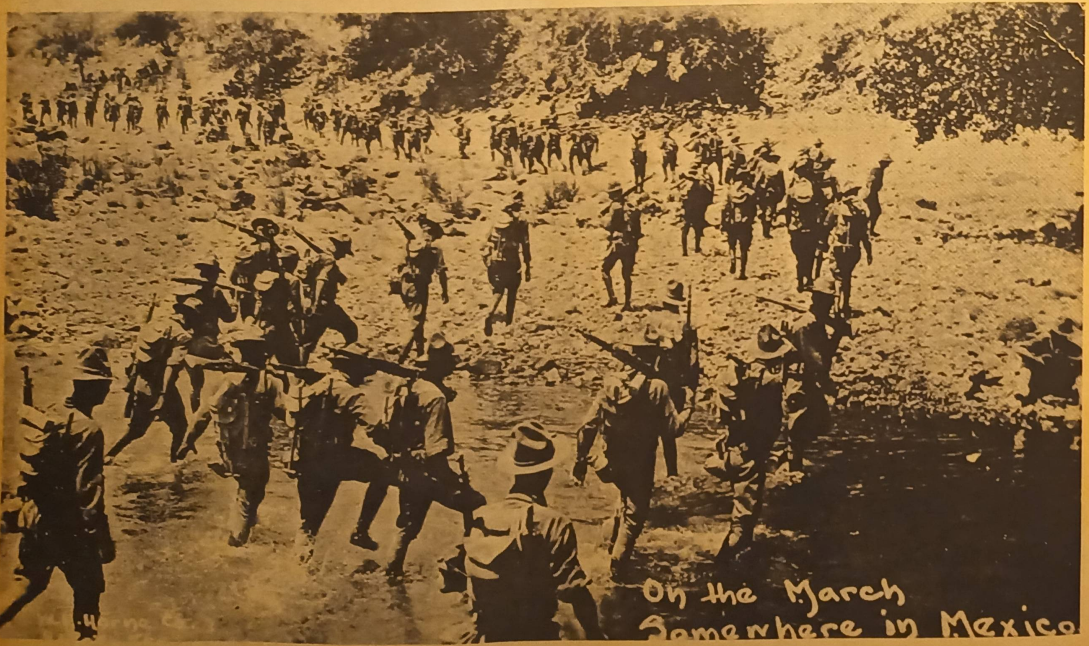
By JAMES E. KLOHR

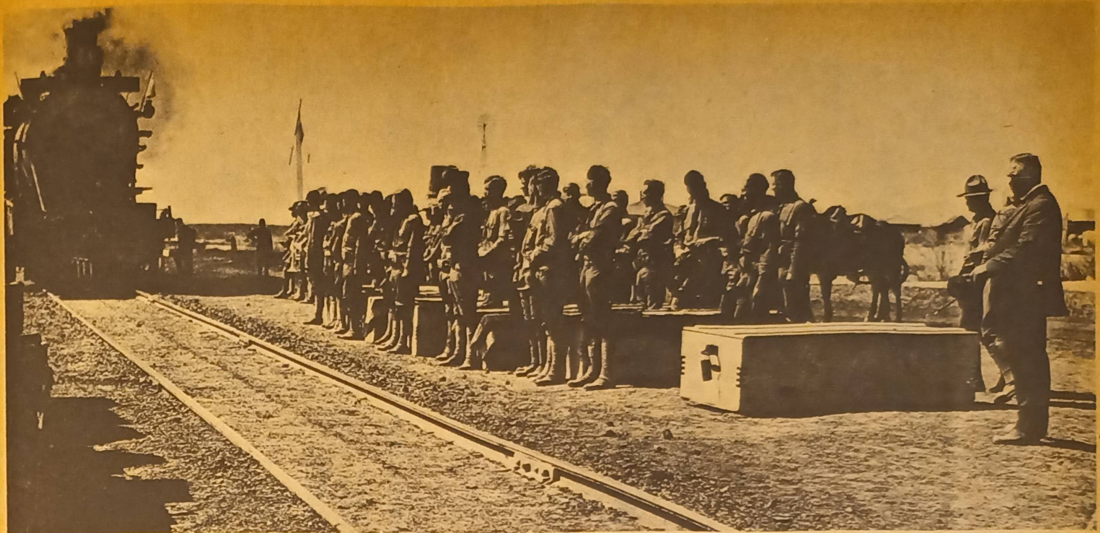
Photos Courtesy Mrs. James E. Klohr

Jim Klohr about 1916.

Chasing the GREATEST BANDIDO of ALL

Infantry in pursuit of Villa.





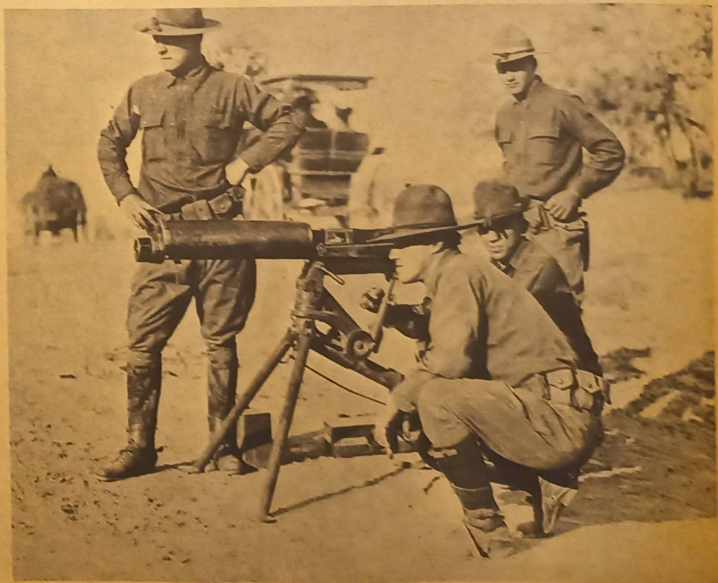
Explanatory note: James E. Klohr joined the 7th Cavalry in 1913, served in the Philippines, and later was stationed on the Mexican border at the time of the Columbus raid. When he retired from the army, he and his wife went into northern Arizona looking for a homestead. It was 1921 and they traveled "via a team of mules and a buckboard." James Klohr was the first government hydrographer stationed at Lee Ferry.

At the urging of friends, this account—from a cavalryman's viewpoint—of trying to track down Pancho Villa in the wilds of Mexico was written.

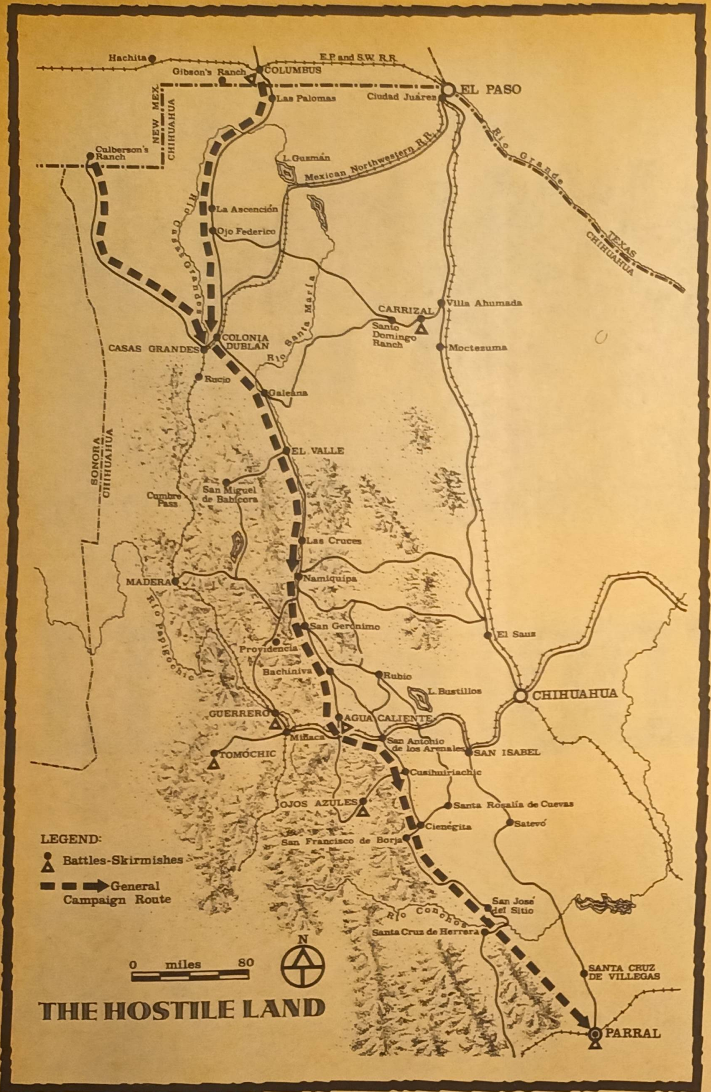
James Klohr died in 1965 and his widow, Christina, has made available to Western Publications her husband's unpublished book-length manuscript.

Preface

IT WAS January 1913 and I had come to Los Angeles from Nevada with two carloads (cattle cars) of rodeo horses for the first big rodeo ever held there.



Guarding the coffins of comrades killed during Villa's nighttime raid, troopers above await the train at Columbus, New Mexico to send the bodies of U.S. soldiers to their families. At right, a machine gun squad somewhere in Mexico.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L. Guzmán
Mexican Northwestern R.R.
Rio Grande
TEXAS
CHIHUAHUA
Rio Casas Grandes
La Ascención
Ojo Federico
Rio Santa María
CARRIZAL
Villa Ahumada
Santo Domingo Ranch
Moctezuma
COLONIA DUBLAN
CASAS GRANDES
Rucio
Galeana
SONORA
CHIHUAHUA
EL VALLE
San Miguel de Babícora
Cumbre Pass
Las Cruces
MADERA
Namiquipa
Rio Papigochic
San Gerónimo
El Sauz
Providencia
Bachiniva
Rubio
L. Bustillos
CHIHUAHUA
GUERRERO
AGUA CALIENTE
Miñaca
San Antonio de los Arenales
SAN ISABEL
TOMÓCHIC
Cusihuiriachic
OJOS AZULES
Santa Rosalía de Cuevas
Satevó
Cienégita
San Francisco de Borja
LEGEND:
Battles-Skirmishes
General Campaign Route
San José del Sitio
Rio Conchos
Santa Cruz de Herrera
N
0 miles 80
SANTA CRUZ DE VILLEGAS
THE HOSTILE LAND
PARRAL

This map by Cyrus Wagner depicting the route of General John Pershing's punitive expedition across the Rio Grande to destroy the Mexican bandit Pancho Villa is taken from the book, THE GREAT PURSUIT by Herbert Molloy Mason, Jr., Copyright 1970 by Herbert Molloy Mason, Jr., and is reproduced courtesy of the publisher, Random House, Inc., New York. Most—if not all—the towns and landmarks Jim Klohr describes can be found here.

After the rodeo was over (it lasted two weeks) we drifted out to Glendale, a Los Angeles suburb. It was a young movie town: *Pathé Freres*, Selig, Keystone Comedies, Kalem were the silent movie companies in those days. We rodeo cowpokes worked as extras.

One day on reporting to Selig studio, we were outfitted as cavalrymen in the old blue cavalry uniforms, probably of Civil War days.

The picture was being shot out in Arroyo Seco near Pasadena. Not having enough transportation for everyone, about twenty of us were sent out by streetcar. We changed cars at Fifth and Main Streets. All being young bloods, we needed a beer, so we entered a bar before catching a car for the location near Pasadena.

At the studio they had sprinkled talcum powder on our blue uniforms so they would appear dusty. There was an old-timer in the bar and we interested him, and he said, "I'll bet you boys are just up from the border—been down there chasing bandits. You can't fool me with that old alkali dust on your clothes!" Little did I realize then that sometime later I'd be chasing bandits for real on the border!

THE 7th U. S. Regiment of Cavalry arrived in San Francisco just before Christmas, 1915. All men of the regiment had been in the Philippines two years or more. The San Francisco World's Fair was just over. It was a great day when the transport *Logan* docked. We disembarked, and our regimental band led the regiment at parade march to temporary quarters at the Presidio. We received two months' pay; were issued long cavalry overcoats, as we were wearing our tropical khaki uniforms; then we were given leave for the Christmas holidays to come and go at will. We really celebrated.

When the fun was finally over we marched down and entrained for the little border town of Hachita, New Mexico. It was the early part of January 1916. Hachita was a real Wild West border town, two saloons, one small hotel, one general store, about a dozen other buildings, and the depot, set right out on the wide-open flat rangeland. It was garrisoned by the 9th U. S. Cavalry, a Negro regiment (old-timers).

We had left our horses and all heavy equipment at Camp Slotsenburg, Luzon, in the Philippines. The 9th Cavalry entrained and went to the Philippines, leaving their horses and heavy cavalry equipment which we, the 7th Cavalry, took over; and we proceeded to accustom ourselves to the new environment of Mexican border duty.

The cavalry camp was located just across the railroad tracks from the wide, one-sided dirt street and consisted of army squad tents with board floors and canvas cots with straw mattresses. Only part of the regiment was left at Hachita—Troops A and B of 1st Squadron. The rest were scattered about forty miles south and west in border camps.

Some eight miles southeast of Hachita, the New Mexico border runs east and west, corners and runs due south for about forty miles then west again to Douglas, Arizona and on westward. So Hachita is located only about eight miles from the Mexican border where it corners and runs south.

Out near this corner was a cavalry outpost called Dobe Wells consisting of a windmill-corral and a tent camp for a squad. Usually a corporal and eight privates put in ten-day tours of border patrol duty. It was a desolate, cold, windy, place—especially in winter. There was a small inactive mining camp just over the border in Mexico and a couple of renegade Americans hung out there. This was supposed to be a hot spot for running guns and ammunition across the border, as just southeast about forty miles in Mexico was where Pancho Villa and his army had their base camp. We were on the alert day and night and there were wild tales of Villa and his so-called "Army of Bandits."

It was cold at Hachita all during January with some light snowfall. We had horse exercise (about a ten-mile ride) each day or light drill to keep horses and men fit. An epidemic of laryngitis swept the troops and our young lieutenant-medic couldn't seem to do much about it. Sergeant Byers' throat became so bad he choked to death one night. He was an old-time regular cavalryman. It was a sad day in Troop A when we lost him and laid him away in a little soldiers' cemetery out on the flats a mile from camp.

There were about a half-dozen other soldier graves in the little plot of cavalrymen who had passed away in years past while on border patrol. A short prayer, the sharp retort of the firing squad, the last salute to a soldier, and he was left alone to rest forever in peace.

WE LIVED the usual life of a cavalryman. A few girls finally arrived and had the usual secluded house about a half-mile out of town. It was always lively and cheerful over at the saloons at night. The favorite was Jerigans' Saloon. We could always get a little credit till payday. Jerigans' was about the only place where soldiers were welcome as most of the civilians gave us the cold shoulder. Regular army soldiers were not too popular in peace time. We lived on the wrong side of the track.

One payday when I was corporal of the guard, a wild jamboree was reported at Jerigans' Saloon, and with a couple of guards, I made it over to the saloon to investigate.

There we found two of my squad chained to a tree out in back of the saloon. They had met their match with a

Courtesy National Archives

Troop E of the 7th Cavalry on the move in Mexico.

Troop A, Seventh U.S. Cavalry, camped at Casas Grandes, Mexico in March 1916. This was an outpost camp on the Casas Grandes River during the early part of the expedition.

Courtesy National Archives

Jeffery Quad trucks bringing in supplies.

couple of old-time border rangers who had stopped in town for a little relaxation. I will always remember the one ranger. His name was Schrimpser. He always stayed armed; carried his saddle and carbine with him and kept it handy.

The two soldiers from my squad—both young privates, nice lads when not drinking—had challenged the rangers to a fight and had lost the bout. They were still abusive so the rangers handcuffed them to a sapling in the backyard of the saloon.

I had the rangers turn them loose and said, "I'll take them over to camp and take care of them." We took them back to camp and told them to sleep it off.

I kept an eye on the squad tent, and they seemed to be sleeping it off, but just after dark, rifle fire broke out over across the tracks near the saloon. Both soldiers woke up still full of fight; took their army rifles and went over in the street where they could see the rangers standing at the bar. They opened fire through the front window at them. Both rangers came out with their carbines, firing as they came. They had plenty of guts.

Luckily all shots went wild in the dark and the two soldiers beat a retreat back to camp. Their little fracas cost them a court-martial; otherwise, they were still good soldiers, just out having a little fun on payday.

Our Troop A commander was a grey-haired veteran with years of service. His name was Captain Nissen. The first lieutenant was a real cavalry officer, Lieutenant King. He was a bold, aggressive and likeable officer. He called me to report to him one day and said, "Corporal, I'm sending you and your squad out to Dobe Wells outpost for ten days. They've been having trouble out there and, as you know, we just lost four or five cavalry horses by the patrol being tricked into an ambush at night."

It was an old trick. The bandits had built a fire and the corporal with his American cavalry patrol dismounted his patrol and advanced on foot to reconnoiter the campfire. As soon as he and his men were well away from their horses, the bandits shot the sentry left with the horses, and took the horses across the border, having cut the international fence. This left a corporal and his patrol to make it back afoot to Dobe Wells outpost, about eight miles.

Lieutenant King gave me detailed instructions on the patrol duties and procedure and said, "Corporal, you are on your own when you get out there so keep your eyes peeled."

Seventh U.S. Cavalry at Camp Dublan, Mexico in March 1916.

Military Camp in Mexico

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3013
The Body of
Mexican Bandit Leader

U.S. troopers with the body of a Mexican bandit leader.

WE DREW field rations for ten days. An escort wagon took out our supplies, including hay and grain for our horses.

We relieved the patrol on duty and took over the Dobe Wells patrol camp. We would ride along the border each day in daylight, mostly to watch for breaks in the international fence where smugglers had crossed over with arms for the Mexican guerrillas. This was a big business in 1916. At night we kept a sentry on the alert around camp, expecting an attack at any time.

The ten days passed without any trouble and we were relieved by a fresh patrol. It was a nice feeling to get back to our camp at Hachita. The little border town looked mighty good after being away on field rations for ten days. Yes, we were back to civilization again, even though there were only a few bright lights at night. The warmth and comradeship at Jerigans'; the little cafe where we had a meal now and then that was a change from the army chow; then the west-bound train every evening, called the "Drummers Special" to Douglas, Arizona. We dubbed it the "Drunkard's Special" as it always took on a good supply of liquor at Hachita, really loaded up, because it soon passed over the state line to Arizona which was a dry state in 1916.

Some miles to the west of Hachita was the little cowtown of Rodeo. It was astraddle the New Mexico-Arizona line. There was a fellow who had a joint there. The big building sat right on the state line. He had a bar on the New Mexico side, and you crossed the hall to rooms in dry Arizona. It was quite a rendezvous in the old days. All liquor was bootlegged into Arizona. Jerigans' Saloon sold liquor wholesale so the big rum runners used to load up at Hachita and somehow smuggle it into Arizona. This made Hachita quite a hangout for border renegades, smugglers and cowhands.

Columbus, New Mexico was forty miles due east of Hachita, with nothing much between except a railroad section house or two and the Gibson Ranch seventeen miles west of Columbus. The ranch house and corrals were right along the international border fence on the American side. This property belonged to the Palomas Land and Cattle Company, a big spread with ranches on both sides of the border. From Gibson Ranch you could look down a valley southward to the Palomas Ranch, about twenty miles south of the border and also a Palomas Land and Cattle Company ranch.

A squadron of the 13th U. S. Cavalry had an outpost camp at Gibson's Ranch. The 13th Cavalry regimental headquarters was at Columbus.

Rumors had it that Pancho Villa and his so-called guerrilla army were again moving up close to the border. After several years of fighting the Mexican Federals, Villa still controlled southern Chihuahua.

On the evening of March 7 at our Hachita camp, our first sergeant called me in and said, "Corporal, here are orders from troop commander for you to take eight men and make a patrol along the border tomorrow. Patrol east to Gibson's Ranch and report to Major Dade, 13th Cavalry, when you get there. He'll give you and your patrol your meals, but you'll have to bivouac for the night and patrol back tomorrow."

We made the patrol without seeing anything but cattle here and there along the U. S. side of the border. It was almost evening on March 8 when we reported to Major Dade. Also at Gibson's Ranch was Colonel Herbert J. Slocum, regimental commander of the 13th Cavalry from Columbus. Sometime before dark, a tall, good-looking Mexican rode into camp from across the border. He had come up from the Palomas Ranch and was supposed to be a spy for Colonel Slocum. He reported that Villa had attacked and burned Palomas Ranch and killed most of the *vaqueros* and ranch help, including three American cowboys. We could look south and still see smoke from the burning haystacks. I'll always remember this Mexican spy as he had several gold teeth.

Colonel Slocum had come out to Gibson's Ranch by Model T Ford from Columbus and before dark he took his Mexican spy and returned there. It was a chilly March night, but my patrol and I slept on the ground by the corral with just our one army blanket and a saddle blanket. Of course, we slept in our clothes, shoes and all.

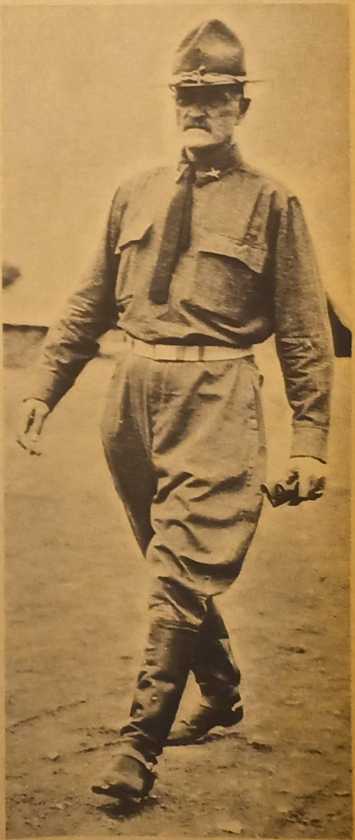
About daybreak, myself and old buddy "Pop" Hardin froze out and got up and rustled up a little wood from around the corral and made a little Indian fire to warm up as the 13th Cavalrymen had not yet awakened and reveille had not yet sounded.

Then, off to the east, we could hear the motor of a Ford car coming. Pop Hardin and I got up on top of the corral and watched it approach. It drove up and a man and woman jumped out and came running toward us, both carrying Winchester rifles. They hollered, "Where's the major? Villa is raiding and burning Columbus!"

They were plenty excited. They were the section foreman and his wife from the

General John J. Pershing

Courtesy National Archives



section house just west of Columbus, and they had been watching the battle for several hours and then had come out to Gibson's Ranch to get help.

Just then Major Dade awakened and looked out of his tent, still in pajamas, and asked, "What's that?"

They repeated, "Villa is raiding and burning Columbus!"

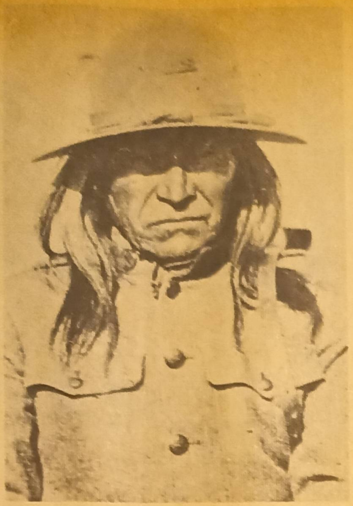
Major Dade said, "You mean Palomas, don't you?"

"No, no, Major. The battle has been going on for several hours! It's Columbus, I tell you, man! They need help!"

The major didn't seem to get very excited about it all. Reveille went about that time and the outpost all came to life. The cooks got breakfast as usual. The squadron finally got ready and mounted and started eastward toward Columbus. The sun was well up by that time, and myself and patrol had mounted and were ready to move, also. Major Dade said to me, "Corporal, if you want to see some action, follow along with us."

I replied, "I would sure like to, but my written orders were to patrol to here and then back to Hachita."

"Well, you better do that then," he said.


Courtesy National Archives

Apache Scout Es-Ki-Ben-Di

BY THE TIME the major and his squadron reached Columbus (several hours), the battle was over and Villa and his raiders had been chased back across the border by the squadron of the 13th Cavalry who were the only soldiers left in Columbus at the time of the raid. This was the morning of March 9, 1916.

With my eight-man patrol we headed back west toward Hachita. I put out a point and strung out the patrol as it was possible we might run into a band of Mexican bandits on our side of the border when we had to go through a pass in some low foothills.

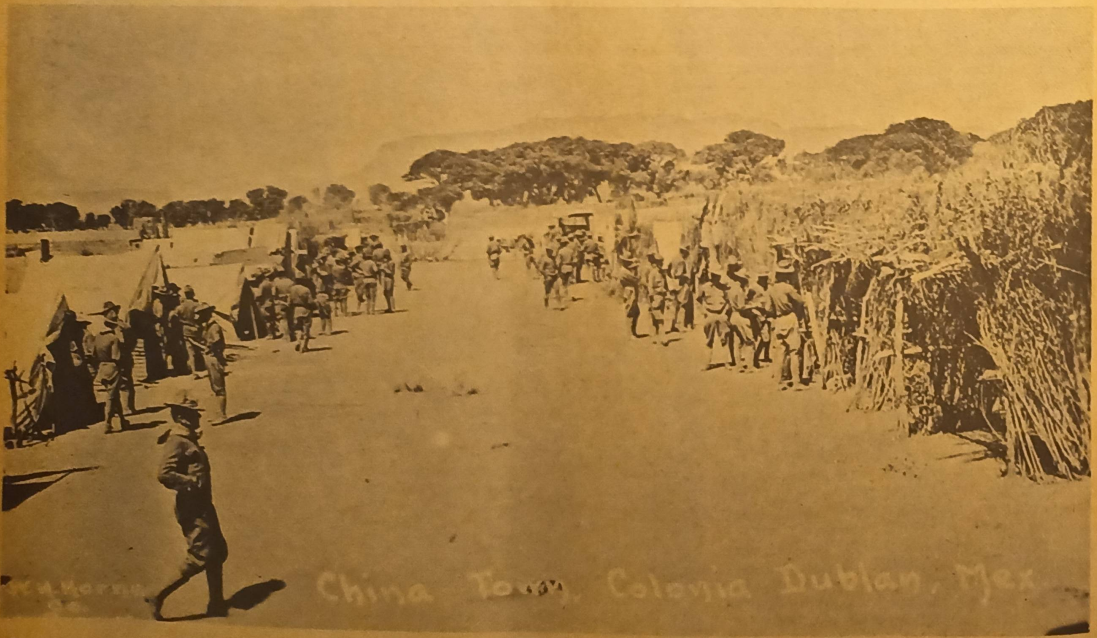
About half-way back to Hachita and one mile from the border, sure enough, off to our south, approximately a hundred Mexican bandits were putting a bunch of cattle through the international fence. Villa's army needed beef.

We studied them through my field glasses for a few minutes and then pressed on toward Hachita.

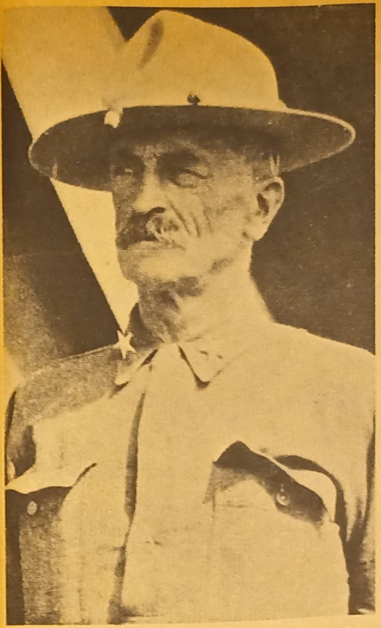
It was well along in the afternoon when I brought my patrol into town and there was plenty of excitement there as the telegraph and our wireless station had been alerted to the happenings.

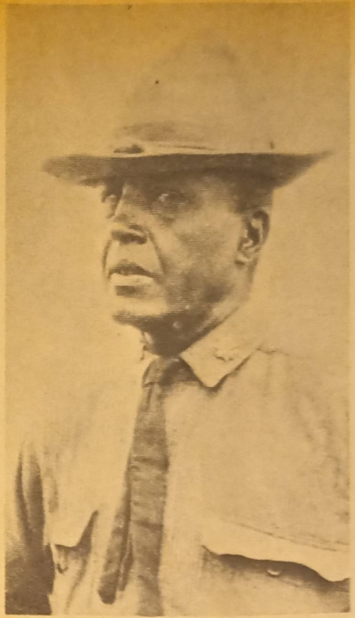
As we rode into camp, my first sergeant rushed up and said, "Are we glad to see you! Rumors had it that you and your patrol had been ambushed and all wiped out;" and he added, "go get some chow as we are moving out south right away." The camp was already being dismantled and surplus equipment moved into the solid buildings and nailed up.

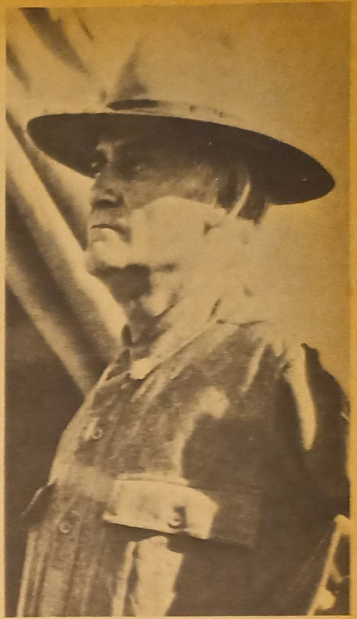
While the outpost at Gibson's Ranch was asleep, Pancho Villa and about 500 of his guerrilla army had crossed the border and attacked Columbus, the base camp of the 13th U. S. Cavalry. The barracks were of temporary construction, one-inch pine walls, tar paper roofs, and across the railroad tracks on the south side of the town. There were only the machine gun troop and part of one squadron of cavalry at the camp. The rest of the regiment was scattered along the border at several outposts.



General John Pershing's base camp at the Mormon colony at Colonia Dublan, Mexico, several hundred yards north of the town of Casas Grandes, in 1916. On the back of this photo, Jim Klohr wrote, "This is the old China town when Camp Dublan was only a pup. Now [late in 1916] it is composed of big wooden, tin, and tent shacks, pool halls, barber shop, restaurant and everything."


Colonel George A. Dodd


Major Charles Young


Major Robert L. Howze

Photos Courtesy National Archives

Evidently no advance notice had been given that Villa might attack Columbus, as there was only the usual guard and the first warning was when the sentry on No. 1 post at the guardhouse challenged someone advancing on his post. His challenge was answered with a shot. He was killed instantly.

Then all hell broke loose. There were loud yells and rifle fire as Villa's column galloped past the barracks, shooting through the thin board structures and galloping on across the railroad tracks and into the town. If they had concentrated their attack on the small cavalry garrison, mostly all asleep, they could have probably wiped them out, as the rifles were locked in armracks. The machine guns and ammunition were under lock and key and it took considerable time to get organized in a surprise attack at 2 o'clock in the morning.

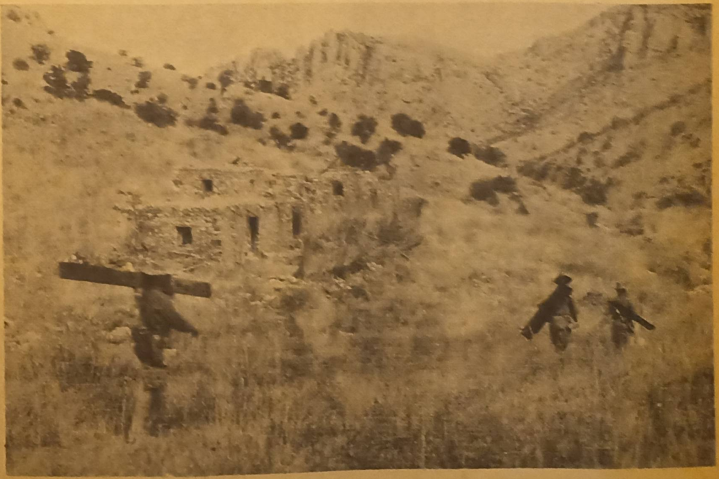
It seems as though Villa crossed the border to raid and loot the town and considered the small garrison of American soldiers not worth bothering with. This is where he made one mistake. For after getting into the town, he set buildings afire and started looting and shooting any civilians who opposed him. The bandits worked on the bank, but didn't get the vault open. The burning building lit up the whole operation. Now the American troops, after the shock of the surprise attack, finally realized what was happening and their officers organized them for counter-attack.

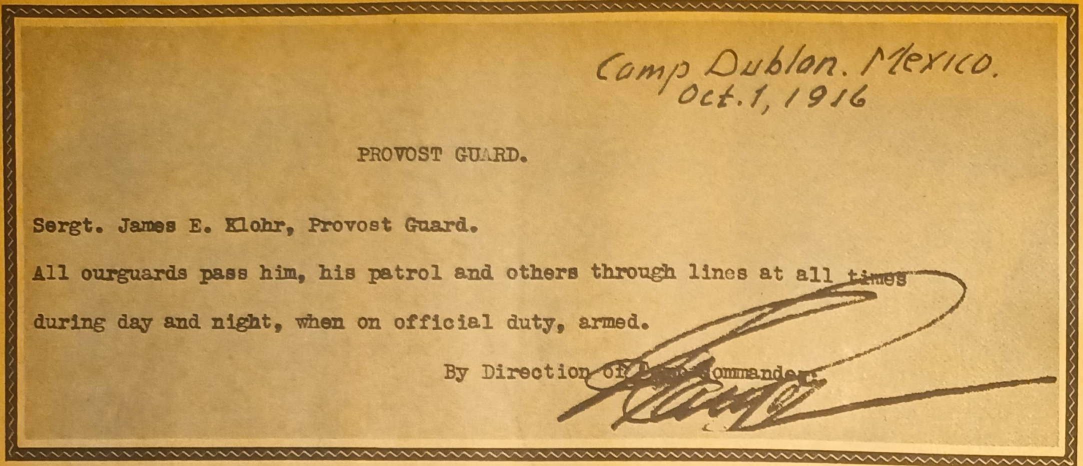
The commander of the machine gun troop set up the guns in a position where they could rake the bandit column when they started to leave as they knew the bandits would get back across the border about daylight. The commander of the rest of the troops maneuvered them around the town to the north and started concentrated volley fire from their position in the darkness as they could see the milling mob around the burning buildings.

Just about daybreak, Villa must have given the order to withdraw, and the bandits started riding out of town again in an unorganized galloping column. That was when the machine gun troops got busy. They had judged the operation correctly, and as the guerrilla column galloped south to the border, they raked it with machine gun fire and really knocked them over.

The American troops chased the Mexicans across the border and right on south for a few miles into the hills where they ran into Villa's main base encampment. They estimated there was an army of a thousand Mexicans or more. The commander of the American troops, be-

Foraging for wood for camp.





Camp Dublon. Mexico.
Oct. 1, 1916

PROVOST GUARD.

Sergt. James E. Klohr, Provost Guard.

All ourguards pass him, his patrol and others through lines at all times during day and night, when on official duty, armed.

By Direction of Camp Commander.

ing badly outnumbered, then withdrew back to Columbus.

Among the Mexicans killed by machine gun fire was the tall, good-looking one who had been at Gibson's Ranch the night before and had been a scout spy for Colonel Slocum, and who had come into Columbus from Gibson's Ranch the evening of March 8.

Several American soldiers and civilians, residents of Columbus, were killed. Most of them were shot down in cold blood by the bandits. I knew one 13th Cavalryman who told me this later. He said he thought he was having a bad dream as bullets came ripping through the walls of the barracks and he heard the loud yells and rifle fire. He said he jumped up out of his cot and just as he stood up a bullet came crashing through the wall and went through both legs about half way between knee and hip. He said, "I just got right back in the bunk again and that was the end of the battle for me!"

WE HAD to move fast as the escort wagons were already loaded and the squadron was forming for the march south. By sundown 1st Squadron of the 7th Cavalry was on the march right down into the southeast corner of New Mexico. It was about forty miles to the border here, and our destination was the Alamo Hueco. The march southward continued all night and, according to rumors, we were likely to run into some of Villa's army at any time, so everybody was ready for battle as we had been issued extra bandoleers of ammunition before leaving Hachita.

It was a long, cold night march. Troop A (my troop) had just annexed a new second lieutenant. His name was Wagner and the men had already nicknamed him "Heinie." He was a greenhorn "looey," fresh from the East somewhere. He was a slight, sharp-looking little fellow with a blond mustache. He and a screwball sergeant we had were sort of buddies, as I don't think our other officers thought too much of him as a soldier either.

Wagner and Sergeant Bennett were riding along in the dark just ahead of me in the column and I could hear their line of talk. Lieutenant Wagner said, "Sergeant, I don't like this. I think we're riding into a trap. You know we're going down into a desert bandit country where all the waterholes will be poisoned. They'll catch us in a trap and it will be another Alamo." That was a hell of a conversation for a lieutenant and a sergeant to be carrying on.

I think I dozed off in the saddle as we proceeded on. I was pretty tired as I hadn't had much sleep for two days. The squadron arrived at Alamo Hueco Ranch about daylight on March 10. Alamo Hueco was an American cattle spread and we were joined there by the 2nd Squadron of the 7th Cavalry.

The ranch was right against the north-south line of the New Mexico-Mexican border and the ranch had a rock wall around all the buildings. Rumors were that Villa was going to attack the ranch and raid across the border in this area, so outposts were established and a strong guard posted at nights.

Lieutenant "Heinie" Wagner and Sergeant Bennett were making an inspection of the night guard and became so jittery that they imagined the bandits were creeping up on us in the dark. As they came around one of the ranch barns, our Sergeant Jones was coming from the opposite direction, and Sergeant Bennett challenged and fired his automatic pistol, luckily only wounding Jones in the thigh.

We camped at Alamo Hueco, as I remember, for about five days and then moved over southwest several miles where we were joined by the 10th Cavalry who had arrived from Fort Huachuca, Arizona and also by the 6th Field Artillery from Douglas, Arizona. The 6th Field were heavy artillery, six-inch guns.

We soldiers had been wondering for the past five days just what was going to happen as rumors had it we were going to invade Mexico and get Pancho Villa dead or alive and that the U. S. Government had posted a reward of $50,000.

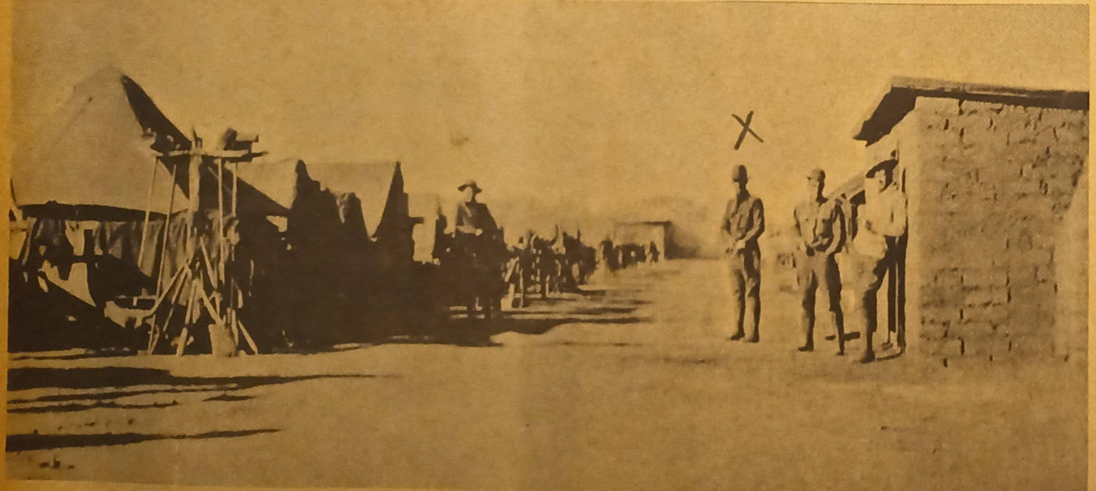
Now it dawned on us that they were concentrating an invasion force, and on March 15 the whole command moved over to Culberson's Ranch, another cattle spread, right on the Mexican border. Each cavalry troop had a heavily loaded escort wagon of supplies, about twenty wagons to a regiment.

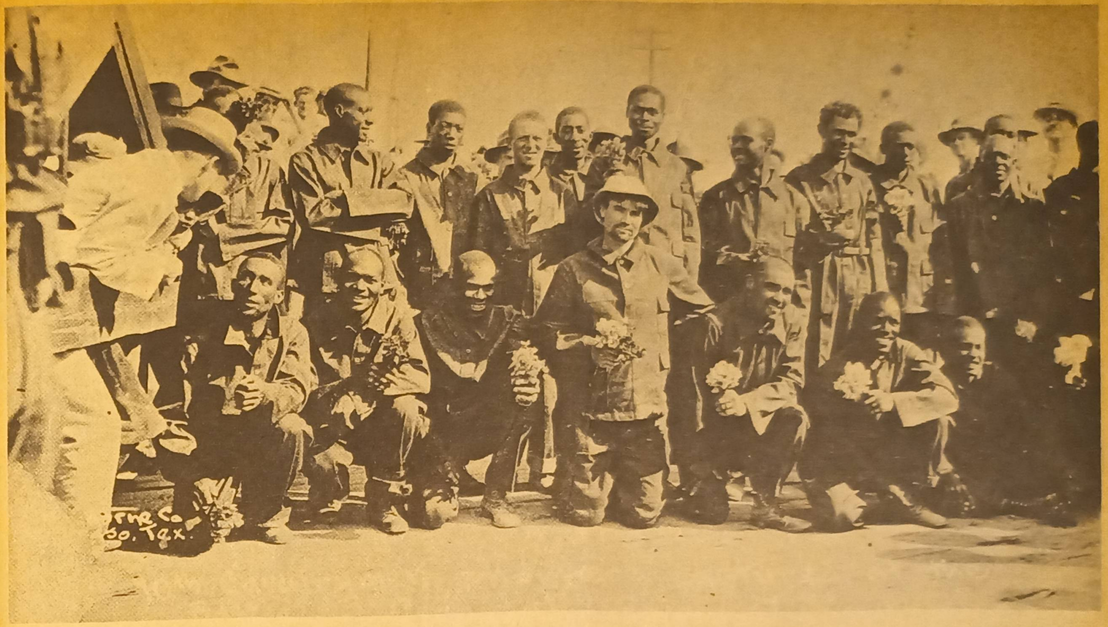
That same afternoon the supply sergeants started issuing emergency field rations to all soldiers, each man getting a couple of potatoes, a little bacon, coffee and hardtack. We had one more good meal by the army cooks before dark, then the escort wagons all pulled out and headed back north towards Hachita. We were ordered to stand by on the alert. No one slept. About midnight the order was passed around quietly for the troops to mount up and prepare to cross the border.

The 7th Cavalry moved out in regimental order, Troop A in the lead; therefore Troop A drew the advance guard position and it so happened that I was in the 1st Platoon. Captain Nissen told me, "Corporal Klohr, this is the border gate. We are moving into Mexi-

(Continued on page 30)

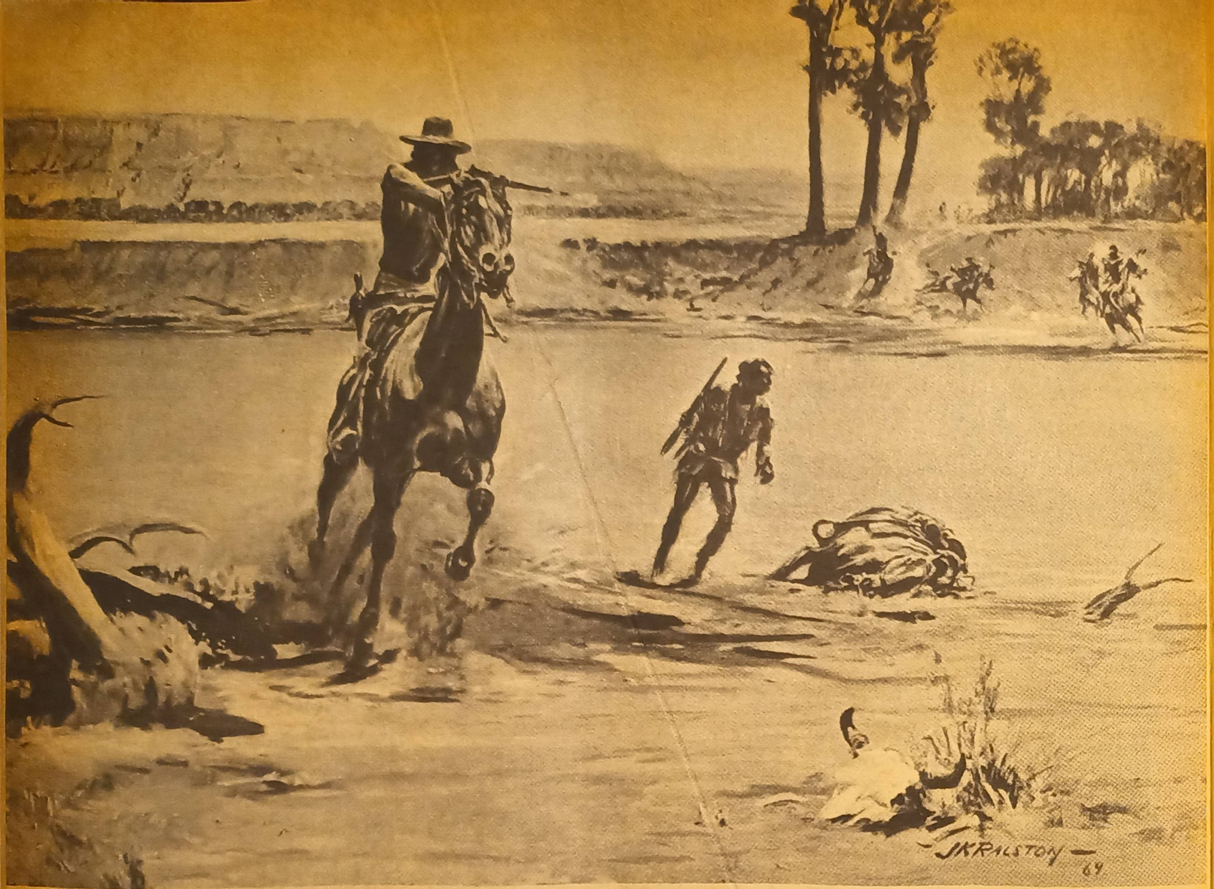
Winter quarters of Troop A, Seventh Cavalry, at Camp Dublan, Mexico in 1916. On the back Jim wrote, "This is a picture of our troop street. The 'dobe shack against which we are standing is my casa. Me with the X over my head."





Tenth U.S. Cavalrymen who were captured at the Battle of Carrizal on June 21, 1916 and later released by Mexico.

From left, Sergeants Johnson, Nagel, and Klohr in winter quarters in Mexico, 1916.



Bill Cheney bent low over his horse and made a heartfelt promise: Outrun those Indians, boy, and I'll give you

OATS AND GREEN PASTURES FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

By KATHRYN WRIGHT

Photos Courtesy Author

THE BLACK HORSE stood quietly at the saloon hitchrail. It was a spring afternoon in the Montana Territorial town of Glendive, a settlement mushroomed into being with the westward push of the Northern Pacific Railroad and arrival of the first train July 5, 1881.

Raucous laughter, shouts and tinny piano chords sounded in the dusty street where the horse waited. But the animal dozed at the rail, oblivious to the noise. He stood patiently at such places all up and down the Yellowstone River Valley, waiting for the man who rode him to stagger out and sway in the saddle on the homeward trail.

But minutes later the horse came alert. A stranger's hands were probing and pressing a small lump beneath the glossy, well-kept coat. The animal's ears twitched as the hands pinched the flat, circular bulge. Then the hands came away from the horse, and a tall stranger ducked under the hitchrail and strode into the saloon.

Courtesy O. L. Anderson

Bill Cheney on Nig in an oil painting by J. K. Ralston of Billings, Montana depicting Cheney's and Smith's escape from Indians in 1877. The painting is on permanent display in Sidney National Bank, Sidney, Montana. At right, Bill and Nig shortly before the horse's death in 1912 (top) and on the Cheney farm about 1900.

"Who's riding that black Morgan outside?"

The question silenced the saloon noise. Drinkers, card players, saloon girls looked at the stranger and stared. But down at the end of the bar, a dark-haired forty-three-year-old man put down his glass and walked up to the questioner.

"I'm Bill Cheney and I'm riding him. Why?"

"Because he belongs to me, that's why. He was stolen from me when I worked on the railroad crew out of Bismarck, Dakota Territory."

"Aw," scoffed a man at the bar, "that's Bill's horse. He's had him for years. Everybody around here knows that horse."

"That's right." Cheney's brown eyes bored into the stranger's face. "He's mine. I call him Nig."

"I don't care what you call him. He's my horse. Come outside and I'll prove it to you."

Cheney and the stranger went to the hitchrail, followed by the saloon crowd. Nig stood quietly as the stranger again fingered the lump beneath his hide.

"Feel that." The man stepped back from the horse. "Go ahead. Feel the lump."

"I've felt it many a time," Cheney retorted. "I know Nig's got a lump on his right shoulder. What about it?"

The stranger's mouth twisted in a smile. "Cut it open. Go ahead, cut." He pulled a hunting knife from a sheath at his belt and held it out. "Cut it. You'll find a dime in there. And I can tell you the date on it. I put that dime there. The horse is mine."

Cheney backed away, his eyes blazing. "I'm not cutting Nig. I'll take your word for it. But I'm not lying about Nig. I bought him back in the '70s from a fellow coming west from Minnesota. Weren't no brand on him. The fellow said they don't brand much in Minnesota."

"That dime under his hide is a brand. My brand. Cut it open and see."

"No." Cheney's hand went to his gunbelt. "I'm not cutting Nig. That horse saved my life once and I made a promise to him. I aim to keep that promise. And I aim to keep Nig. How much do you want?"

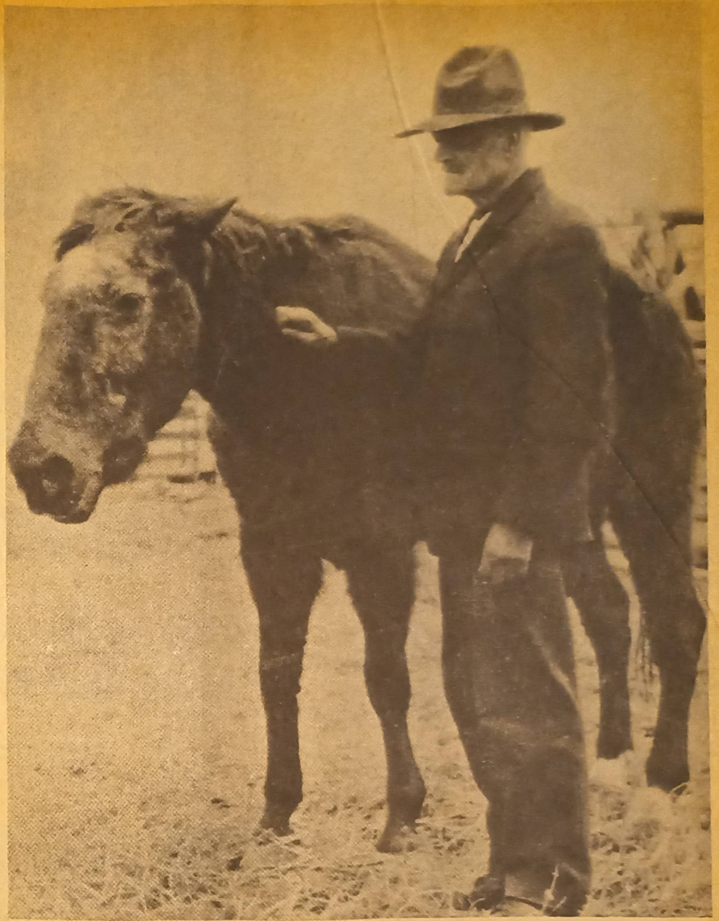
The stranger eyed the wiry, medium-tall man dressed in the worn, soiled garb of an out-of-work cowhand or drifter. "Hundred dollars. No less."

Cheney fingered his gunbelt. His hand slid behind it to a pocket inside his trousers.

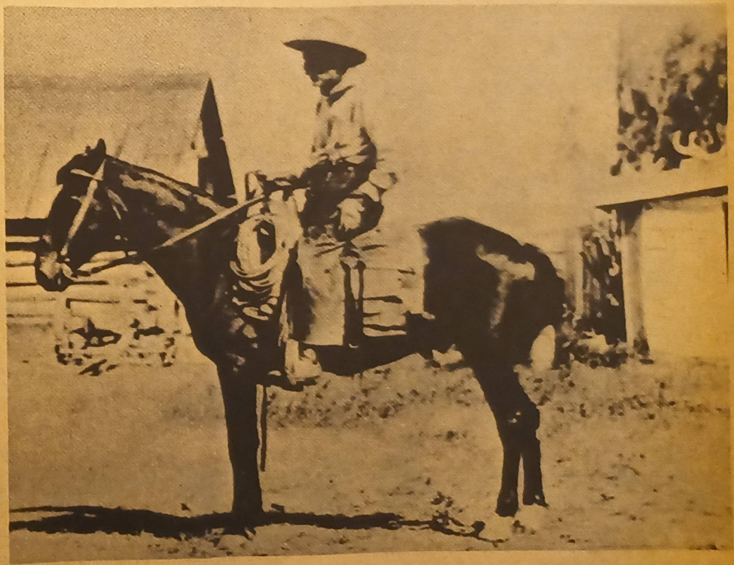
"That's a hell of a lot of money, Bill," a man in the cluster of onlookers said. "How you know he's telling the truth?"

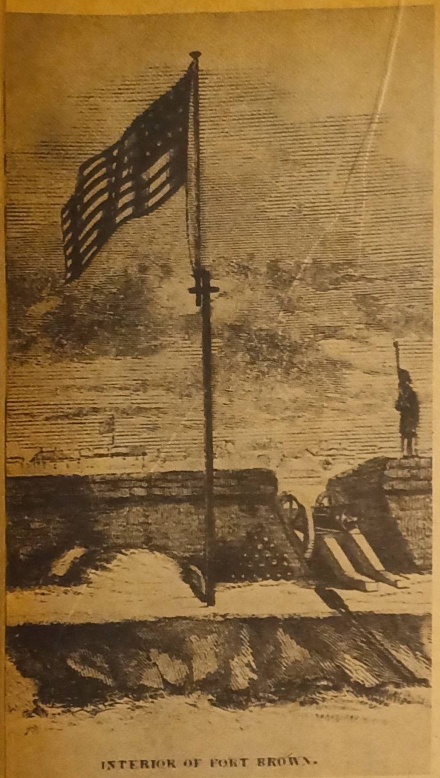
Cheney stared intently at the stranger,

(Continued on page 60)



Photos Courtesy Lucy Fisher




INTERIOR OF FORT BROWN.

The Impossible Treasures of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma

According to the author, these "treasures" will not be found because they never existed

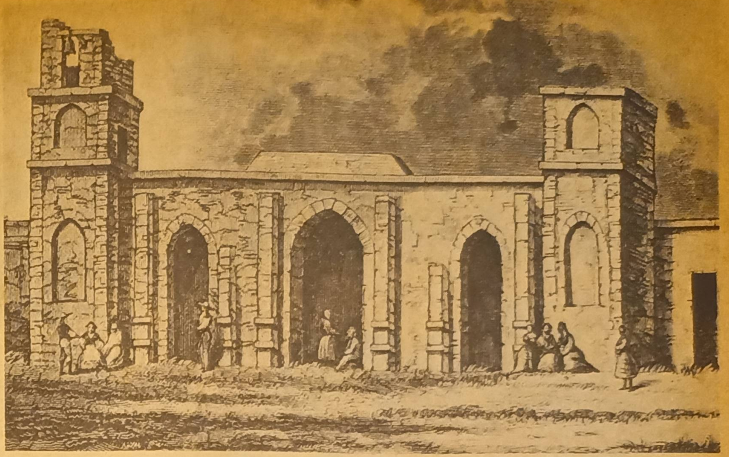
By FORD GREEN

Photos Courtesy Author

THE METAL DETECTOR hasn't been made yet that will ever find the legendary treasures of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, for those treasures are like the Man of La Mancha's "Impossible Dream."

The two battles, which occurred in south Texas in May 1846, were the first engagements of the Mexican War, and pitted General Zachary Taylor's command against a force under General Mariano Arista. The Mexicans had planned to trap and annihilate the invading American troops but a final unexpected breakthrough at the end of the Battle of Resaca de la Palma overran Arista's headquarters tent where, to the disgust of his staff, he was writing alibis for his defeat the day before. He considered that at that time he had Taylor's army in a hopeless trap in a muddy swamp. The breakthrough captured Arista's tent with all his baggage and he fled in his shirt tail, leaving (as a matter of record) his personal valuables. This collection gave rise to the tale of sumptuous treasures abandoned by Mexican officers.

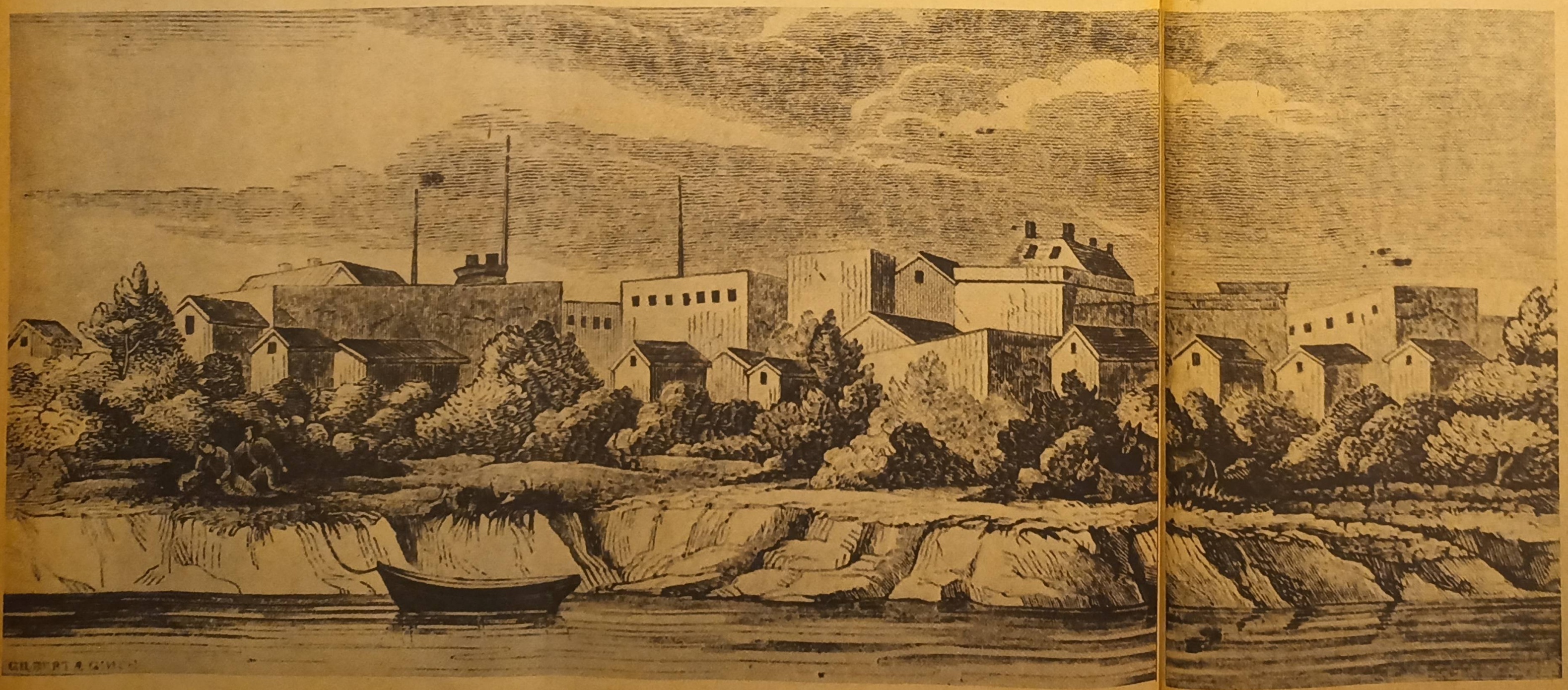
My business is detecting forgery and exploding false tales and documents. For well over fifty years (since 1914 when my parents went to reside in Brownsville permanently) I have been interested in the lore of probably the biggest two-day battle ever fought in Texas. I come by this interest rightfully since my great-grandfather was a physician with the Alabama Volunteers of Taylor's army and later accompanied Scott on the march to Mexico City. My great-grandfather also knew his wife's nephew, the legendary "Rip" Ford, adjutant of Jack Hays' Rangers who were in the same campaigns. I was brought up on these family traditions and at a very early age began to read written accounts of them.



Associated Press writer Robert Heard has stated that the very thought of treasure makes jelly of men's minds (*Frontier Times*—March 1970). By the time I was able to read all the words, I was captivated by Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, and a decade later I was accorded the honor by J. Frank Dobie of reading the galley proofs of that grand-daddy of all treasure books, *Coronado's Children*. Somewhere about half-way between those two milestones I saw my first coins from the 1553 treasure of the Silver Galleons of Padre Island.

As a cataloguer in the Genaro Garcia Collection of historical documents at Texas University from 1926 through 1929 I got the basis for my present profession as a forgery expert. And it has given me a jaundiced outlook on many golden tales and sometimes leads me to doubt the veracity of a ten-dollar bill. Thus oriented, I have seriously put together an analysis of the legends of the treasures of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

THE FIRST written references to them that I find is in a small book of folk tales entitled *Legends of Texas*, which attributes the tales to a Mr. Bob Nutt of Beeville, Texas. As the natives of Samoa named Robert Louis Stevenson "The Teller of Tales," so was Don Pancho (Frank Dobie), who in the first lines of his introduction to *Coronado's Children* says that these tales are not his, but are the folk legends of Texas which began with Cabeza de Vaca's tales of the Seven Cities in Cibola in 1536.



Interior of Fort Brown (above left) with some of the defenses of Matamoros in the distance across the Rio Grande. At left, view of Matamoros from Fort Brown. Above, the unfinished cathedral in Matamoros—damaged by a hurricane in 1933 but still in use today.

In the first place, for a treasure to be real it must be POSSIBLE, and then it must be PROBABLE. This means that the treasure must have been known to exist, and that there must be a strong probability that it was disposed of in the manner of the story.

Let us examine first the possible existence of this treasure: Was it possible, considering the financial state of Mexico, for General Arista to have possessed a treasure at either Palo Alto or Resaca de la Palma?

In the period from the fall of the Alamo to the end of the Mexican War in 1848 there were twenty-three changes in the presidency and government of Mexico. This is almost an average of six months per administration though as a matter of fact some lasted only a matter of weeks or even a few days. Most of the parties in power looted the government, if there was anything to loot, and the armies or factions which deposed them took punitively everything that they could lay hands on. This does not take into account the more numerous changes of cabinet ministers whose graft, or just stupidity, let financial matters go to the dogs. The tenure of a cabinet minister was not very long under such circumstances and certainly could not attract very efficient men.

One of the most revealing chronicles of these times is the diary of one Don José Ramón Malo, a very honest and conservative aristocrat who was in and out of these many governments, in high offices. He came by the title of *Don* rightfully, for he was of *criollo* nobility and was a first cousin of the ill-fated Emperor Augustín Iturbide. His "Diary of Notable Events" from 1832 until 1864 gives first-person views of the dispatches from "The Texas Wars" which are brief and to the point. Translation:

"November 22, 1845: At 3 p.m. the ministers of the Cabinet were called to hear the communications from Generals Arista and Paredes of the first news of the movements of the United States troops seeming to implement their plan of usurpation, possibly to occupy Mata-

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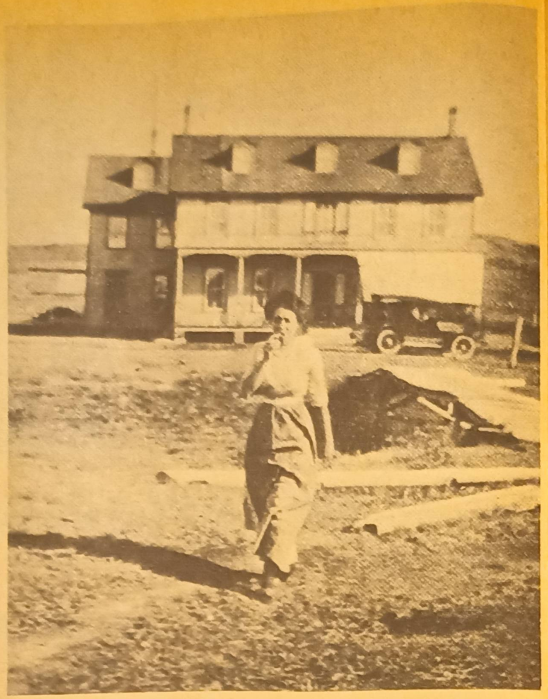
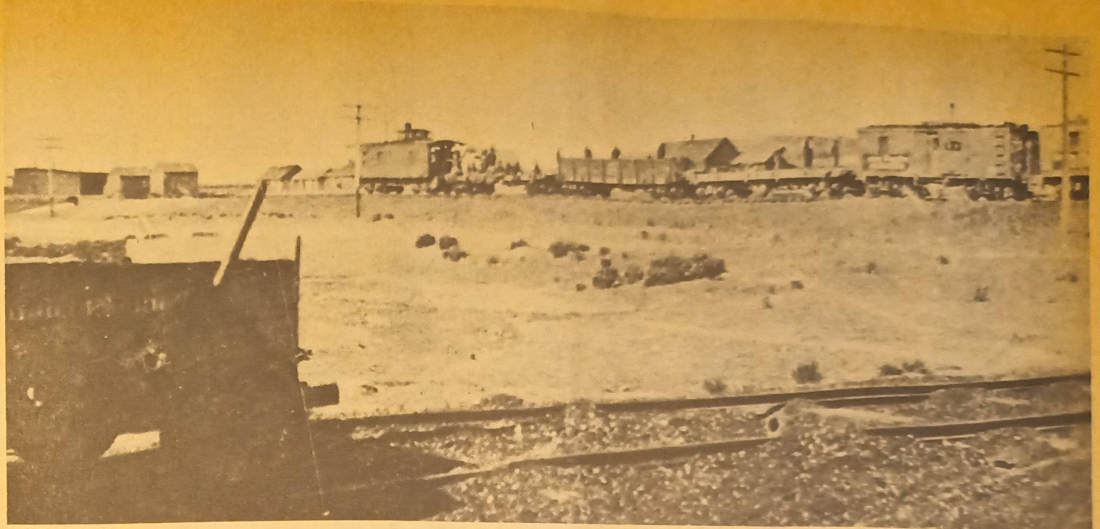
Railroad Towns Were Tough!



—take Piedmont, Wyoming, for example!



By CLIFF STUART

Photos Courtesy Charles F. Guild

Author's note: The story of Piedmont, Wyoming was taken from a tape prepared for me by Charles F. Guild, a grandson of the original Charles Guild who built the first store in the town.

One incident of note, which I have never seen recorded in print, concerns a rendezvous in a hotel in Piedmont prior to Butch Cassidy's holdup of the Montpelier bank. This information was passed down by the hotel owner, a relative of Charles Guild.

PERHAPS NO OTHER event in the history of the West had so great an influence on so many lives as did the completion of the transcontinental railroad. Every hard-fought inch of steel ribbon laid made history. All along the length of the tracks, towns sprang up; some permanent, others just end of track towns to be moved as the rails crept forward across the continent. Sometimes a town would serve a particular function for the railroad, such as a terminal point, a wood and water station, or maybe a maintenance-of-way station. Many of these towns flourished; others thrived for a time, then faded away. One of the latter was Piedmont in southwestern Wyoming.

Piedmont, a French word meaning "foot of a mountain," lay at the base of the eastern slope of Aspen Mountain. Two or three years prior to the coming of the Union Pacific, logging operations had been set up to furnish ties for the roadbed. The ties and logs were hauled by team and wagon to the site of some twenty tents which made up Piedmont. This tent town served as base camp for the graders who were constructing a roadbed up the steep side of the mountain to the summit, or top, called Aspen Station. The route had many sharp curves, including a full horseshoe bend, and a surprisingly steep grade all the way from the base camp to the summit.

In 1868 the railroad arrived and track crews began laying the iron over the prepared roadbed. By the time they had finished the precipitous eight-mile stretch of roadbed, it became readily apparent that the heavy trains were going to need help in getting to the summit. The grade from Leroy, a station six miles to the north, was demanding, but the section from Piedmont to the summit was an impossibility. Helper engines would be needed.

Because the tent town had become a base supply for wood and ties and because it was located at the foot of the steepest part of the grade, test wells were dug. The reward was deep flowing wells of pure water. Sidings, an engine shed, and a water tank were constructed and Piedmont became a wood and water refueling station for the helper engines.

The first permanent residents to move to the new townsite were the families of Moses Byrne and Charles Guild. Moses Byrne and his family had previously built and managed the Muddy Creek Pony Express and Overland Stage Station several miles below Piedmont. In fact, the original name of the town was

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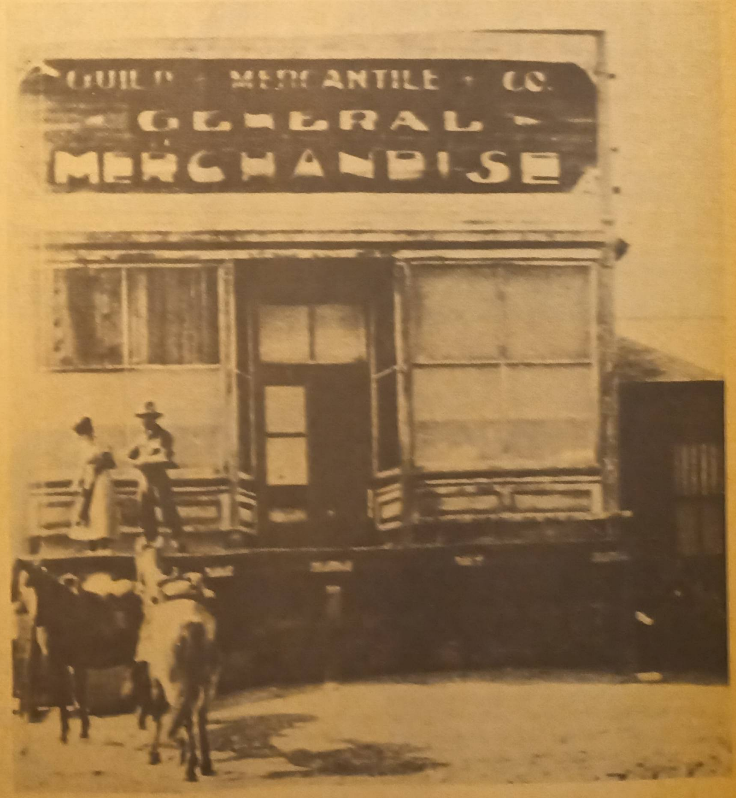
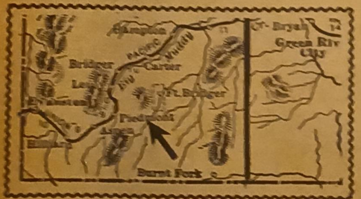
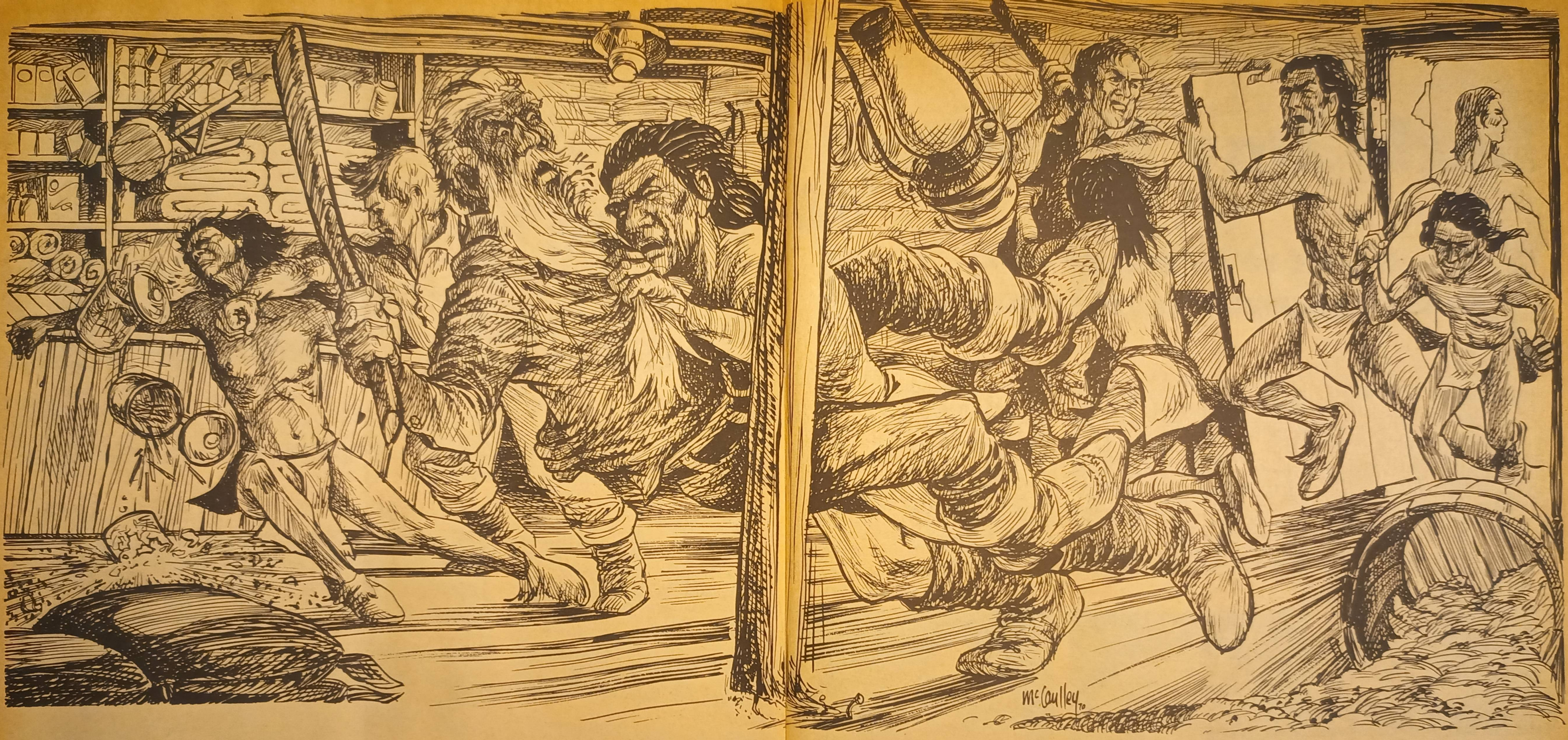


Piedmont, Wyoming about 1900 just before the railroad was re-routed through Aspen Tunnel. Above, the Preston Hotel, site of the Cassidy-Preston meeting. Above right, a work train in Piedmont in the late 1890s. Shed housing helper engines is at far left. Three homes behind the train still stand, but the railroad bed today is a country road. Far right, Guild Mercantile Store, opened in 1869 and finally closed in the 1940s. The building was moved to Lyman, Wyoming. Below, Piedmont (arrow) on the Union Pacific railroad.

Map from People's Family Atlas of the World, Chicago, 1884, Courtesy John Wallace





The Test

The Indians and a new trader have their first confrontation. It was make or break for the white man . . .

By GREGORY K. HAWK

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

THERE'S A SAYING among the old-time Indian traders that sometime as sure as death and taxes, you will be put to the test by your people. Maybe it'll be only Old Lady Hosteen trying to get an extra good trade for her home-loomed blanket. Or Nakai Tsosie trying to push a sack of sandy wool. Or maybe it'll be the local strong boy trying to hoorah you. But someday it will come. If you pass the test, show patience and fortitude but no weakness or fear, well and good; you have a good, rewarding life ahead of you among The People. But if you don't measure up, you might as well close up your trading post and give away the stock—because, as sure as guns, you are done. Pappy Wharton found out the hard way.

Pappy, with his chest-long beard, Ma, with her quiet, worn smile, two strapping sons, Will and Hosea, and a couple of half grown daughters came to the San Juan from southwestern Colorado in 1900. They looked around a bit, camping out in their wagon, before going on down to Liberty in the extreme northwest corner of New Mexico near Hogback Mountain. (Today, the town of Liberty is known as Waterflow, about midway between Farmington and Shiprock.) They pre-empted a place below the ditch and set about digging laterals, setting out an orchard and getting started stocking the place.

It wasn't easy. And of course the first year was the hardest, until they made a crop and the garden came on. But even then, it wasn't easy. There was plenty of home-grown food to eat but it was monotonous—and there wasn't any money, or not much.

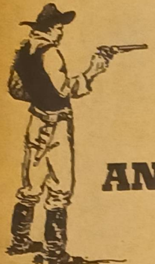
Pappy had an eye for business, though. While Will and Hosea tended the stock and helped Ma on the place, Pappy tried freighting to bring in some cash money. He was a sight, his lankiness jack-knifed on the tall seat of the movers wagon, from which the bows had been removed and high sideboards added, his straight-brimmed hat set squarely on his head, and the wind whipping his long beard like a pennant.

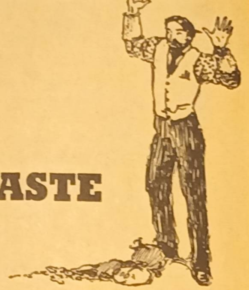
Freighting was good, but slow at times and seasonal in nature. There were months when his trips were infrequent. He cast around for another line. The stock had prospered and oftentimes the Whartons had a surplus of cheese and butter made by Ma and the growing daughters. The surplus was carried out to the spreads beyond the Valley and found ready sales. Most of it was barter, but now and then some hard money came his way. He started taking along light, easily transported items, notions and such. Pappy had added peddling to his talents.

THE JUMP from peddling to opening a store or trading post is a natural one. One day while riding across the lonely mesalands Wharton got to thinking: Why am I taking this stuff out to the people? Why shouldn't they come to me? And if they did, I could give them what they wanted and not be limited to what I can carry on a horse or in a

(Continued on page 69)

Gambling in Early Day Montana





A GAME TO FIT EVERY PURSE, AN ESTABLISHMENT TO FIT EVERY TASTE

By JEAN M. MOORE

Photos Courtesy Author

FUR TRADERS had hardly set up their traps, and prospectors their claim stakes in Montana Territory until they had games of chance going. Gambling of all kinds flourished. Laborers tossed away hard-earned wages and placer miners often sacrificed a season's panning to the temperamental whims of Lady Luck.

Even the smallest mining or cow town had at least one convenient gambling spot, but the big gambling houses of Butte and Helena were considered on a par with those of Nevada and California mining camps. These towns also had private gambling halls which catered to wealthy men such as Marcus Daly, Montana's famous copper king who had his own private gambling salon in his Butte mansion.

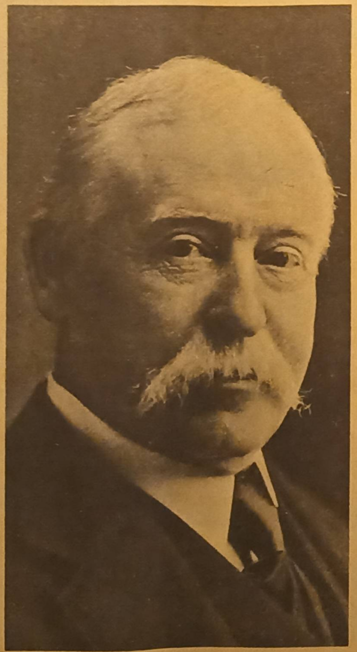
There were many well-known gamblers in Montana, but one of the most noted was a colorful character known as Swede Sam, who operated his games at one of Butte's better hotels. At Swede Sam's the big poker players often sat in all-night sessions and $25,000 in a single pot was not at all unusual. Butte was called the greatest mining camp in the world and as such attracted professional gamblers from all over the world.

Helena, after becoming the capital city of Montana, was the center for state official business. Transportation facilities were not too dependable at times and visitors were required to stay over until connections for further travel could be made, sometimes two or three days. To pass away the time these travelers found diversion in games of chance.

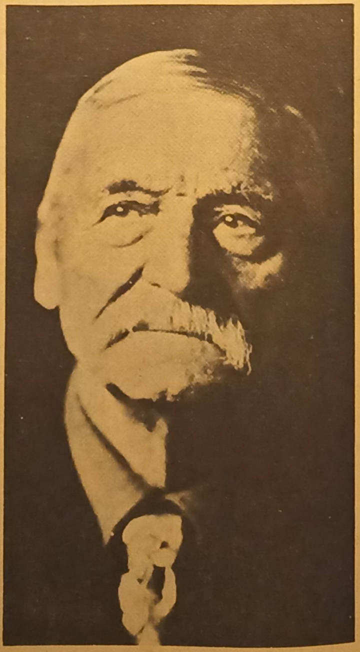
A Butte man who had been impressed by the spectacular gambling houses in Europe, opened an elaborate gambling casino on Granite Street, where he served elaborate dinners and the finest French and Italian wines. A French chef was paid the imposing salary of $5,000 a month and Havana cigars were passed out to the dinner guests at $1.00 each.

The reception rooms of this establishment bore no resemblance to gambling houses until, at the end of the dinner when the guests were ready for an evening's diversion, servants would quickly convert the furniture into faro layouts and roulette wheels. Cards were produced from out of nowhere and activities would begin with stakes running into large sums.

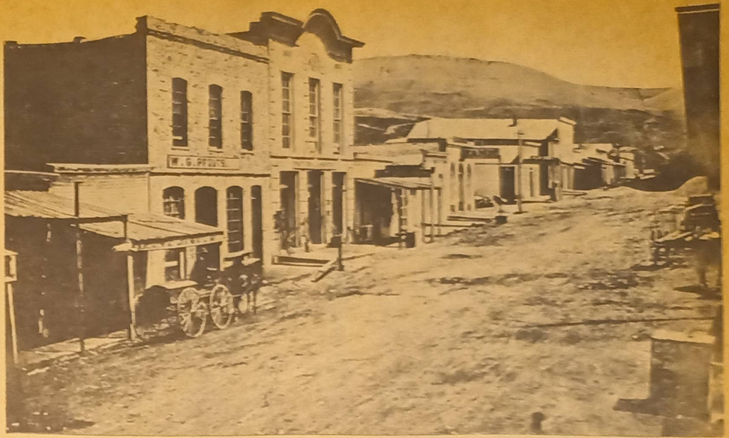
Fritz Augustus Heinze, copper king and noted gambler, was a frequent visitor to this establishment. It was also honored by the presence of many New York and European notables who found its pleasant atmosphere most inviting when in Butte on business.



Courtesy Montana Historical Society



Montana Copper King Marcus Daly (right) had a private gambling salon in his Butte mansion. Captain Grant Marsh of the steamer *Far West* (middle) played poker aboard ship with Captain Tom Custer shortly before the Battle of the Little Big Horn. At far right is Helena, Montana in the 1870s.



Gambling in Virginia City (right) operated under a so-called aristocratic system with headquarters in the Senate Saloon, considered the most aristocratic as well as the best-equipped gambling house in the early Northwest.

A story was told about a cocky little salesman who happened to enter the famous gambling establishment, unaware that he was in forbidden territory. Marcus Daly and some of his wealthy associates were sitting in a game when the salesman, who represented an eastern concern and was stopping over for a couple of days, thought he'd like to take part in the game. Thinking to impress the players, he waved a one-hundred-dollar bill and said, "Let me have a hundred dollars worth of chips, please." Marcus Daly looked up from his hand and said in low tones, "Banker, give the gentleman a white chip." The salesman decided he didn't want to play after all and quickly left.

ANOTHER FAMOUS gambling house in Butte was operated by a man named Morehouse who had as a partner a man known as "Dutch Henry." This gambling house was located on Main Street and was not particular about the social level of its customers if they had enough to cover their bets. It was not unusual on mine paydays for several hundreds of thousands of dollars to change hands in one evening.

The Senate Saloon in Virginia City was considered the most aristocratic, as well as the best equipped gambling house in the Northwest in the early days. Only the finest whiskey was sold and at fifty cents a drink. Ivory chips were used and only gentlemen were allowed to play.

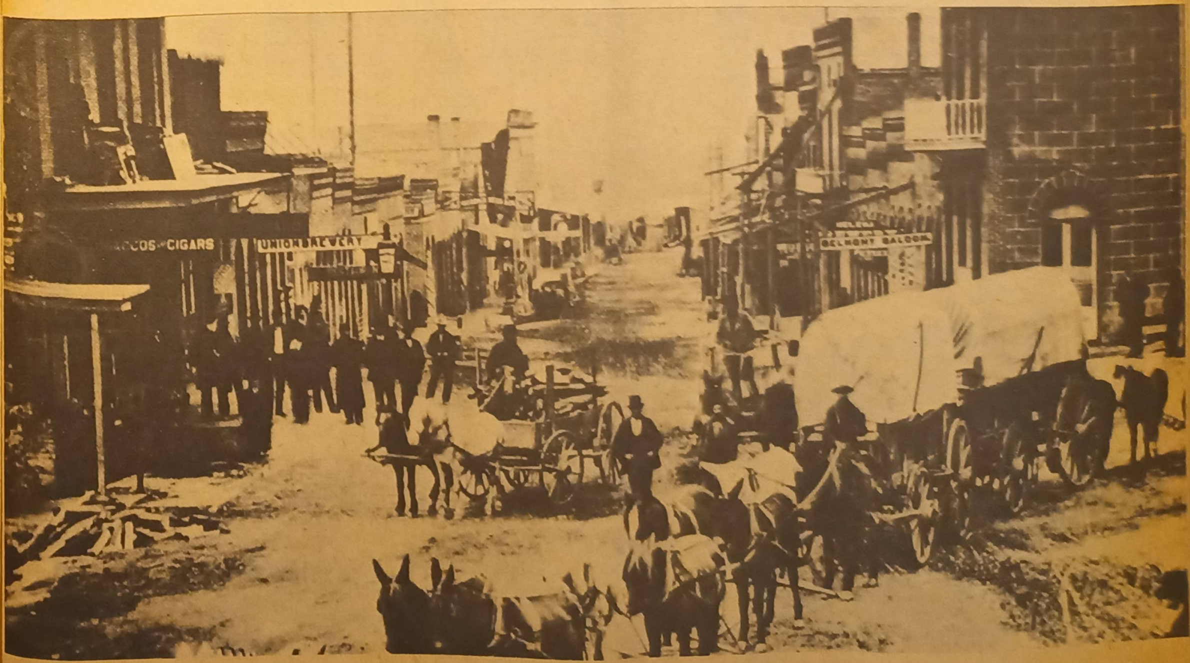
The following story was told some years ago by F. B. Warren. It came, he said, from the reminiscences of Bill Graves, one of the first stage drivers to make the trip through the winding fastness of the Ruby River in the early mining days. He told the story in the words used by Graves himself.

"One of the worst mixups I ever saw in a game of poker, an' I have seen a good many, was when four gamblers played in my coach all of one day during a trip to Dillon, up to Bannack.

"In them days the gamblers used to make the trip with me as much as once a week, and they would stop at all the mining camps along the line to Silver City and line their pockets for the big game in store for them at the end of the run. It hadn't been a good trip for any of them, however, and it just happened that I hadn't any passengers aboard who wanted to play. A few of them were too careful to lose much, or didn't have much to lose. I don't recall that any of the gamblers had taken a hundred dollars along the line of the camps, and in them days that wasn't the price of traveling expenses even considering the way them fellows spent money.

"Naturally they were peeved, and when they saw there was nothing doing with the traveling public, they arranged for a little game among themselves to

Courtesy National Archives



see which one of them would lose and thus help the others out.

"Among them were Joe Goddard, Mike Conley, Bill Ayers, and Gaspard LeCouer, who came from New Orleans. They were thoroughbreds and known all over the West as merry men.

"LeCouer had come from good people, but he was a black sheep and his folks wouldn't have anything to do with him. But, as far as manners and education went, there were few who came west who could equal him. He was about the nerviest member of the party, and he was a great dandy too—in them days all gamblers were dandies.

"He was as soft and elegant in his manner as a preacher, but if there was a call for a game he was all there. He was a womanish-looking chap, but he had fought five or six duels and had a record of killing three men with a knife in a rough-and-tumble fight at one sitting.

"Goddard and Ayers had pretty good reputations as fighters, but Conley was a man from Down East somewhere and hadn't been in the West long. Consequently, no one knew much about him.

"They arranged to have one sitting of poker before we got into Bannack. We were due there about an hour after dark and the play began about ten o'clock in the morning. We all knew in advance that it was sure to be a game of high stakes if the cards ran good. But high pay didn't always make a short game. The game ran along until midday without any startling hands being passed over the table.

"ALL WERE PLAYING monstrous cautious and laying for a good chance. The first one to get it was Conley. The jackpot was sweetened up until there was nearly a hundred dollars in it. Conley caught four sevens in the deal. He had dealt the cards himself. Ayers opened the pot for a hundred right under the guns and LeCouer hoisted him another hundred. Goddard sat next and he came in with $200 more, making it $400 for Conley to draw cards. Ayers didn't have the cards to raise on, but he made good, and Lecouer must have suspicioned a crosscut, for he didn't raise any more, so all Goddard had to do was sit back and wait. There was then $700 in the pot and the draw to come.

"Ayers took two cards and LeCouer stood pat. Goddard studied his hand for a while and then allowed he'd take two. Then the dealer drew one. It was as sure a thing for Conley as anything I ever saw. Ayers threw in a white chip and $1,000. Goddard threw down his hand. He may have been bluffing and he may have had a good hand. At any rate he didn't have a good enough hand to bet $1,000 on. Whatever he had, he didn't make the mistake of laying it down face up.

"This gave Conley his chance and he put up $200 more. Ayers took to the woods and LeCouer was hard put. Naturally he hadn't any way of judging what Conley was doing it on, since the latter had drawn only one card, but it looked as though he had made a full or high flush and, of course, he might have 'fours.' At any rate, it made LeCouer study some, but he had a 'King full,' and, of course, he couldn't lay down. Most players would have hoisted it once more if they had the money, and LeCouer always had plenty of cash. He looked at Conley monstrous sharp till he satisfied himself that there was no bluff about it, and then he called.

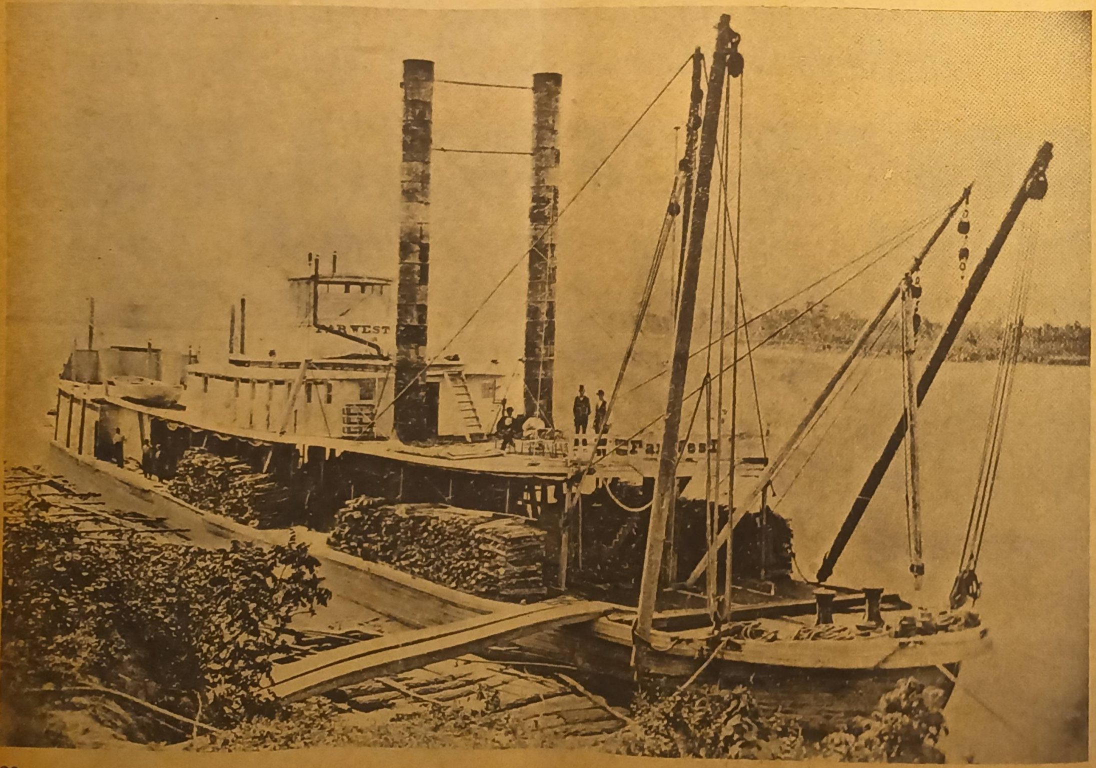
'That gave Conley over $400 winnings on one hand. The other players were sore at having missed their chance at the biggest hand in the morning game, but there was not a single word said.

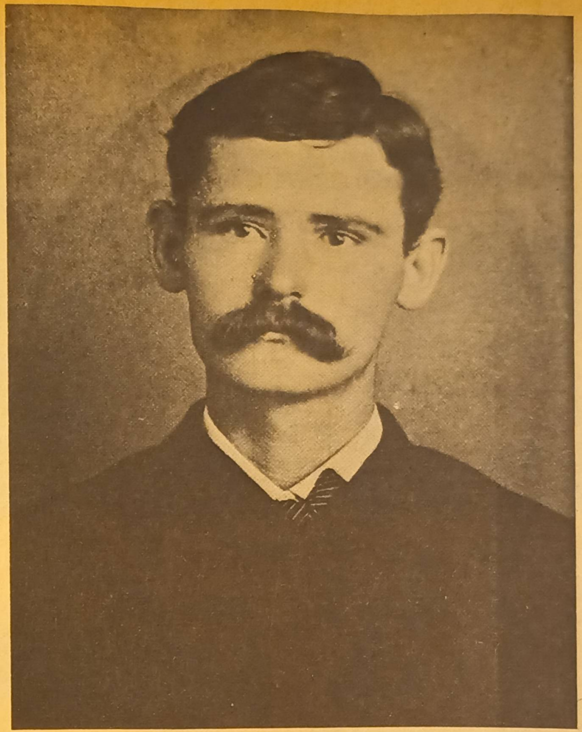
"There was no proof of crooked play in the fact that Conley had dealt a pat

(Continued on page 67)

One of the most famous poker games in Montana occurred in the cabin of the *Far West*, moored at the mouth of the Rosebud River, on the night of June 21, 1876. The players included Captain Grant Marsh of the *Far West* and Captain Tom Custer. The latter was destined to march out next day with his brother and the 7th Cavalry to keep a date with death on the Little Big Horn on June 25.

Courtesy Montana Historical Society





John D. Jones had his picture taken in Sacramento sometime after his arrival in California.

TRAIN TICKET WEST

The world seems mighty big and lonesome when the train whistle blows goodbye

By DAVID B. GRACY II

Photo Courtesy Southwest Collection,
Texas Tech University, Lubbock

Explanatory Note: On a forgotten day in 1885, John D. Jones stepped to a ticket window in a small East Texas town and purchased passage by train to California. The young man dreamed of finding his fortune somewhere at the Pacific end of the rails. Once settled in the Golden State, he scribbled onto two sheets of legal sized paper the experiences of his trip and first days in the Far West.

Often the most compelling and incisive contemporary comment is made by the faceless, nameless man in the street. This quiet person's plain observations on his involvement in life capture the real flavor of human drama. Jones' narrative describes a gritty railroad trip from Sulphur Springs, Texas via Fort Worth, El Paso, and Tucson to Los Angeles, and the difficulties of finding a job in a strange place.

Jones himself disappeared from the historical stage a year later, after scrawling two more letters. A photograph and the letters are all that remain to mark his path. They are available in the Southwest Collection at Texas Tech University.—David B. Gracy II

Los Angeles Cal Dec. 20 1885

Dear Brothers and sisters   sunday is the only time that I have to write so I will make use of today writeing to you all   I will not have time and stamps to write to every one seaperately so I will write every thing in one letter and you all can read it and write to me.

Left Sulphur Springs [Texas] at 3 PM on Thursday   the cars were crowded   one gentlemen sat opposite me and puffed so vigerously at a cheap cigar that the smoke almost strangeled me   to find relief from the smoke I opened the car window and caught my mouthful of smoke from the engines   Arived at Black Jack   I was sick frome the smoke and dizzy from looking out of the window. on to Greenville   looked for someone I knew but did not see them. got to Miccenny [McKinney] 8 P.M.   went into the waiting room   sat down to wait for the train   a crazy man came in and tryed to deputize me to help him arrest a negroe. tryed to excuse myself but he said excuses were not lawful. left him talking about law and duty and went into another room got a pencil and wrote some in a day book   left Mckiney at 4 A.M. of the 17th   got to Dallas before day light   steped out into a confused crowd of humanity   every body crying for a hack or hotell   got into a bus and rode to the T.P. [Texas and Pacific Railroad] Depot   bought a ticket to Fort Worth cost 95 cts   got to ft Worth at day light   look all arround but did not see

(Continued on page 62)

"Ride Easy, Kid, the Road's Rough"

Sage advice from a man who should know

By FLORENCE SEVERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

EIGHTY YEARS have passed since the opening of Oklahoma Territory. All the first generation are gone and only a few of the second generation are left to tell the stories of the Oklahoma Territorial days and the men whom some called outlaws but we called the "Boys."

W. A. Watson, his wife and children Claud, Dell, Flo, and Wayne were photographed in Stillwater, Oklahoma in 1895 by James Bruce. Above are two views from stereoscopic slides of Mrs. Watson and the children at the Stillwater homestead in 1898.

They were really outlaws but locally called the Boys because they were not mean—in fact, often were helpful. They were different from the real outlaw gangs. Most of the Boys who traveled the Midwest during territorial days had been hard-working, carefree young fellows from good but poor homes. Sometimes, however, when they were looking for excitement or a change from boredom, they committed some unethical prank, and the law closed the door on them. From then on the only laws they knew were the ones they carried in their holsters. They could not stay in one place long enough to hold a steady job although most of them had never wanted to kill or murder. As they rode through the country they were always courteous, generous, and paid well for their food.

I never tired of hearing my folks talk about the early days when they first arrived in the Territory. Mother always looked pleased when we huddled around her and begged, "Tell us a story—tell us about the time we got here."

Then she would begin, "Well, it was a sunny afternoon in spring—April, that is—in 1889, when Dad stopped our covered wagon in the middle of a lonely stretch of grassy prairie and announced that we'd reached our new home." She would pause for a moment, remembering, then continue, "He sat watching me as I looked all around. Finally I said, 'No trees—no neighbor—but the wild flowers are lovely.'

"'Give me three years and I'll build you a real home, Cena,' he answered as he jumped down and helped me from the wagon seat, the children scrambling right behind me."

My parents had left Missouri a year before and stopped to work along the way so there would be money for necessities when they arrived at their new home. Their last stop had been Arkansas City which was close to the northern

(Continued on page 70)

Above is Stillwater's first mill, built in 1897 and destroyed by fire two years later. W. A. Watson, the author's father and the local miller, sits in the upper center window. Above right are Watson and Cerena Ratcliff, the author's parents, who were married in 1883.

Chasing the Greatest Bandido of All

(Continued from page 15)

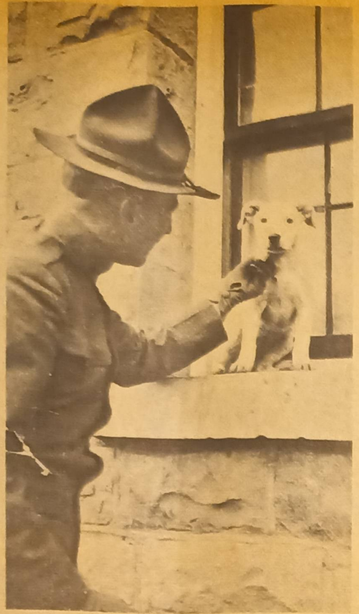
co. You take the right point of the advance guard and keep contact with the main column. Keep on the alert and move out." It was all spoken very quietly and my squad and I moved through the gate in the international fence, the first U. S. soldiers of the Mexican Punitive Expedition to cross the border. It was about 2 a.m., March 16. It had been seven days since the morning Villa had raided and burned Columbus, and we were finally heading south on his trail. It was just a faint, one-track, dusty wagon trail heading south, and in the starlit darkness, only a low mountain range on my right was faintly visible. The advance guard was on my left, and the head of the cavalry column, moving south in the darkness, was on the alert, accustomed to nighttime maneuvering from long years of living outdoors.

THE LONG snake-like column—7th and 10th Cavalry followed by the 6th Artillery and a mule pack train loaded with ammunition and field rations—moved steadily southward until well after sunup and then bivouacked for a rest and a meal of field rations. After a couple of hours' rest we were again on the march, the gait now increased at intervals to a trot. Troop A was assigned to rear guard, and I can remember the heavily loaded pack train having trouble now and then from packs slipping and having to stop and repack a mule, and then off at a trot again.

The supply train was really overloaded with top packs of cases of army bacon—twelve-pound cans, four cans to a case—and the packers started dropping off the excess loads and leaving them along the road. A few days later we really wished we had had some of those cases of bacon and hardtack that had been abandoned along the trail.

It was a steady march south until just at dark we arrived at a big Mexican ranch which they called Ojitas. It was almost like a small Mexican village. I don't remember too much about this place as it was dark when we arrived and the column started moving out after daybreak. We had made about sixty-five miles in the first twenty-eight hours and now as the column broke camp, the direction of the march was changed to an easterly direction through rough foothill country. As we were breaking camp, word was passed around that we had a fifty-five mile forced march ahead of us and troopers started to lighten their full field packs. Each cavalryman was equipped with a heavy duty, full-length oil slicker, a picket rope and steel picket pin to stake out his horse. These were discarded first, then the slickers. We looked around us in the breaking daylight and the long straight French sabers were stuck in the ground and abandoned. Even extra army blankets were discarded.

About that time, our troop commanders came around and issued orders for no one in Troop A to abandon any equipment. Also about that time, horseshoer "Pop" Gordon, an old-timer and friend of mine from the Philippines said, "Corporal, better grab one of those abandoned blankets. It will be mighty handy during these cold nights." So I picked up one and was sure glad I had it during the months to come.



Jim Klohr and his dog in 1917.

As the long columns moved eastward there were discarded slickers, picket ropes and sabers strung out along the trail where troopers simply unbuckled them and let them drop. Colonel George A. Dodd was in command and we earned the nickname of "Dodd's Flying Column" after the 120-mile march in forty hours (a record for cavalry and horse artillery in 1916).

Captain Nissen kept a sharp eye on Troop A and his men did not abandon much equipment. Nissen was an old, grey-haired veteran cavalry officer and his only worry seemed to be that he would be charged for any equipment his troopers lost, but we troopers were all so sure we would soon catch up with Pancho Villa's army that any missing equipment could be accounted for as lost in battle. The new long, straight-bladed, French style cavalry sabers were issued to the 7th Cavalry about 1915 and replaced the old Civil War type sabers which had been standard cavalry equipment for more than fifty years. They were both cutting and thrusting sabers, while the French style saber was heavy in the hilt and designed more for direct thrusting in mounted combat.

I had completed a mounted swordsman Class while at Fort Slotsenburg, Philippine Islands, and was listed as an expert swordsman, but we all figured that we would only use our pistols and rifles here in this bandit country so every trooper thought of getting rid of the cumbersome, useless saber at the first opportunity.

IT WAS March 17 as the long cavalry column followed the rough winding road eastward at walk and trot intervals. By late afternoon, both horses and troopers began feeling the effects of the forced march on short rations and very little water. About sundown our segment of the column reached the night's camping place on the Casas Grandes River at the town of the same name.

As we neared the river, we noticed several cavalry horses lying along the road. They had died from over-exertion on the long, forced march as we had now made 120 miles in about 40 hours. The artillery with the heavy six-inch guns did not arrive until well after dark. The artillery horses were completely exhausted. I do remember that we all slept soundly except for the guard details who had to remain awake.

The nights were very chilly, so no one removed any clothes. We just wrapped up in army blankets and laid down on mother earth, with our rifles and pistols within reach, to catch a few hours' sleep.

At daylight, March 18, the entire camp was astir, wondering what the day would bring forth. Then by word being passed around we found out we would halt temporarily as the horses were in need of rest and forage. They had had no forage in the past forty-eight hours. They had been accustomed to hay and grain twice daily before starting south across the border. The troopers also found out that Villa and his guerrilla army had camped here and had pulled out on their way south about twelve hours before we arrived.

We camped just north of the deserted and raided town of Casas Grandes and the Mormon town of Colonia Dublán. The Mormons had considerable irrigated land here but most of it had been abandoned during the preceding five years of revolutions and guerrilla raids and all the buildings were deserted. The big general mercantile store and warehouses were cleaned out completely. They say Villa loaded a freight train here and cleaned the place out completely and shipped the stuff south to one of his favored communities.

Casas Grandes is on the Mexican railroad that runs south from Juarez about 300 miles to Cusihuiriachic. An enlisted man didn't get much information on an expedition of this sort except for the rumors floating around. As I remember, we rested here March 18, then went southeast March 19 to Galeana on the Santa Maria River, and went into bivouac, but broke camp about dark and rumors were that we would be in battle at any minute. We left the river valley and marched slowly southwesterly towards the foothills of a mountain range and at daylight arrived at the mouth of a large canyon where Villa was supposed to be camped. But no guerrilla army was found. However there was a fine view from here and we could look back east to the Santa Maria River valley and see the village of Galeana and also El Valle farther south, a panorama of the whole country. At this very moment Villa and his army were camped just twenty miles from us at El Valle which we could see in the distance down in the river valley we had left to follow a dead trail.

Mexican troops.

The cause was an American civilian scout, a resident of Mexico who had joined us at Galeana and offered to guide us to Villa's stronghold. He was actually one of Villa's spies and had dropped off to lead us on a blind trail so as to give Villa's army time for a short rest (as we found out later). Villa's horses were in poor condition, also, and El Valle was one of his favored hang-outs.

Before we leave the magnificent view, just a couple of remarks. Evidently the regimental commanders had no maps or general idea of this country, and it may be they just needed a week or so of campaigning against a crafty Mexican bandit to get seasoned. After this Mexican campaign was over all participants were given a campaign ribbon which we wore on our dress uniforms. One day an old sergeant with campaign ribbons galore said, "Do you know what the green and yellow on the ribbon means?"

I said, "No, Sarge, never thought about it."

"Well, it means we were green when we went into Mexico and yellow when we came out!"

As I think back, our commanding officers *were* mighty green, but I'll say here and now that the rank and file officers and enlisted men were not yellow.

ON THE morning of March 20 the cavalry column marched back to the Santa Maria River and went into bivouac south of Galeana.

The field rations issued when we left the border were now gone, including rations carried by regimental pack train. The only feed for the horses was what they got by foraging. We now had to live off of the country. The forage master bought several head of cattle from a Mexican ranch and we were all issued a chunk of red raw beef. It was starting to be a battle for survival of the fittest.

When we departed Casas Grandes we left there a small encampment of soldiers who were unable to continue the march—some sick, some whose horses had given out or died from the forced march. Also, the 10th Cavalry Regiment had been sent due south up the San Miguel River, and that is the last I remember seeing the 10th Cavalry for three months when we all were to return to camp at Casas Grandes.

So it was just the 7th Cavalry now, bivouacked and eating half-cooked, fresh cow beef. The regiment camped at this place all night and the morning of March 21 hit the trail south again, and sometime around mid-afternoon arrived to the east of the town of El Valle. There were strict orders not to march through any Mexican towns as we were not at war with Mexico, but just chasing a bandit and his army who had raided Columbus, New Mexico.

El Valle nestled on the river of a broad valley and appeared to be a quiet little town as we were passing it about a mile to the south. As our long cavalry column was about opposite the town, a U. S. airplane came flying from the north and flew directly over the column and landed on the broad flat at the head of the column where the regimental staff officers were.

It was one of the few little planes the U. S. had at that time and had been sent from Pershing's headquarters at Columbus, to find where we were. The column stopped and after an exchange of messages the pilot of the little plane took off back north again.

About this time and about a mile ahead of the column, you could see a mounted Mexican outfit of probably one hundred or so. There was another delay while a reconnaissance patrol was sent ahead to investigate. A parley took place and in about an hour the patrol returned and reported the mounted Mexicans were friendly Federal soldiers stationed at El Valle.

Just as we passed El Valle, our trail quit the river valley and entered the mouth of a canyon going up into mountain country. Mounted Mexicans were lined up facing us as we entered the canyon, real guerrilla looking, with double belts of ammunition and cross bandoleers. A wild-looking outfit, which we found out later were a bunch of Villa's men he had left behind as this was their home town. Yes, we *were* green.

As our cavalry rode south up this narrow canyon, I thought what a perfect place for an ambush. About sundown the regiment reached the head of the canyon and came out on a large mesa with scattered piñon and cedar trees, and just about dark bivouacked for the night, a mighty tired, hungry regiment of men and horses.

We had just unsaddled our tired mounts when "Heinie" Wagner said, "Corporal, you and your squad are on outpost guard tonight," and he gave us our outpost location.

We all still had a chunk of fresh beef in our saddle bags that had been issued early in the morning, and could hardly wait to get a fire going. The pieces of beef were held over the flames on a stick but we were so hungry we ate it half raw as soon as it sizzled a little on the outside. That was our dinner that night, about a pound of raw beef.

LIEUTENANT WAGNER took me and my squad out about a hundred yards from camp and posted us on guard with a final warning to all boys to be sure and stay on the alert, as those varmints were all around us. "They'll sneak up on you like a snake in the grass and slit your throat from ear to ear." He was one scary cavalry officer.

I had the only watch among us, so I said, "All eight of us will stand guard one hour each and in eight hours it will be about daylight." One man took the watch and stood on guard. The rest of the eight-man squad lay down on the ground for a nap.

I looked at the moon and told my squad I would stand the last hour in the morning which would be about 3 a.m., as it was then about 8 p.m. Everyone was dead to the world as soon as he lay down, regardless of the cold night air and only a light blanket.

It seemed like I was hardly asleep when the soldier on guard woke me and said, "Time to take your turn, Corporal; it's 3 a.m." I got up, took the watch and went on guard. It didn't seem possible that it could be 3 a.m. for the moon was still at about midnight position. Some of the squad had evidently run up the watch as soon as they stood guard about fifteen minutes. I woke the entire squad and we started the routine over again.

Our camp started stirring at daylight and there were many small fires and the smell of scorched, burning beef—a rough breakfast. The column was soon on the march and my squad and part of Troop A had rear guard for the day. About ten miles or so from our night's camp, the trail went down off the mesa to a shallow ford on the upper San Miguel River. Cottonwood trees lined the stream and it was a logical camping place for north-south travelers.

Several dead horses were scattered around, bearing the marks of sweat-caked saddle blankets; and a couple were still alive—ridden to death, with large raw saddle sores and just lying there in agony waiting to die. Our lieutenant gave me permission to put them out of their misery with a merciful shot from my automatic pistol. These were horses of Villa's soldiers who had camped here during the night just ten miles ahead of where we had camped.

Our regiment did not cross the ford, but went up the river a mile or so and then back up on the mesa and south. About mid-afternoon we went into camp in a sort of large protected mountain cove called El Tigero Springs. We stayed until noon the next day there. Why, I never found out. The regimental staff probably had their reasons but while we were camped Villa and his fleeing army were attacking the town of Namiquipa about twenty miles to the southeast of El Tigero.

Why his trail leading south was not followed is a mystery, as a thousand horse tracks must have left a plain trail. However, some more civilian scouts had joined us, American residents of this part of Mexico who were keeping us off his trail.

The regiment broke camp about noon and headed southwest, finally crossing the broad valley at the headwaters of the San Miguel River. There were some large Mexican ranches here, and regimental quartermasters bought a supply of red beans and ear corn.

We crossed the valley to the foot of a high mountain range and with night coming on, camped among pine trees in the mouth of a large canyon with a fine, clear mountain stream. It was high country and near freezing and the whole regiment was about half starved. I kept a small fire going, trying to cook my red *frijoles*, but finally gave up and ate them half-cooked, and then lay down on the ground and shivered through the night.

The regiment was awake at daylight and headed west over the mountains, a continual steep climb up through the pines, so steep near the top that all troopers were walking to save their half-starved mounts. A Major Thompson, directly in front of me, was holding onto his horse's tail as they scrambled up the steep trail.

The regiment finally reached the summit and then a short way down, out of the pines, was a broad, grassy mountain valley miles and miles in extent. Our regiment headed south along the east edge of it and passed one of the Hearst sub-ranches—which at some previous date, several months probably, Villa had raided. He killed the employees and partly burned the buildings and all equipment.

After ten miles more, the regiment came to the headquarters ranch of all Hearst's vast land holdings in Mexico, probably a million acres or more, the whole mountain and broad valley on the east and west side. This ranch was at San Miguel de Babicora. It was nestled in a large cove on the edge of a pine grove and consisted of numerous adobe buildings. The large main building was like a hollow square with a courtyard in the center. The roof had high parapets and the building was a real fortress. It probably had a hundred rooms and ranch hands were combination *vaqueros* and soldiers all armed with carbines, pistols and double ammunition belts. Machine guns were mounted on the roofs. There were about a hundred of the *vaquero-soldados* around the ranch.

For some reason Villa had been unable to capture this part of the Hearst ranch, but out on the flat about a half mile was what they called the "Hearst Castle." It was an oblong adobe and rock building with an enclosed courtyard with fountains and landscaping galore. Bronze frogs were mounted on the fountain which had been designed by a noted New York architect.

This building had been captured during one of Villa's previous raids on the ranch, and all the roof and interior had been gutted by flames. Villa probably had his reasons for destroying this building as it represented something he was opposed to.

There were several hundred Mexicans in and all around Babicora, and we had plenty of beans and ear corn and fresh beef, but nothing else in the way of supplies—no sugar, salt, tobacco or coffee—and the half-starved regiment missed these most.

AS SOON AS we went into camp the Mexican women started making fresh corn *tortillas* by the hundreds and the troopers stood in line waiting to get a few. The price went up to ten cents apiece—the law of supply and demand. Ordinarily they would have been ten cents a dozen. The women were reluctant to take our American paper money. They wanted American silver. In the past several years there had been too much Mexican printing press money which was practically worthless. The regiment filled up on *frijoles* and *tortillas* and that night about half of the troopers were sick with stomach and bowel disorders.

There was one young American on the ranch. He was the superintendent of Hearst ranches in Mexico and so far had escaped being captured or killed by bandits, but several other white men, foremen and sub-ranch managers had been killed in previous years. The regimental staff officers must have received considerable information about Villa and also the surrounding country from this Hearst ranch superintendent, as he had been living in Mexico for quite a while and knew the country thoroughly.

The regiment now split up into squadrons and one squadron went south on the west side of the mountain range. The first squadron crossed the mountain to the east side and into a large broad valley to another large Hearst ranch called Santa Ana. This was fine cattle country with lots of grass and water. However, the dry grass did not have much nourishment. The spring grass had not yet started and our horses kept getting weaker each day. The ranch itself had several hundred acres of farm land, irrigated land with fenced fields, many scattered buildings, and it supported a large number of Mexican families and ranch hands.

The main building was a large hollow square adobe with an adobe parapet and roof. There were rooms on the outside of the square with one exterior door. Rooms on the inside of the square all faced the center courtyard. There was a windmill in the courtyard, a corral, workshop and granaries of corn and red beans. The house sat on the edge of the mesa overlooking the farming land and fields and was a regular stronghold. There was no cover for an enemy around it because of the clear view of the surrounding country for miles around.

There was not a living soul at this ranch, however. Cows, hogs, and a few goats roamed the fields. The granary was full; the windmill was working; but Villa had killed everyone to the last man. When he had raided the Santa Ana several months past, it was a well protected and a well armed ranch, but Villa had sent several of his spies there disguised as farm hands so that when he attacked, the spies on the inside who had been working as farm hands, helped overthrow the defenders.

The roof was littered with thousands of empty rifle shells of all calibres where the defenders had lain behind the roof parapet and held off Villa's guerrillas for many hours. The bodies of the dead had been thrown into a cut bank arroyo a couple hundred yards away, and coyotes

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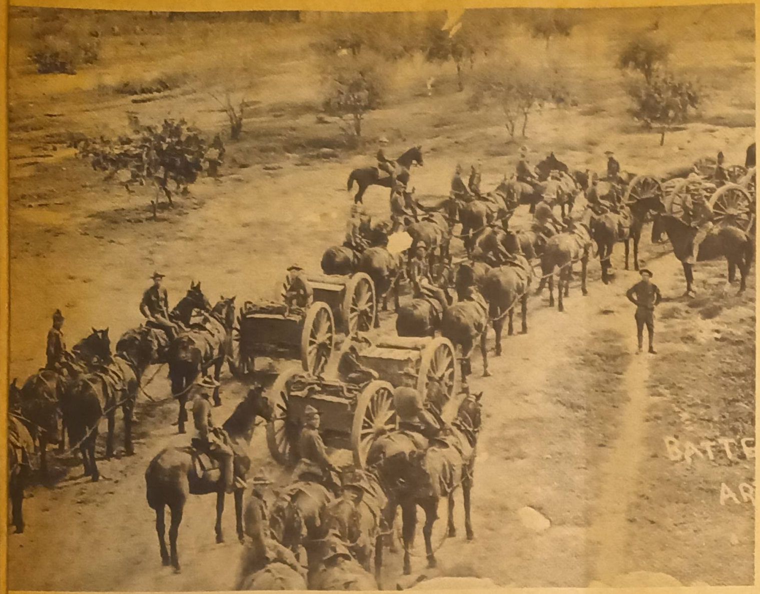

Battery E, 5th Artillery, ready to move out.

and other animals had dragged off some of the bones.

We camped there overnight and next day marched south on Villa's trail. We never found out why Villa did not burn the buildings at Santa Ana.

Ten miles from Santa Ana we came to another Hearst ranch called El Providencia. El Providencia was similar to Santa Ana, the main adobe located on edge of a mesa overlooking the farming valley. Here too was plenty of beans and corn in the granary, and cattle scattered all around the ranch. Villa had raided and captured this ranch several months before and had killed most of the inhabitants.

On the whitewashed wall of one of the rooms a guerrilla had written his name in blood with his finger, "Pablo Lopez," a common name in Mexico.

FIRST SQUADRON pushed on south out of the valley through Frijole Pass to where the trail led down to the Papigochic River country.

The horses were now gaunted up to skin and bones, and the troopers mostly walked and led them. Just after dark on March 28, an American resident of Mexico, acting as a civilian scout for the squadron, came into camp and reported Villa was on the Papigochic River at the town of Guerrero which he had just captured from the Federal garrison there and that the guerrillas were on a looting spree and having a ball, as Guerrero was a good-size town. I don't remember this scout's name, but he had been cattle ranching in this part of Mexico. The bandits had raided his ranch, killed his wife and family, and he had been hiding out, living like an Indian until we came along, when he joined us and offered his service as a scout. He was a real scout, and had a hatred for Villa and all his followers. You couldn't blame him.

The cavalry column immediately started moving toward Guerrero—a very slow march all through the night, troopers walking and leading their mounts, advance patrol well ahead so as not to run into trouble. We circled around to the west and approached Guerrero from the south. Just at break of day on March 29, the column reached the river valley where they could see the town. The advance patrol ran into Villa's outpost surrounding the town and the guerrillas started firing on the patrol which was too far away for any casualties. The advance patrol sent back a messenger. The main column linked all horses, under cover, and advanced on foot ready for battle.

The railroad down the valley made a perfect protected front line for the guerrillas and they were entrenched behind this railroad embankment on the north side of the town. They kept up a steady rifle fire, firing wildly at will.

The dismounted American troopers led by their officers, advanced under cover and formed a battle line and answered with volley fire on the shining rails of the guerrillas' battle line. Only a Mexican *sombrero* could be seen now and then as the bandits kept well under cover. There were only about 125 American troopers in the attacking force and we had only one machine gun.

It was not yet daylight but we could get a good view of the valley and the general situation. On the left side of the valley to the south was a farming mesa with scattered adobe buildings; on the right side rough foothills came down to the valley floor. Here is where one Captain "Spike" Hennessy showed he was a fighting soldier with plenty of guts. He exposed himself to the enemy fire repeatedly in order to survey the battle through his field glasses.

The guerrillas had a machine gun mounted on top of an adobe building upon the mesa on our left and there was rifle fire from the hills to the right. They really had us pinned down temporarily until our commander sent a platoon of troopers and our machine gun to the left flank. The lieutenant in command got his platoon up on the edge of the mesa and laid down volley fire on the roof of the adobe where the guerrillas had their machine gun. His men advanced Indian-fashion, pushing the attack boldly, and the Mexicans left the roof and their machine gun. Soon the lieutenant and the platoon were in possession of the adobe buildings and had their own machine gun set up on top of the adobe where the Mexicans had had theirs. Now the American machine gun was able to open fire on the guerrillas' front line and also to fire down into the town.

As the sound of our machine gun broke the morning air, it was a distinct sound from the Mexicans' gun. The Mexicans' front line retreated and there was wild disorder down in the town as a long column of guerrilla troops, wagons, etc., started east. Dust rising marked Villa's army retreating east by southeast. However, they kept a right and left flank force to keep us from getting around the town and cutting off their retreat. They probably thought they were being attacked by a strong force, for if they had known that we were only a hundred or so half-starved cavalrymen, they might have put up more resistance.

A COUPLE of our troopers lost their lives during the assault on the mesa and the adobe buildings and Mexican machine gun emplacement. This was the Mexicans' strong resistance location. If they had held that, we could never have moved ahead into the town, which we were able to do by about noon when all of Villa's army had fled south.

The Mexican machine guns on the roofs of the adobe buildings were old heavy cumbersome type guns used by the Spaniards at San Juan Hill, Cuba, but still in working condition. The guerrillas covered both flanks of the town while evacuating the town which they had captured from a strong Federal garrison about forty-eight hours before. Villa used the element of surprise.

Guerrero was a good-sized town, and the Federals must have fought stubbornly as the dead and wounded were still lying around everywhere, especially on the rocky hills on the north side of town. The guerrillas had evidently gone on a big drunk and looting spree as soon as the fight was over. All prisoners taken were eliminated by firing squads ("dobe-walled"). They were still lying along the base of the walls where they had fallen. Scattered around was abandoned loot—rifles, saddles and soldiers' equipment, loose saddle horses and also many dead horses. One dead horse and his rider lay where they fell. The rider must have been one of Villa's staff officers as his saddle bags were full of Villa paper money, nice new greenbacks with Villa's name and picture on them. Villa had his own printing press and issued his own currency and made the people accept it. The Federal commander of Guerrero was a Colonel Herrera. He was killed during a battle with Villa.

After our troops had entered the town and had it secured, an American resident of Guerrero came out of hiding and told our commander the happenings of the preceding several days since Villa had attacked the town and captured it. This American was an old-time mining man who had been in Mexico for many years and had been superintendent of several of the big mines in this district.

During the past several years of revolution, Villa had raided most of the mines owned by American mining companies and they were now idle. This old mining man was married to a Mexican woman who had a *cantina* and when Villa captured Guerrero he took the American prisoner as well as the Mexicans. As the American told it, he was led out with about twelve of the natives and lined up along the adobe wall, and as the firing squad officer walked up to give the firing command, he looked at the American prisoner and recognized the mining man as an old friend. This guerrilla captain had at one time been a foreman in the Parral mines when the American was superintendent. He motioned the American to come out of the prisoner line and then gave the command to fire.

The guerrilla captain then told the American to get out of sight, and he stayed in hiding until the Americans captured the town. He was sure mighty glad to see us. So were the Mexican population who looked upon us as their saviors after Villa's drunken army had raped and mutilated many of their women.

This old mining man told us that when the first shots were fired as we attacked the town about sunup, Pancho Villa (riding in a two-horse buggy and escorted by his personal bodyguard) went south on the road to Durango and his favorite stronghold. Villa was riding in a buggy because he had been wounded in the leg. He was shot near the knee at Namiquipa when he attacked that town on his way south.

[Herbert Mason in *The Great Pursuit* says that Villa was wounded by one of his own men—actually an attempted assassination by a man who had been forcibly pressed into service—during Villa's battle with the Federals March 28 for control of Guerrero. The wounded Villa may have departed Guerrero in a wagon just after midnight on March 29, and not as late as dawn, as Klohr was told.]

Also, there was an old Japanese doctor in Guerrero who said he had dressed Villa's wound the day before we arrived. So there was no chance of actually capturing Villa himself as his followers shielded him well.

THE TOWN was completely wrecked, all stores looted and much merchandise destroyed. A Frenchman, who had a big store and warehouse, had an ear on display in his store window. Some Federal soldier had cut it off one of Villa's officers some months before in an attempt to make him give information of Villa's hideout. There was a sign by the ear offering 500 pesos for its mate. Guerrero was a strong federal town; its people hated Villa.

Unfortunately the Frenchman forgot to take the ear and sign out of his window when Villa attacked. There were living quarters and an enclosed courtyard in back of his store, and a nice shade tree in the center of the yard. The Frenchman was still swinging in the breeze. Villa's men had hanged him and completely destroyed his property.

We found plenty of forage for our horses, and residents gave us a supply of pork, chickens, cornmeal, flour, etc.; and the American commander immediately organized the Mexicans and started burying the dead and treating the wounded. They also rounded up about one hundred horses Villa had to abandon, plus rifles, machine guns, pack mules and equipment.

As I am writing this, about forty-five years after it happened, I still remember it was March 29, 1916. The colonel in command of the squadron and detachments of the 7th U. S. Cavalry made plans to follow Villa south after a short rest for men and horses, as he was in supreme command of our little cavalry force, completely out of communication with General Pershing and all other units who were somewhere south of the border in northern Chihuahua.

Our so-called Dodd's Flying Column had moved south on Villa's trail so fast that we were ahead of communication and had had no word of what was happening up around the border. The fact was that the Mexican Punitive Expedition was being further organized. General Pershing was commander and four more regiments of cavalry (besides the 7th and 10th) and infantry regiments, signal corps and army engineers were moving into northern Mexico, working slowly south from the border, establishing supply and communication lines, and building a road south from Columbus, New Mexico. Columbus had been designated as the base and supply camp on the border and a base camp in Mexico was being established at Colonia Dublán. The first Army Truck Corps was being organized to replace the old four-up mule wagon supply trains.

The day we captured Guerrero was a mighty strenuous day and our main problem was to get the little town organized and get the Mexican residents to bury the dead and take care of the wounded. Also we had captured a dozen or so of Villa's men who were a little too slow in retreating. The only way we could distinguish them as the enemy was that some were wearing Mexican army shoes and parts of American uniforms and several were carrying our late issue .45 calibre automatic pistols like the troops at Columbus had had the night of the raid. These Mexicans were held as prisoners.

Then on the next day we had a surprise as a party of about forty Indians

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RELICS!—PAGE 42

Machine gun company with the 4th Infantry.

rode into town from the north. They had been brought into Mexico by the high command and were from Fort Apache, Arizona. The idea was that they were great trailers and would be able to trail Villa to his hideout. They were with General Pershing's staff and had been sent south to find us (who were supposed to be lost in the mountains and deserts of Mexico). The chief of the Apaches carried a message to our colonel, ordering him to go no farther south and to move back north to Providencia (about thirty miles) and await further orders.

The Apaches were a wild looking bunch, ready for war, and all Mexicans were their old-time enemies. This war party made our colonel a little bit uneasy so he made them a present of some forty head of Villa's saddle horses we had captured, and gave them a long message to take back north to General Pershing's headquarters. He also gave them the Mexican prisoners to take back, so that got rid of the Apache scouts. In the message our colonel explained about the Mexican prisoners and about how they were captured with American equipment and about the battle at Guerrero with all the details.

We didn't find out until weeks later that the Apaches reported in with their loot and the message, but no Mexican prisoners. When questioned about the prisoners, the cagey old Apache chief finally said the prisoners tried to run away and the scouts had been forced to shoot them. So that settled the prisoner deal.

WE WOULD have liked to have stayed in Guerrero for a few days, but we headed back north to El Providencia where another detachment of the 7th Cavalry was encamped. Plenty of beans and corn remained in the *hacienda* granary and cattle were scattered over the big valley and mesa. Also a small pack train detachment had worked its way south loaded with army hardtack, bacon and coffee so we had a good, rough meal or two again.

It must have been about April 10 when we again headed southwesterly over a mountain pass and down into the Papigochic River valley near the town of Tomochic where we rendezvoused with the rest of the 7th Cavalry. Some of my squad went out foraging and returned with nearly five pounds of cornmeal and a couple of chickens. So we ate cornmeal mush and chicken and just about dark the messenger started moving through camp to prepare for boots and saddles.

Another night march, southwesterly again, an all-night slow march as the regiment in single file, a long snaky column, wound its way up a narrow rocky trail.

All night long the trail led upward in a pitch dark night. It was impossible to see anything. At times when the column stopped to rest the horses and when the trail was not so steep, we dozed for a few minutes as we rode along; but about midnight, as we were winding up the narrow mountain trail, one of the loaded pack mules was pushed off the trail—probably by his pack hitting the trail's rock ledge—and you could hear the crash as the mule hit far down the dark mountainside. The pack mule was evidently killed when he hit in the bottom of the canyon. The column kept right on climbing the mountain. It could not stop for the loss of a pack mule.

After that I kept awake until daylight when the regiment reached the top of the mountain range, a beautiful sight, tall virgin pine forest, a clear mountain stream with trout in the deeper pools, and as we rode down the west side of the mountain, the pools became deeper and the trout larger, lazily swimming around. Apparently, these were virgin streams and had never been fished. It was about 8 a.m. after an all-night ride and no breakfast. Boy, how good one of those trout would have tasted, broiled over the hot coals. But there was no time for eating. We were going to surprise a guerrilla band in their stronghold over in Indian country. The regiment followed the clear mountain stream down to where it entered a large fertile mountain valley and a town of considerable size.

After surrounding the town and searching it, the regimental commander found out the guerrillas had eluded us again, and we moved back up into the pine timber on a clear mountain stream and went into camp for a needed rest and a rough meal foraged from the country. About this time, two Wild West-looking Americans rode into camp. They were typical appearing cattlemen and were riding well-fed horses; were well-armed with saddle carbine and pistol belts; wearing pretty good Stetson hats and good boots. They talked awhile; said they had cattle in the mountains and that the bandits kept them hiding out most of the time. They were a couple of *gringos* who sure looked like they could take care of themselves in this bandit country. I thought later they could have been a couple of Villa's American followers as quite a few Americans had crossed the border and joined him in his fight to take over Mexico and give the peons a better way of life.

Anyhow, after a good-luck farewell, they rode off up the canyon into the high mountain country where there was plenty of wild game of all varieties.

Along in mid-afternoon, Sergeant Bennett went over to the creek and was washing his face at the spot designated as drinking water. Our troop commander, Captain Nissen, was there about the same time filling his canteen. He cautioned Bennett about washing in the drinking water area, and the sergeant went into a rage, pulled his pistol and threatened to shoot the captain. We all realized then that our old buddy Bennett had cracked under the strain of strenuous duty. The captain had him put under camp arrest and disarmed him. He also broke him from a sergeant to a private—under arrest. As I was the ranking corporal, I was immediately made acting sergeant by our troop commander and given my sergeant's warrant some time later by Colonel Dodd.

We just camped overnight here and the next morning the regiment headed back over another route through a pass in the mountains. About noon we came to an abandoned gold mine which had been operated by an American mining company until Villa raided it, killed most of the employees, dynamited the shaft house, but did not burn the buildings. This was one of the richest gold mines in Mexico. We only stopped there for a short rest and were on the march again, now back down the east side of the mountains towards the Papigochic River valley.

NIGHTFALL overtook us still in the foothills overlooking the valley. Everyone was dead for sleep but a guard had to be maintained. Lieutenant Wagner was still warning us that the enemy was all around, just waiting for dark to slip up and slit our throats from ear to ear. But his favorite, Sergeant Bennett, was now disarmed and under arrest. It was my turn as sergeant of the guard and I started posting a sentry here and there for our Troop A detail.

One private, a big, good-looking blond Swede from Minneapolis—a damn poor soldier, but a likeable young cuss—fell asleep standing up fifteen minutes after posting him on guard. He just couldn't keep awake—enemy all around us didn't bother him—let 'em come—you only die once!

Next morning we moved down into the river valley, but the regiment split up again as this was a known guerrilla hangout and the regimental staff evidently knew that there were several bands of Villa sympathizers in the vicinity. Troop A was sent down the river about two miles below the town of Matichic. We made camp in a deserted open field where we could not be surprised, and after dark moved about a quarter mile back from the river and put out a guard and outpost. The river was shallow but had a couple of deep pools here and there, and we had our first good wash and bath in about a month.

Shoes, leggings, breeches and shirts were all beginning to wear out. Some of the soldiers were almost ragged. Then one day about April 19 we heard the roar of a truck motor and, sure enough, a good old U. S. Army transport truck stopped up on the mesa about a mile away. It had worked its way south from Columbus, New Mexico and carried rations and clothing and an armed guard. What a treat to get new shoes and clothes again, and bacon, coffee, flour, but no tobacco. Everyone was about broke of the smoking habit. The truck driver also told us the news of the past month and about a base camp being established at Casas Grandes, called Camp Dublán, named after the nearby Mormon settlement of Colonia Dublán, and that a line of communication outposts was in operation from Columbus for 200 miles south. Also, army engineers were building a good truck road between Columbus and Casas Grandes.

Camp Dublán was General Pershing's headquarters and our base of operations in Mexico, and we were to continue hunting down Villa's guerrilla bands which were now scattered and trying to hide out. An army truck corps was being organized to replace the mule wagon trains on long hauls. The trucks were four-wheel drive. Jeffery Quads, they called them. This was the birth of the Motor Transport Corps.

Up on the mesa just across the river from our bivouac was a well-kept Mexican ranch. We went over to it, foraging for corn for our horses and anything in the way of something edible. The owners said they had to keep everything hid or buried and that bandits took everything they could find and that they were raided about every month. It was no use trying to have anything or raise any crops as the guerrillas took it all away.

We had orders to stay out of the town of Matchic, but after dark some of our bold young cavalrymen ventured into the edge of town looking for a bottle of *tequila*, a *señorita* or anything that was loose. They found a Mexican woman who cooked them some ham and eggs, sold them a bottle of *tequila*, but no *señoritas*. Her place was on the south edge of the town nearest our camp. It got to be a nightly hangout for a few of the boldest. Her place had a high adobe wall around it. The top of the wall had broken

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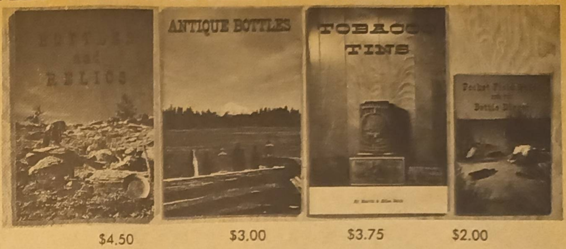

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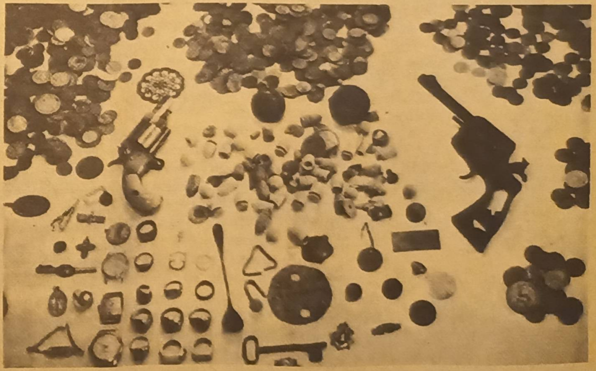

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Jim Klohr and his field tent.

glass bottles imbedded and protruding so no one could get a hand hold to scale it; and a high heavy plank gate served for an entrance. Once inside, it was like a fort. We called it "Maria's Joint."

MATICHIC WAS ON the railroad that ran south down through this country from Juarez. Villa had raided the town during the past year. He hated the people in this valley as they were of somewhat better class and Matichic was the headquarters of an American mining company. The guerrillas had burned all the boxcars and passenger coaches at Matichic's railroad yards and had run the engines out on a railroad bridge at the edge of town where they had taken up the rails. The engines had toppled into the shallow stream bed and were slowly being buried in the sand.

Several days later, an American scout rode in, and after his talk with the troop commander, we broke camp about dark and started a night march down the river valley to a little town where a guerrilla chief, Cervantes, had sent word to the *alcalde* to have a ransom ready as he was coming down out of the mountains for a visit, a friendly raid. This old *alcalde* had a couple of beautiful daughters and Cervantes threatened to take the girls back up to his mountain retreat unless the father paid off.

The *alcalde* had sent the American scout to ask us for help. Troop A arrived at the outskirts of the little town about 1 a.m. The troopers dismounted, and led by the American scout, we maneuvered into the town, put out sentries, and started a search door by door. The scout, who knew this locality, led us to a group of adobe buildings where one of Cervantes' *señoritas* lived. We hammered in the doors with a rifle and found Cervantes' girl friend, but no Cervantes. She cursed us in Spanish, and she could cuss! She was one mad *señorita*. We went back over to the *alcalde's* place and posted a guard around it and he served all of us with a brew the scout called *Leche de Tigero* (tiger milk), a strong fermented brew from the maguey plant. It sure gave us a lift. After a couple of hours, the captain decided that Cervantes was at another ranch about five miles back from the river. It was a large *rancho* owned by an Englishman who had lived in Mexico most of his life. He was married to a Spanish woman and his wife's sister was an occasional girl friend of Cervantes. The scout figured that was where he probably was, so Troop A took off across the hills in the dark, led by the scout, and arrived at the *rancho* just as it was breaking day. The ranch lay down in a nice little valley and a little adobe church was on the edge of the mesa. As we approached, Lieutenant King said, "Sergeant, take a half-dozen men and outpost this church. We'll circle the ranch and if they bust out this way, let 'em have it."

It was a beautiful Sunday morning and from our position at the church, we could look down on the still-sleeping *rancho*, about 500 yards away. We finally saw our soldiers closing in on the ranch from below, but with no rifle fire. All was quiet on this peaceful Sunday morn.

Our buddies finally sent a messenger up for us to move down to the ranch, that all was clear. This was a real *rancho grande*—so many adobe buildings it was like a small town. The old Englishman was almost like a Mexican himself. He was gray and portly and about sixty. He had been here in Mexico most of his life. The guerrilla chief Cervantes was his brother-in-law and he told us that Cervantes kept him broke, demanding money, taking his best horses, and getting drunk and shooting up the ranch. He showed us numerous bullet holes in the adobe walls.

We fed our horses a ration of hay and grain and the Englishman seemed very hospitable, giving us enough beef and cornmeal to have a rough meal, and about nine o'clock we marched back over to the little town on the river where we had looked for Cervantes and his gang. People there told us that he had showed up during the night. He and a couple of his band had ridden into the village, got drunk and then raped a couple of young *señoritas*. They then went to sleep for a spell and the girls' brothers slipped in and cut Cervantes' throat and also killed his two bodyguards. We went into bivouac while our troop commander sent a detail to investigate, and the American identified the body as being Cervantes. The scout knew him well.

A MESSENGER arrived next day and our troop commander broke camp and we moved about fifteen miles north up into a mountain pass on the trail to Providencia. The camp in the mountain pass was a beauty, a nice little mountain stream of clear water, tall pines, and grass for horses. While out on horse guard we found the skeleton of a horse that had died while tied to a pine tree. The horse had been tied fully saddled and some empty cartridge cases were nearby. The fate of the rider was a mystery. He was either killed or captured and no one had found his hidden horse.

Our captain sent Lieutenant King and a small, eight-man detail out on a scouting party back down to Matichic because the town's chief official had sent word to our camp that a band of guerrillas was harassing the town. Just as Lieutenant King and his patrol rode into one side of town, the bandit gang galloped out the other. The patrol followed the band out into the hills and to the rim of a canyon, and the bandits almost ambushed King and his men before they could take cover. We called this the Battle of Pop Hardin as Corporal Hardin's horse was shot in the neck and Pop received a flesh wound.

I had left my horse at this mountain pass camp several weeks before. The horse was very poor and we had found some loose Mexican horses that were in good condition and only needed shoeing. Our horseshoer had shod one for me and he made a good mount. Now we picked up our original horses as they were getting strong again after a few weeks' rest.

Before long we moved on over to Providencia-Hearst Ranch where we found the headquarters of the 7th Cavalry encamped. All but one squadron were there and the next day about 5 p.m., our first sergeant called me and said the regiment commander had just given him a message to be sent to the 2nd Squadron camped somewhere over on the Papigochic River above Matichic. This was thirty-five miles from our camp at Providencia. The first sergeant told me to report to the camp commander for instructions as I knew the country and trail over to Matichic. I was to take a couple of good troopers and leave immediately, making a night ride. The message was for the commander of the 2nd Squadron to bring his troops to Providencia as quickly as possible.

I picked two good cavalrymen I had known for a couple of years, real soldiers, both first-class privates. We had soldiered together in the Philippines. We crossed the valley and entered the pass over the mountain about dark and we all read the message and then strung out at 100-foot intervals so if we were ambushed one of us would probably get through. From living outdoors your eyes get accustomed to darkness and you can see a considerable distance on a clear starlight night.

We crossed the mountain and came down to the Papigochic River valley just below Matichic. It must have been about 3 a.m. We scouted out the vicinity for a possible 2nd Squadron cavalry camp and decided they were camped upriver above the town.

To bypass the settlement we would have had to make a long ride through rough country, so we decided to take a chance of slipping through the edge of town as all would be quiet in the early hours of the morning. We got about halfway through the outskirts when off to our left, about a block, a dog started barking and then a Mexican called out *"Quién vive?" "Quién vive?"* There were guerrillas in the town and they had a sentry posted.

In my best Mexican I called out, *"Amigos. Viva* Villa!" and at the same time we started moving at a brisk trot up the dirt road as we were over halfway through the little town. We were almost clear when more dogs started barking. Another sentry called out *"Quién vive?"* Then a rifle shot rang out on the still, pre-dawn air. More shots, more dogs barking and more rifle shots were heard back in the town, but we were safely headed up the river on a dusty road.

AFTER A couple miles or so we rode off a short distance from the road and awaited developments, but the rifle fire and noise had died down behind us and there were no sounds of horsemen following us. We waited until near daylight so we could see a little better and then headed up the river road. About sunup we were challenged by an outpost of good old American cavalrymen. We had found the 2nd Squadron and I delivered the message to the major in command and he said he would break camp as soon as his men had their breakfast, and start for Providencia.

I knew a good many of the cavalrymen, and one sergeant gave me a nod and called us over to his tent and produced a bottle of *tequila*. We had a couple of drinks and immediately lost our tired feeling—felt like fighting bulls—and we soon had breakfast, a big plate of bacon and eggs, the best chow we had had in quite awhile. Our horses were fed and after about a two-hour rest, the squadron was on the march. I told the major about our experience coming through Matichic and he was a real cavalryman. He said, "We'll march right through their damn town and see just what's cooking."

It was a bright sunny day and as the squadron rode through Matichic with advance guard and patrols on the flanks, it seemed just a nice little town of whitewashed adobes—no guerrillas or hardly anyone in sight. A few of the bolder citizens gave us a nod or wave of the hand.

We soon left the Papigochic River valley and headed northeast for the mountain pass where our squadron went into bivouac for a short rest; then on again and we arrived at El Providencia about dark. Horses and men were ready for a good rest, especially myself and my two messengers, as we had been in the saddle for almost twenty-four hours.

Now the entire 7th U. S. Cavalry Regiment was together again. By desert wireless and motorcycle messengers from the border who rode their rugged army motorcycles where there were only trails, the scattered American troops in Mexico were now keeping in contact with General Pershing's Expedition Headquarters at Camp Dublán, Casas Grandes, Mexico.

There were now six regiments of cavalry in northern Mexico, four regiments of infantry, one light and heavy artillery, army engineers and a total of about 12,000 American troops.

The infantry had marched as far south as Namiquipa, where a battle-ready camp had been set up. Some troops were encamped at Galeana, a long day's march north. Armed supply trucks reached our camp occasionally, bringing rations for both horses and men.

One crack cavalry regiment had entered Mexico at Columbus about a week after 7th Cavalry entered Mexico. These men were fresh from an eastern U.S. location. They were superbly equipped with large pack trains and plenty of brass—war correspondents, press corps, publicity galore. The regimental commander was Major Robert L. Howze, who was going to capture Villa and clean out all the guerrillas in northern Mexi-

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co. He marched his cavalry regiment rapidly south to the east of the other troops and penetrated as far as Parral about a week after 7th Cavalry had had the fight with Villa at Guerrero. But they ran into trouble when they tangled with Mexican Federal soldiers at Parral, and lost several men. The skirmishing around Parral lasted a couple of days. Anyhow, they had guts and didn't let the Mexicans bluff them out. We heard of their wild exploits, such as galloping through a Mexican town at daybreak in a column of twos with pistol fire to the right and left, a regular old-time cavalry charge as used on the western plains against Indians.

The soldiers were trigger happy. Their camp sentries shot up a band of unarmed Mexicans bringing a supply of corn to their camp which their quartermaster had negotiated for. The Mexicans didn't get back with it until after dark and the sentries thought they were being attacked and opened fire.

BACK TO THE 7th Cavalry at El Providencia, we were camped in regimental formation. Our pup tents were all up and lots of fat cattle were roaming the range around this big Hearst *rancho*. Plenty of water, weather clear and dry. It must have been about the end of April when the regiment broke camp and we moved over into the Sierra Madre Mountains to a canyon called Raspadura, which means hard and rough. We moved up into this wide, pine tree canyon about three miles where a cold mountain stream ran through camp and the spring mountain grass was plentiful for our horses. It was a perfect retreat. Each cavalry troop put the horses out to graze every day with a horse guard over them, and scouting patrols were sent out each day to keep a protective screen around the camp. The surrounding mountains were teeming with wild game and wild fat cattle bearing the Hearst brand. Deer, turkey, bear and mountain lion inhabited the upper reaches of the canyon—really a hidden paradise.

Troop A went out on patrol a couple of times and trapped and dispersed a small band of guerrillas who were holed up in a canyon about ten miles from our camp. We had plenty of fresh meat and beans and hardtack, but no tobacco, sugar, or sweets of any kind until the big day arrived when several heavily armed army trucks with mail and the paymaster arrived at camp, having worked their way south from the base camp at Camp Dublán. Now it was the middle of May, two months since we had had any mail or a payday.

The lucky soldiers who received mail were kings around camp as some had been sent packages by friends and relatives. I remember one soldier received a box of cigars and bidding for them went high. He sold most of them for a dollar apiece. Some received candy and cigarettes. The paymaster paid us off for the three months we had coming and the money was in U.S. paper money; five, ten, and twenty dollar gold pieces; and a supply of Mexican silver dollars so we could trade with the natives.

Here we were camped in a Sierra Madre mountain canyon, 200 miles south of the border, miles from towns, nothing to buy or spend our money on, a regiment of soldiers with pockets full of money, so the only thing to do with it was a play with lady luck, a game of chance. A few decks of cards were in camp so a poker game soon got underway and the stakes were high. One of my buddies won $600 on a pair of deuces. I carved out some dice from the soft brown bark of a pine tree, burned the spots on them with the end of a red hot piece of wire, and drew the layout for a chuck-luck game on a towel. I used a piece of charcoal to draw the square and numbers. Then with an empty baking powder can from the cook, we were in business.

My buddy and I opened up our game about dark with a lantern hanging from a pine limb. Soldiers gathered round by the dozens, trying to get their money on the board—gold pieces, paper money, Mexican silver. By 9 p.m., we closed the game as the lantern was going out and we had won about $1,500. Money was everywhere and now we had to take care of it. We put the money in army socks under our bed on the ground and slept on it. In the daytime we put it in our saddle bags for safety.

Some of the soldiers accumulated so many silver dollars they were offering as high as fifteen in exchange for a ten-dollar gold piece in order to get rid of the weight. One old buddy of mine, Sergeant Postal, had about forty pounds of Mexican and American silver dollars—just money, money—but no wine or women.

Patrols kept going and coming and rumors had it that we were soon moving north. Then one morning the order came and the regiment broke camp and left this beautiful mountain canyon. A day's march northeast and we arrived at the town of Namiquipa on the headwaters of the Santa Maria River, a nice old-time Mexican town with irrigated farmland, a fairly prosperous little village.

The American army had established a semi-base and communication camp here, located about a mile from the town up on the mesa. It was also a storage and supply camp. A small supply of baled hay and grain for cavalry horses had been trucked this far south from the border; also some army rations.

Some enterprising Chinamen bakers had invaded the camp and set up a doughnut baking outfit and the soldiers lined up all day long buying doughnuts as fast as they cooked them. We were not allowed to go into the town, but rumors had it that there were lots of *señoritas* there—lots of money and doughnuts, but no wine or women. We were here only a couple of days when a messenger arrived to tell us to abandon camp and move north to the base camp at Colonia Dublán. Before we left the Namiquipa camp, hay, grain supply wagons and everything that had to be abandoned was set afire by order of the quartermaster. We left a clean camp, just a few ashes, to mark the site of what was once an American military camp on Mexican soil.

WE MARCHED north and arrived at Camp Dublán (Casas Grandes) in a couple of days, and it was like arriving in a wonderland again. All our troops in Mexico were being called in and concentrated at this one base camp, about 120 miles south of Columbus.

Camp Dublán was still a raw army camp. It was about a square mile in extent and straddled the Mexican Southern Railroad which ran from Juarez, south through Casas Grandes, Madera, and on down to the Papigochic River country, Matichic, Guerrero, etc. The camp's west boundary took in the San Miguel River, a nice clear little stream which afforded an abundant supply of water for the several regiments of cavalry and artillery horses—all told, several thousand.

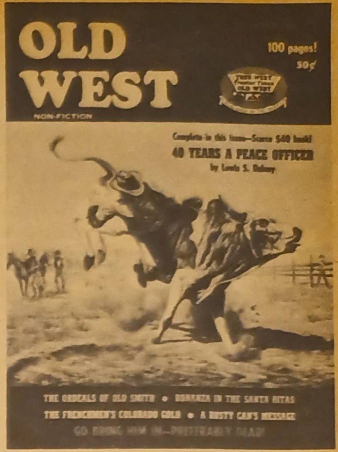
The south boundary of the camp was about a quarter-mile from the outskirts of the little abandoned town of Casas Grandes and adjoining to the west the almost abandoned Mormon town of Colonia Dublán, a scattering of Mormon-type houses and irrigated fields which Villa had raided as he moved north and south during the past years of his control of northern Chihuahua. To the north and east of the camp boundary was level raw land. The camp was encircled by a continuous chain of outposts with a close chain of marching sentries between outposts. These were maintained day and night with double guard at night. In the middle of camp the quartermaster supply depot was established and a large adobe warehouse had been built to hold rations and perishable army supplies. Baled hay for our horses was stacked in block-long rows by the thousands of bales.

Just inside the southwest boundary of the camp the thrifty Chinamen had by permission started a so-called Chinatown with all sorts of gewgaws for soldiers who were looking for something to spend their money on.

This was Camp Dublán as the 7th U. S. Cavalry rode into it after three months of campaigning in the mountains and deserts chasing Villa. We were a rough-looking bunch of cavalrymen. Mostly all wore close-cropped beards and mustaches, and as new and raw as the camp was, to us it still looked like a little city; a camp of 12,000 soldiers with tales to tell and the latest news from the States coming in daily by army truck trains shuttling between Camp Dublán and Columbus.

The cook shack was made of willows, freshly cut along the banks of the river, and a straight line of pup tents sheltered the soldiers who slept on the ground with maybe a little pad of hay for a mattress. It was now summer and flies swarmed on the camp, so all food and water were boiled. Orders were issued that no fried food was to be eaten, especially fried meat, because of the flies.

Dysentery broke out among the soldiers. Several died, and the medical corps kept busy trying to get the camp in a sanitary condition. More adobe buildings were erected by Mexicans who came into camp and worked during daytime, and small adobe buildings replaced the willow and brush shacks of the raw camp.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All buildings and shelters were laid out in a systematically arranged fashion, and now the camp looked more and more like a small town; yes, a town of approximately 12,000 well-fed, vigorous soldiers, full of pep and vinegar—a town of males whose minds naturally wandered to the matter of females and the women and girl friends they had known in the States and had not seen for the past four months.

Now you can't pen up a bunch of restless young men in close confinement without an outlet of emotions, a little pastime and pleasure, something to break the monotony of guard duty and drills. General Pershing was a veteran, wise in the ways of army life and the minds of soldiers. There were orders to let the men have their games of chance, blackjack, dice and poker games, and money flowed freely among the 12,000 troops. There were high stakes bet at some of the crap and poker games, a hundred dollars on the turn of a card or roll of the dice, but gradually the big money was gathered in by a few of the best and luckiest players. One of my pals, Sergeant Jones, was walking around camp with over $3,000 in his pockets and one sharp-time gambler soldier carried a bag with $18,000 he had won. He was an artilleryman and a shrewd crap shooter. Sergeant Jones finally got a ten-day leave to visit El Paso where he rented a suite of rooms at the Paso Del Norte Hotel. He had a chauffeured automobile at his disposal day and night—lived like a king for ten days—wine, women and songs. Then he came back to Camp Dublán happy and relaxed, telling his less fortunate buddies about the bright lights of El Paso where a soldier with money was king of the roost.

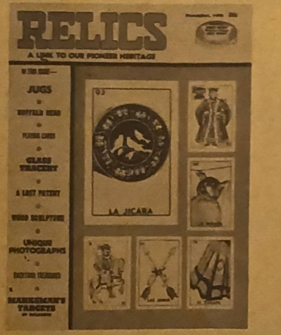
A BASEBALL and football field was laid out and teams from different regiments organized. A boxing and wrestling arena was built and then the one thing to make the camptown complete was built just inside the south border of the camp. It was called a sanitary village supervised by the medical corps and guarded by the military police—camp provost guard. It covered about an acre and consisted of a Chinese-operated restaurant (for the inhabitants of the village only) and small hospital ward—about forty one-room cabins built in a connected L shape row, with a barbed wire lane in front of the row of rooms, so there was an entrance and exit. The entrance was in charge of medical corpsmen and a provost guard. The exit was also manned by medical corpsmen who gave the soldiers a complete sanitary treatment before they were allowed to leave. At the entrance, soldiers were carefully examined by medical corpsmen for venereal disease. That's the reason it was called a sanitary village, and its inhabitants were Mexican and Spanish and mixed-breed women who had voluntarily come to the camp for the entertainment of the soldiers. The village was open to the soldiers from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily and the ladies did a land office business during those hours and accumulated considerable cash.

Soldiers swarmed on the place until the provost guard was unable to control them and a high stockade had to be erected to completely enclose the village with just a large entrance gate manned day and night by guards with fixed bayonets and other guards continually patrolling the compound of the stockaded village. It took force at times to keep order and keep the young men from fighting over the favorite women. Once the girls came into camp, they were put under detention and isolated by the medical corps for five days before they were allowed to mingle with the soldiers, and all women in the village were inspected daily by a medical officer. It was really a sanitary village. An enterprising Chinaman started a dress and jewelry shop inside the compound. A hair dresser opened a tiny shop. They all prospered. At 9 p.m. the large stockade gate was closed and the place was under heavy guard until it opened next day. What a set-up—fifty women and 12,000 men!

One mistake the Camp Dublán commander made (according to all the soldiers' estimation of how a camp should be operated) was that no intoxicating liquor was allowed in camp. There should have been an officers' and an enlisted men's club or canteen where those who wanted a quick drink could obtain it at regulated hours and in regulated quantities.

Soon, just adjacent to and outside the south boundary of the camp on the north outskirts of Casas Grandes, there sprang up a scattering of adobe buildings—a Mexican restaurant and a couple of *cantinas*. There was also one very large adobe building which at one time had been a store and warehouse. It had several rooms in the cellar with a hidden trapdoor entrance and exit to the outside or inside. This big empty building was taken over by a couple of Greeks who came down by railroad from Juarez with a large supply of Old Taylor whiskey—dozens of cases of pints and quarts, also thousands of bottles of Mexican beer from a Juarez brewery, a couple of Mexican musicians and a few dance-hall girls. The Greeks were smart operators and had a lively place going outside of the camp, well patronized by American soldiers, and still the orders were that no soldiers were allowed outside camp at any time unless on official patrols.

About this time, as I and a couple of buddies returned to our troop camp after a stroll and go at the crap games, my first sergeant was waiting for me and said, "Sergeant Klohr, been waiting for you. Orders for you to report for provost guard duty." I immediately reported to Captain Gojoe at headquarters and was assigned to the provost guard consisting of about fifty soldiers. It was to become our duty to patrol both inside and outside of the camp, to keep order, keep whiskey out of camp, make mounted and dismounted patrols outside at any hour of the day or night and arrest all soldiers found outside of camp, especially in Casas Grandes and Colonia Dublán or in the joints which had sprung up just outside the camp's southern boundaries.



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- CARDBOARD DYNASTY (Playing cards)
- WHERE IS OLD JOSHUA? (Buffalo head)
- WORLD WAR I PHOTOS (3 rare composite shots)
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AS A PROVOST sergeant, I usually took a squad of eight men on a mounted patrol outside as far south as old Casas Grandes, some five miles south of camp where there was a good-size garrison of Carranza soldiers—Mexican Federals—commanded by a rough soldier of fortune, a fiery, red-headed Irishman, one Colonel Ryan. He was an iron man and he had loyalty from all his Mexican soldiers and officers. His quarters were in the railroad depot at old Casas Grandes. I became acquainted with this Irishman and also his Mexican officers as I always paid him an official visit on our patrols and he would cooperate on any happenings or trouble brewing down in his town. American soldiers would wander down into old Casas Grandes looking for women, *tequila* and excitement, and several had been killed or disappeared while on a wild spree outside of camp without permission and tangling while drunk with the Mexican inhabitants and authorities of old Casas Grandes.

I also became acquainted with several Mexican Federal army officers, captains and lieutenants, and they were highly educated officers and gentlemen, having attended military colleges in foreign countries. They treated me (a sergeant) as though I was a commissioned officer. Civilian scout Bill Curtis sometimes accompanied me on these patrols, a valuable aide as he spoke fluent Mexican and knew the ways and all tricks of the Mexicans. He had been living and ranching in Mexico for many years but the guerrillas cleaned him out. Scout Curtis was Captain Gojoe's right-hand man and was supposed to keep the provost captain informed of what was going on inside and outside of camp, but I always considered Curtis was pretty loyal to me and also all enlisted men. He was broadminded enough to keep his trap closed about most of the wild parties that soldiers enjoyed outside of camp at nights and of the steady flow of liquor into camp through the guards and outposts.

Old Taylor whiskey could be bought for five dollars a quart outside camp and we used to buy it by the case (twelve quarts for fifty dollars) and then smuggle it into camp through our own friendly guard. Inside camp it sold from ten to as high as twenty dollars a quart.

A pair of American renegades who were living in Mexico to avoid American warrants for their arrest had taken over an empty adobe building just south of the camp, and turned it into a saloon and Spanish monte (card game) dive. A few good-looking Mexican girls hung out there. Sometimes when I made a foot patrol outside of camp at night I would tell my provost squad to scatter out and use their judgment about arresting any soldiers unless they were in trouble, drunk or fighting, as most of the men outside camp at nights were orderly and just out to get a little excitement, a bottle of firewater, or maybe dance a little at Nick the Greek's. Nick also kept a few good looking girls at his place, mostly to dance with the soldiers so they would hang around and buy beer and whiskey.

One night I went out with a dismounted patrol and on arriving at Nick's joint, we found it so crowded there was hardly room to dance. The soldiers were out there by the dozens, and as it was payday for the Carranza garrison at old Casas Grandes about a dozen Mexican officers and their ladies were there having a wild party. The older officers were mostly sitting at tables drinking beer and American whiskey, and the American soldiers were dancing with the officers' women. As the Mexican officers became louder and so drunk they could hardly get up from their chairs, the Americans occasionally slipped off with the women down into the secret cellar where Nick had guided them. (He liked the *Americanos;* they were his more steady customers.)

By midnight at least a hundred American soldiers were at Nick's Place—a wild party, just having fun and blowing off steam. The provost detail just hid out and let them have their fun. They all got back through the outpost lines and into camp before daylight. A few, who were too loud and fuzzy, were arrested by the sentries as they came back into camp and were in the stockade the next morning.

ONE PARTY out of the 7th Cavalry who had slipped out through their own guard post and who were coming back in through a guard post that had been changed and moved back, got into trouble. Most of the soldiers were carrying several quarts or a case of whiskey and probably were a little tipsy. In the darkness they were approaching the guard line in single file when the sharp command of the sentry rang out, "Halt! Who's there?" This caught them by surprise. No one of the group could answer "friends" as they should have, so the sentry fired at the approaching men who could have been Mexican guerrillas trying a sneak attack on the camp. At the first shot the little party of soldiers panicked and turned back towards Casas Grandes, some falling and dropping their precious firewater as they ran. The sentry continued to fire in the darkness, and sentries all along the guard line started firing also at an imaginary enemy attacking the camp. Luckily none of the little band of cavalrymen was hit and after they got over their scare they tried another sector of the guard line where a sentry who knew them let them back into camp.

One night when I made a patrol a large number of soldiers were outside of camp slipping from one joint to another in the darkness. Too many to arrest. Just gave them a warning to get back into camp. I only had a corporal with me on a dismounted foot patrol of the joints and as we came back into camp about midnight, there was considerable activity inside the sanitary village stockade. It was closed for the night and most of the girls were having a party and eating their midnight meal in the Chinaman's restaurant, which was about their only entertainment. Corporal Baird and I stopped at the Chinaman's also as quite a few night provost guards

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were in the restaurant, all of whom we knew, and it was customary for the guard to have a midnight snack of ham and eggs and shoot the bull and kill a little time. All the camp was supposed to be asleep at midnight; just the night guard and night provost patrols were the privileged ones who could enjoy the secrets and mystery of the nocturnal activities of a few who played poker in a black-out tent or dugout, and if you knew the ropes and had a little *dinero* to grease the way you could find almost any kind of game or pleasure your heart desired.

Down at the sanitary village the girls were all accumulating a considerable amount of cash, mostly in gold and greenbacks, and the only place of safekeeping apparently was an old safe the Chinaman had in the restaurant inside the stockade. A good many of the girls trusted the Chinaman and left their day's take with him every night. Some smart soldier or soldiers figured this out and proceeded to get into the restaurant after it closed and carry out the safe under gunpoint. Several thousands of dollars in savings, belonging to the Chinaman and the girls, were stolen.

It was a complete mystery how the deed could have been done or who could have done it, but Captain Gojoe got the underground to working and arrested a big good-looking artilleryman whom we all knew. Captain Gojoe had this artilleryman put under a continuous guard and grilling in the captain's own camp shack. This young artilleryman was kept awake for three days and nights, but he never confessed to the crime. Neither the money nor the one who got away with it was ever found. It was one of the mysteries of Camp Dublán.

Every day was a new adventure and as a provost sergeant, I carried a permanent pass signed by the camp commander which read "To all our guards, pass him and all others at any hour of day or night." So I wandered in and out of camp at will, whether on official duty or otherwise, until the camp commander tightened the regulations and no enlisted man, provost guard or othorwise, was allowed outside of camp unless under command of a commissioned officer. From then on I made a daily patrol outside of camp, sometimes at midnight, sometimes in daytime, but always accompanied by a commissioned cavalry officer. Still the joints flourished and prospered outside the camp.

SUMMER PASSED and as fall approached, soldiers started digging in for the winter. Some made a sort of two-man dugout with an army pup tent for a roof. Mexican laborers were allowed in camp during the daytime and they started an adobe brick plant so that quite a few soldiers had small adobe shelters laid up. Sergeants Nagel and Johnson, two buddies of mine, and I had Mexicans build us an adobe cabin with a tar paper roof, a fireplace, and all at a cost of only sixty dollars. We really had a snug place. It got pretty cold at times during the winter.

Each regiment had a football team and competition was strong for the championship. The boxing arena was also a favorite entertainment spot in camp.

The band of Apache scouts was sent out on patrols ten miles or so in all directions, and they accumulated a large band of horses, mostly Mexican ponies that they just seemed to "find" and considered theirs. These Indian scouts had become excess baggage, but they were a part of the expedition and so had to be tolerated.

The 10th Cavalry and the 24th and 25th Infantry were colored regiments with white officers, with the exception of the 19th Cavalry which had a Negro colonel commanding it, the only Negro commissioned officer in the army at that time. He was a graduate of West Point, a good cavalry officer. His name was Colonel Charles Young and he was highly respected and loved by his troops. All white and colored soldiers fraternized in the camp and only occasionally did a feud erupt between them.

Then—why, I never did know—a troop of the 10th Cavalry under command of Captain Charles T. Boyd and Lieutenant Henry R. Adair was sent out on a patrol over to the east of Camp Dublán about seventy miles around the Mexican town of Carrizal. There, for some reason, they tried to ride through the town instead of by-passing it, as it was strongly fortified by a garrison of Mexican Federal troops. As the troop of Negro cavalry was approaching the town, led by their two white officers, they rode into a Mexican ambush and were attacked from both flanks. Both white officers were killed. Strongly outnumbered, the troopers dismounted to fight on foot, but odds were against them. About twenty were captured. Others were killed during the battle and a few managed to make the entire seventy miles on foot, under cover of darkness, back to Camp Dublán where they told their story of the fight. Those captured were taken to Chihuahua City Prison and after strong protest from Washington, D. C. were finally brought to Juarez and released, half-naked, across the international bridge at El Paso.

Right there is where old Uncle Sam should have slapped the cheek of his good neighbor by sending the heavy artillery from Camp Dublán and blowing that Mexican garrison at Carrizal off the map. There are other tales and versions of the Carrizal battle but the two American officers who were killed probably are the only ones who knew why it could have happened to begin with.

As winter wore on, I was suddenly relieved from provost duty one morning by Captain Gojoe, who was suspicious of all his provost guards and apparently didn't like an explanation of where I was during the hours after midnight when I was supposed to be on special duty at General Pershing's headquarters. The provost guard headquarters tent, where we were supposed to be when not on patrol, was only about fifty feet from General Pershing's tent and General Staff headquarters. Anyhow, I escaped lucky as Captain Gojoe just relieved me and told me to report back to my troop commander for regular duty. If he had really been sure or could have proved we were outside of camp, he would have put me in the prison stockade and pulled my sergeant stripes.

A couple more sergeants and myself had been outside of camp, and how! We had been the guests of honor at a big shindig the Mexican officers were having down at the Mexican Federal garrison at old Casas Grandes. We were special guests of a Mexican captain who was quite an *hombre*, a real *caballero*.

AS I REMEMBER, it was a fairly mild winter, light freezing at night, not much snow, and the camp shivered through somehow but both enlisted men and officers became restless. One cavalry officer shot himself; a number of enlisted men deserted and went into hiding in the vast mountains to the west.

One gang, consisting of a couple of cavalry sergeants, a medical corporal and a couple of machine gun outfits, deserted one night, leaving fully equipped with pack mules, machine guns, medical supplies, ammunition and rations. This gang went southwest into the remote reaches of the Sierra Madre Mountains where they took over a Mexican ranch and established a stronghold—American guerrillas.

The military road between Camp Dublán and Columbus was a busy route as the truck trains traveled back and forth to supply Camp Dublán. Several men of our outfit transferred to the newly organized Motor Transport Corps, including one of my old pals who was quite a character and who had soldiered in the Philippines with me. One day when the trucks arrived in Columbus, he went around shaking hands and saying goodbye to all his buddies, and everybody thought he had a pass and was on leave for a while. When a train came through he stepped on and no one ever saw or heard of that corporal again.

Another good soldier of our troop obtained a pass for ten days to visit El Paso and never returned. However in the fall of 1918 after I had been commissioned, he showed up at Fort Bliss, Texas and turned himself in to me as he knew me well and it didn't go too bad with him. He only did about six months in the guardhouse and was restored to duty again and was a good soldier.

It was hardest on the officers at Camp Dublán as most of them had been away from their wives and families for almost ten months and always had to maintain the officer and gentleman role regardless. While on provost guard, I saw quite a lot of the activities of General Pershing—as a general, a man's man and a gentleman. He was, in my estimation, a top soldier and general who knew all there was to know of war and peace time soldiering. He knew enlisted men and officers' likes and dislikes. He knew when to be as hard as nails and when to be lenient.

One lieutenant in the 7th Cavalry was always sloppy looking. He was a big, tall, fine figure of a man on foot, but on a horse he seemed to be spineless and slumped like a loose sack of oats. And for some reason, he just couldn't keep himself looking fairly neat. His campaign hat flopped down out of shape, even his horse had a disgusted sloppy look—stood with its head down, ears sort of flopped. General Pershing had called for and was holding a general inspection of all troops in camp, and the cavalry was all mounted and in general inspection formation. The sloppy lieutenant was sitting his horse just a short distance from me, and I'll always remember the look on General Pershing's face as he saw him. He looked him over for a minute and then said, "My God, Lieutenant, what's the matter with you?"

The lieutenant mumbled something and then General Pershing said, "You get a hat and a horse and maybe you'll look a little more like a soldier." But the lieutenant just didn't have the makings of an officer and gentleman. He didn't improve any and in 1918 at Fort Bliss, Texas, he got in trouble playing poker with the enlisted men, crossed over into Old Mexico, and disappeared south of the border.

Now Christmas was over in Camp Dublán, and it was January 1917. As a duty sergeant, I was a platoon sergeant and they were giving us strenuous combat drills out in the wide Casas Grandes Valley. There were rumors that we would be leaving Mexico soon and might be fighting another foreign country before long, so all troops were given the latest combat exercises and general hardening up. The National Guard had been mobilized and were stationed at El Paso and border stations. National Guard and the regulars were strung along the border from Mexicali, Sonora to Brownsville, Texas.

About February the first word was out that we were breaking camp and would dismantle the camp completely. To the south of us had sprung up quite a colony and also over to the southwest was the prosperous little Mormon town of Colonia Juarez, situated in a lush valley. It had survived all the years of revolutions and guerrilla raids and had been furnishing our camp with some fresh milk and eggs, etc., but now as word circulated we were leaving Mexico, the exodus began and all day and night a steady stream of Mormons and other civilians trailed through our camp on the road north to Columbus and the good old U. S. A. There was a steady stream of loaded wagons and buggies and people afoot and horseback, and loose stock of all description; for with American soldiers out of Mexico, the American residents knew they would be at the mercy of marauding Mexicans again because *gringos* had lost popularity south of the border since the occupation by the American Expedition Forces. Both Federals and *insurrectos*, bandits and guerrillas were now our enemies. Carranza threatened to invade the United States by way of Texas. Of course he was blowing off steam and he was in sympathy and in cahoots with the Germans with whom we were now on the verge of war.

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ade" took the north-bound trains for Juarez and in a few days old Camp Dublán and joints on the south borders of camp were as bleak and deserted as a ghost town. Where for the past eight months had been a bustling soldier town of 12,000 men, just a flat level valley along the banks of San Miguel remained. Where once had been buildings that housed business and pleasure, a few adobe bricks were seen. Piles of ashes and cinders marked the remains, as every piece of material had been burned, a clean sweep. We left it just as we had found it. Not even a single piece of kindling remained, and as the troops moved north toward Columbus and the border, the army engineers followed with the rear guard, and all bridges on the military road were destroyed behind us.

It was quite a day when we crossed the border and arrived in Columbus, after almost one year in Old Mexico. Columbus had become a boom town swarming with recently arrived refugees who had fled Mexico ahead of us, and the American Expeditionary Forces went into bivouac camp on the flats and open country all around the town.

The first night after arriving all troops naturally wanted to look the town over and see what excitement they could scare up. Soldiers swarmed through the little town, filling up every eating and drinking place, and wound up in the large red-light district. That is where the excitement started. When Negro soldiers tried to enter the houses in the white part of the red-light district a battle broke out between the white and Negro soldiers, all of whom were carrying their side arms—automatic pistols.

About seventeen white and Negro soldiers were killed before platoons of armed soldiers led by officers swept through the town and restored order. All soldiers were ordered back to their camps and the town was put under martial law.

We stayed in Columbus only a couple days before the 7th Cavalry marched east to El Paso. When we arrived there we found about 80,000 National Guard and regulars encamped out at Fort Bliss and on the flats along the foot of Mount Franklin. Tent camps were strung out for five miles on the desert.

We were camped on military row also, and about sundown every night, there would be a continual stream of Model T Fords—called taxis—coming and going to El Paso. Bars, restaurants, hotels—all were filled and overflowing with soldiers, all spending money.

Down close to the International Bridge between El Paso and Juarez, General Pershing ordered a large sanitary red-light district established and kept under control by military doctors and military police. It was a regular gold rush for the merchants and businessmen of the border town.

The Impossible Treasures

(Continued from page 19)

moros. To cover the various points of their command they urgently needed 1,200 picked infantry and at least 400 horses, and a quantity of money, but without these aids they will only be able to do what they can for their country, which will be little unless the Government comes to their aid with all possible resources.

"March 14, 1846: There arrived an extraordinary [dispatch] from San Luís Potosí that when the troops of the Fourth Infantry were ordered, they refused to march, and notwithstanding the threats of General Ampudia, they still refused and caused the General to cancel the orders and send for General Bustamente to come with money and force to contain this disorder.

"March 15, 1846: Still General Bustamente hasn't left for San Luís Potosí. . .

"[Also 15th:] There arrived word that the troops have obeyed the order and have taken the road, cancelling the order for the need for forcing them with 1,500 cavalry and several light artillery that were on the way [Note: still no money.]

"May 7, 1846: There arrived a message from General Arista that there had appeared a force of American Cavalry of seventy, forty-five of which he made prisoners. . . . Today the Minister suspended all public payments and cut the salaries of the government employees by three-fourths. They have asked a special tax on the Clergy of Mexico of 2,400,000 *pesos* in payment of 200,000 per month. The share of Mexico City is 98,000. [Note: This is the very day before the battle, and a more complete picture of bankruptcy can hardly be described.]

"May 14, 1846: There arrived news from the frontier that the Americans had placed the camp before Matamoros, and our forces across the Rio Bravo (1,007 men) were preparing to attack the enemy.

"May 20, 1846: The news is published here of a bloody attack of our forces and those of Taylor on the 8th and 9th, the result being that Arista lost heavily and was forced to re-cross the River. It appears that our defeat was complete. [This was Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.]

"May 24, 1846: The steam battleship *Mississippi* on the 20th blockaded Vera Cruz, and the troops at Mazatlán have revolted, but apparently for the purpose of robbing the money from three ships that had arrived.

May 25, 1846: There arrived news from Arista: . . . dead . . . wounded . . . Shamefully to say, but the battle was lost due to the cowardice of our troops and officers. . . ."

There it is—the official reports at the time of the battles. The troops refused to march because they hadn't been paid. The troops from Mazatlán mutinied. Arista and Ampudia were crying for money to get the troops on the road. Would there have been a treasure for Arista to have carried out to the battlefields? No.

NOW to the question of probability. If Arista had the treasure in Matamoros, assuming he had been sent it (when even his superior, Ampudia, couldn't get it), would he have taken it across the river to the scenes of the battles?

At the approach of Taylor's Army, which marched down the mainland across the Mestena Desert from Corpus Christi, and the appearance of his naval support off Brazos Pass, the Mexican commander of Point Isabel put the town to the torch and retreated to the safety of the numbers of Arista's garrison in the solid brick city of Matamoros, which at that time was considerably bigger than anything west of the Mississippi and north of Monterrey. Old prints show many buildings which were there within my personal memory, especially the bastion of Casa Mata which was demolished during the construction of a high school in 1952.

At the time of the battle, Matamoros was a town of ten or fifteen thousand, exclusive of the military. There were brick forts, brick residences, and brick businesses, as well as a cathedral which is still standing. In fact, of all those a high percentage is still standing. Here was a solid base of operations, with safe bastions and warehouses, which would be defensible with the best artillery in 200 miles. Many non-portable heavy pieces were directed against the earthworks of Fort Brown during the time that Taylor divided his forces and returned to Point Isabel to clear his lines of communications with the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

Treasure would have been safe within the garrison of Matamoros, so what possible reason would there have been for loading it up and carrying it across the river out into the open prairie less than an hour's horse gallop from this artillery defended base-garrison? Especially to a place where there was nothing to buy, nothing for the troops to spend it for, even if they were being paid for the first time in at least ten months. The Mexicans were going into a crucial battle with a strong force for which they had a healthy respect and one which by no means they were certain of beating. The Americans, for all they knew, had received additional support from the landings at Port Isabel; their intelligence wasn't good enough to know whether it was just supplies or troops as well.

So, summing up: With the public payments in Mexico City suspended and officials taking a 75% pay cut; with a squeeze being put on church funds for the daily bread of Mexico City, those in charge were not about to send an appreciable fortune 800 miles to a largely expendable third-rate force such as Arista's command. Witness that Arista's replacements were mutinous on the way there, and even then the government didn't send *them* any money. Even if Arista had had a treasure, he wouldn't have been fool enough to take it across the river from his protected base on Mexican soil.

There has been the argument that the troops were paid before battle, but this isn't in keeping with the rest of Mexican military history. No, this treasure is a folk legend only. It never existed and never will be found for that reason.

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1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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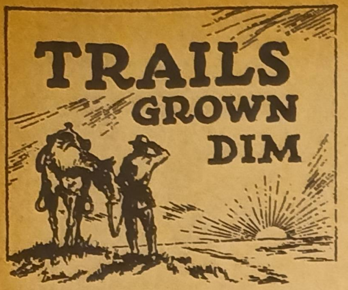


TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Charles Merideth Wyatt

I would like to hear from anyone with information about my son, Charles Merideth Wyatt, born in 1913. In 1932 or 1933 he worked at the Wetherill Ranch at Creede, Colorado. He left for California in 1934. I had one letter from him that year, but never heard from him again. He had dark blue eyes, brown curly hair, and was about 5 feet, 10 inches tall. He had a tattoo on his left arm. I think it was a sombrero and a whip.—Mrs. Pearl Ricca Ringnell, 4666 E. Dartmouth Ave., Denver, Colorado 80222

J. H. Stevens

I found a copper 5-star badge in 1930 in Wichita, Kansas which is imprinted with the name, "J. H. Stevens, City Marshal."

I have tried for years without success to find some historic reference to this man. I recently acquired an old book, *The Oklahoma Scout*, written by Theodore Baughman, which has to do with his experiences in the Civil War and as a scout in the West after the war.

The following is a quote from page 149 of this book: "The same summer (1876) I was engaged in tracing lost cattle through the Indian Territory for J. H. Stevens. He has been a constant driver for over twenty years, and he has filled large government contracts. He is an agreeable, pleasant gentleman, with sound, practical business sense, and has become a wealthy and influential citizen in Texas."

I will appreciate hearing from anyone who has any additional information about this man and will also be glad to furnish anyone with information about this book.—Vic Holmberg, 2509 Pacific Ave., Dallas, Texas 75226

Thomas Standley

My grandfather, Thomas Standley, who lived around Butler County, Missouri and Humbolt County, Tennessee, is said to have been a gambler. He was married to a Mary Jane Marsh. They had one son, Charles Franklin Standley, born March 1, 1897, in Humboldt County. He hasn't seen his father since he was five years old in 1902. It is believed Thomas married again and had more children. Anyone who could help, please contact me.—Mrs. Norma Dee Standley Fitzgerald, Oasis Motel, Cabin 19, Delano, California 93215

John William Wagner's Family

I have been searching for information concerning my father John William Wagner's family. He was born in Iowa, July 3, 1900, somewhere around Shenandoah, I believe. When he was eight years old, he and a younger brother were placed in an orphanage of either Catholic or Pentecostal faith. The brother died there.

At one time, he said he worked with Barnum and Bailey Circus at the time Clyde Beatty did. He rode in rodeos, worked as lumberjack, baker, cook and many other trades. It is believed his mother married John Field, brother of Henry C. Field. I don't recall either of their first names being mentioned. He also had a sister or half-sister, Belle.

I sure would appreciate any information anyone might have regarding this family. My father died September 1, 1952.—Mrs. La Ree Webb, Box 154, Route 2, Blackfoot, Idaho 83221

Fisher-Fischer

I would very much like to hear from anyone about my ancestors on my father's side of the family. My father, Henry William Charles Fisher, before coming to Cripple Creek, Colorado about 1918, was in and around Elko, Virginia City, Carson City, and Reno, Nevada; Greenriver, Wyoming; and San Francisco, California. He was born in Hoboken, New Jersey and lived in Elizabeth, New Jersey. His parents' names were Johanna Crook Fisher (Fischer) and Henry Fisher. He had two sisters, Elsie and Clara Fisher, and one brother William Fisher.

My mother, Beulah Harris, saw my Uncle William in Cripple Creek in 1918 while on his way to Tijuana, Mexico. No one has seen or heard from or about any of these people since then. My father died in 1963 in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Any information will be deeply appreciated.—Mrs. Robert Derby, 2615 Kennedy Court, Grand Junction, Colorado 81501

Radcliff

I have been trying to find my father, Luther James Radcliff, and my brothers, Evrin and Ray, and a sister, Ruth E. The last I saw of my father was in Missouri. The last time I saw Ray was in Stockton, California, and I last saw Evrin in Roswell, New Mexico, and Ruth in California. I hope someone can help me find them.—Jack E. Radcliff, Box 15, Roswell, New Mexico 88201

Parks-McReynolds-Grantham-Winter

My husband's family came to Texas just before, during, and after the Civil War. For our children, we are trying to collect all the history on them that we can. The T. J. McReynolds came from Iowa and Indiana. William, Jesse and John Grantham and Joseph, Samuel and William Winter and the Parks came from Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama and Arkansas. They have lived in Lampasas, Bosque, Jones, Hill, Coleman, Erath, Comanche, Mitchell and many other counties in Texas. Will be glad to exchange information.—Mrs. A. R. Grantham, Box 523, Thermal, California 92274

Robertson

We have lost trace of our younger sister who was sent to live with another family around 1930. Her name is Mary Lela Robertson, born in Pratt, Kansas, July 11, 1922.

She was with a family who disappeared from Amy, Colorado about 1932. We have never heard a word from them since. This family was Bill and Myrtle Williams. Any information will be appreciated by her sisters and brothers.—Mrs. Goldie M. Keeler, Box 5193, Stockton, California 95205

Wright-Wells-Choate

My father, Willitt (Will) Jackson Wright, was born 1875 in Shelby County, Texas. His father, a one-armed man, was killed by mistake by his brother, Richard, in 1883. In 1885, Grandmother married a Mr. Wells with two sons, John and Bradford. There was a daughter, Mattie Olliva, whether by Grandmother, I'm not sure. Father heard from her once about 1934 from somewhere in the Texas Panhandle. I never heard her married name. I'm named for her and would sure appreciate any news of her or John or Bradford Wells or their offspring.

I also would like to contact Mrs. Sylvia Ramona Roberts Choate who was last heard from about 1949 or 1950 in Lubbock, Texas. Her father, Ben Roberts, was a famous bootmaker.—Mrs. Bea Choate Parr, Box 417, Rankin, Texas 79778

Romine-Lockwood-Carpenter

My brother, Steve James Romine, born September 24, 1928 and I, Mildred Mae Romine, born July 5, 1927, have searched all our adult lives for our father, known as Jack Romine.

We believe his name to be Raymond James Romine, born in Indiana about seventy-one years ago. He married our mother in 1926 in Oklahoma and moved to Nebraska where we were born. Mother's name was Zona Mae Lockwood. He left us in Nebraska around 1930 or 1931. I know only that he worked as a ranch hand at that time.

I remember seeing him when I was about five years old in Drumright or Oilton, Oklahoma, where we were visiting a great aunt, Lizzy Carpenter. We have not seen or heard of him since.

He was married before and had two daughters, Stella and Mildred. I was named after Mildred. We would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone knowing of him or his family or where to find them.—Mildred R. Van Nieuwenhuizen, 1530 Bessie Avenue, Tracy, California 95376

Browns of New Mexico

In 1907, Mr. Brown and his three sons and their families homesteaded in New Mexico. Accompanying them were Tom Brown and wife and two sons, Fant and Carl; John, his wife, and daughter Lesly and two small children; an old man, Daniel Boon Peyton; and a young man, George Lewis.

They may have come from Morehead and Ashland, Kentucky. The last time I saw any of them was in June 1927. John was an engineer on the Santa Fe Railroad between Albuquerque and El Paso. The old couple eventually returned to Kentucky. I would surely like to hear from any of them who may still be living or their descendants.—Bill Johnson, 1940 State St., San Bernardino, California 92405

William Hughes

I am trying to locate information about my grandfather, William Hughes, who lived around Fredonia, Blackburn and Yates Center, Kansas. He owned farm property there and once operated the mill. He had a close friend, a Mr. Ellis.

He was a Civil War veteran and drew a pension which was continued to his wife and children after his death. He was buried at Yates Center, Kansas around 1897. I have no knowledge of his first wife, but he had five children by her: Linnie, Lizzie, Alfred, Thomas and James. His second wife was Mandy Hudson Robb, a widow with three children: Willie, Jim and Mary Robb. Mandy's only other known relative was a twin brother, Sanford Hudson, who lived in that area.

William and Mandy Hughes had additional children: Laura, Ellen, Delia, Carrie, Dora, Myrtle and John. The two last-named died in childhood and are buried in a family plot at Yates Center near William Hughes, I believe.

Other relatives in the same area were a family named Knowles. The children, my mother's cousins, were Emma, Lulu, Bob, Loge and Ned.

My mother ran away and lived with a sister shortly after her father died. She never saw her mother and family, except one sister, again. I would deeply appreciate any information.—Mrs. Russell Maxwell, 5645 Lindley Ave., Tarzana, California 91356

Bennight-Benight-Carden

My great-grandfather, George M. Bennight or Benight, was born about 1836 in Missouri, the son of William and Sarah Bennight. He was a private in the Confederate army. He married Louisa J. Gray, June 21, 1865 in Red River County, Texas. He died when his only son was small.

His son George was born 1866 and married Anna Dora Carden about 1888. After George's death, Louisa married Ben Donnaque, and later Joe Vililiard, having children by both. She lived, and is said to be buried, near Leigh, Oklahoma.

I have traced Bennights in Sevier County, Arkansas; South Carolina; Missouri; Caddo Gap, Montgomery County, Arkansas; near Bear Cove, Arkansas; Texas; and Oklahoma. I have been told the only Bennight immigrants were brothers George and William, believed to have come from England before 1775.

My great-grandfather, J. W. (Jim) Carden, and wife are believed to be buried in Cass County, near Hughes Springs, Texas, with several of their children. Will anyone having information concerning any of these people please write.—Mrs. M. Bennight, Box 353, Mabank, Texas 75147

McSpadden-Hamilton-Ward

I am looking for information of my father, James Travis McSpadden (or McSpradden). He lived in Cisco, Texas in 1932 and up to 1935 and then moved to Eastland, Texas. He was born in Decatur, Texas, year unknown.

I would also appreciate information on Alec Alexander Hamilton of Whitter, Texas and Gracy Lee Ward of Eastland, Texas.—Mrs. Doris Lee Oliver, 25660 E. 6th Street, San Bernardino, California 92410

Davis

I would appreciate any information about my adopted cousins, LeRoy Beryl Davis and William Harvey Davis. They were last heard of somewhere around Stayton or West Stayton, Oregon about 1945. They are the sons of Charlie and Martha Davis and were raised by my aunt, Emma McGuire, in eastern Colorado.—Mrs. Peggy Keeler, Box 5193, Stockton, California 95205

West or Kearne

Seventy-three years ago my parents, Henry and Grace West, died in Winona, Missouri. I was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Lon Copeland. My parents came to Missouri from Woonsocket, South Dakota. I understand my grandparents homesteaded the land on which is now the town of Woonsocket. At one time, I had a relative employed in the post office in Woonsocket. I would thank anyone who may help me find some lost relatives.—Clyde H. Copeland, Box 26, Route 1, Springfield, Oregon 97477

Richmond Culwell Limbaugh

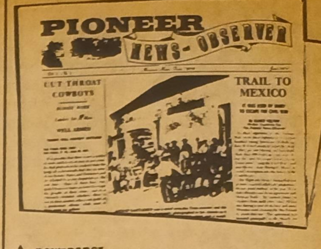
Richard Culwell Limbaugh was born in North Carolina in 1813. He went to Tennessee, year unknown, and married a woman named Elizabeth. They had three children born in Tennessee: Milly in 1837, Sarah in 1839, and Solomon in 1840.

Some time after 1840 they left Tennessee and went to Alabama, Talladega County. I would like to hear from anyone who has any information, such as old family records, old Bibles, etc., of these people.—Luther L. Limbaugh, 36 West 13th St., Anniston, Alabama 36201

Boston Corbett

I am most anxious to hear from anyone—probably in Oklahoma or Texas—who might have known Boston Corbett in his last years after he escaped from a Kansas institution in May 1888. There were reports, none proven, of his being seen in Oklahoma, also in Texas. He was a religious fanatic.

I would like to correspond with anyone who might have known him or with anyone whose parents might have known him after May 1888.—Mrs. Ethyle Cor-



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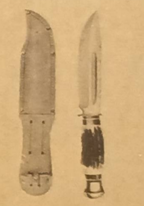

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bett Ballard, Haviland, Kansas 67059

Sam W. and Melissa Flemings Jones

I would like information on Sam W. Jones, his wife Melissa Flemings Jones, and their children. In the 1870s they were living in San Saba, Texas where all their children were born: Stella, about 1870; Hattie, born and died about 1872; Amory S., about 1874; and Vinton, about 1876.

Vinton was called Nookies when he was a child. Could this name be Indian? About 1880, Sam moved his family from Texas to Arizona. Sam was killed by Indians in Arizona in the year 1888. The children came back to San Saba the same year. That was the last anyone knew of Stella and Vinton. Amory was my husband's grandfather. Amory had two sons, Ollie and Clarence W. Jones. Ollie died when he was a small child. Anyone having more information, please write.—Mrs. Walter Jones, Box 416, Ingram, Texas 78025

Belle McAuliffe and Susan Blunt

I would like to hear from anyone who might have known, or be a descendant of, my great-aunt, Belle Lane McAuliffe, who lived in Tonapah, Nevada from about 1900 to the 1920s.

She was from Iowa. She and her first husband, Jim McClain, had a son, Sheldon, and he also lived in Tonapah. He was married and had some children. He died in Tonapah at a fairly young age. Last contact with Belle was back in the late '20s or early '30s when she visited relatives in Los Angeles. We believe she died a few years after this, but do not know where.

I would like information also about Susan Blunt, born in Muskingham County, Ohio in or around 1820. Members of the Blunt family in or from South Dakota in particular may have this information. Postage will be repaid and all letters answered.—Jeanette D. Hewitt, 73-348 Goldflower St., Palm Desert, California 92260

Thomas J. and Joseph Borden

Just prior to the beginning of the Civil War, Thomas J. Borden was living in Rankin County, Mississippi. He entered Company I (Rankin Grays), 6th Mississippi Infantry, and rose from Sergeant to Lt. Colonel in the Confederacy. He commanded part of the front operations at the Battle of Nashville and was still with the 6th Mississippi when it surrendered on April 26, 1865. All that is known of his early life is that he served as Justice of District No. 1 in Wayne County, Mississippi from 1853-1857. Nothing is known of his life after the war.

I believe he is descended from Gail Borden, the father of the Borden Company, who lived in Borden, Texas and who died there January 11, 1874.

Thomas J. Borden had an uncle, Joseph Borden, who presented him with a fine saber engraved "Capt. T. J. Borden from his uncle, Joseph Borden, Rankin Grays, 6th Mississippi Regiment." I traded another sword for this Borden sword and have been searching for information on the Bordens ever since.

I definitely do not wish to sell this sword. I only seek more information on it and the man to whom it was presented.—Mrs. Tom Fulks, 2229 6th Ave., Gulfport, Mississippi 39501

Ballew

I have been trying to trace my great-grandmother's family with very little success. She was Elizabeth Ballew (Belieu, etc.), born July or December 16 1849, probably in Tennessee. Her brother, Stephen David Ballew was born December 30, 1852 in Missouri. His father is listed as David Ballew, mother's name not given. He died in Lincoln County, Washington in 1920. According to the book, *Old Cherokee Families*, a David Ballew married Elizabeth Candy, descendant of Ghi-ga-u (Nancy Ward) of the Cherokees. Could this be the same David Ballew?

I have heard of an organization called "The Feathers" which is supposed to be gathering data on the Indians. Has anyone heard of this?—Mrs. Gordon Lampman, Box 115, Bay City, Oregon 97107

Oestreich

I would like to correspond with anybody with the surname Oestreich, Oestriech, Oestrrich, and Oestrich. I would also like to know if any of your readers have a copy of the Oestreich coat-of-arms.—Charles Oestreich, 1456 Bellows, West Saint Paul, Minnesota 55118

John and Mary Toby

I would like to find any descendants of John and Mary Toby who lived in Sheboygan, Wisconsin more than seventy years ago. We know Mary Toby passed away when the youngest boy, James, was about one year old. There were three boys and three girls in the family: George, Leonard, Jack, Annie, Agnes (or Mary), and Katie. One daughter, married name unknown, lived in Antigo, Wisconsin seventy-four years ago. Anyone who knows or remembers this family write.—James Toby, 3825 W. Marginal Way, Seattle, Washington 98106

Branch-Sharp

Sidney James (Johnathan) Branch was born September 1, 1836 in Benson, Vermont. Orphaned early, he went to work. His only sister visited him in California in later years, but I don't know her name.

Sidney married Lucretia Eveline Sharp September 5, 1858 in Madred, New Waddington, New York. She was Dutch, born July 22, 1834.

On October 14, 1858, he enlisted in the Army at Ogdenburg, New York. He was twenty-seven years old, blue eyes, light complexion, light hair and his occupation was sawyer. On May 14, 1962, he was thrown from his horse at Yorktown, Virginia and received a spinal injury. Also had typhoid fever and affected lung. Sidney received his discharge in Waddington, St. Lawrence County, New York on January 6, 1863.

The family came to California by train about 1880. He joined the Independent Order of Odd Fellows on August 4, 1883 in Riverside, California. He was forty-seven years old. His five children were born in New York state, 1859-1873. They were Horace E., George Sidney, Ida May, Charles Cyrus, and Effie Etta.

Sidney's son discovered some hot springs, staked squatter's right, and developed Relief Hot Springs at San Juacinto, California. Sidney James Branch died September 16, 1810 in Riverside, California. I'm interested in information on his parents.—Mrs. Donald Ford, Box 64, Douglasflat, California 95229

Alyce Irene Baggett

I would appreciate information concerning my niece, Alyce Irene Baggett, married name unknown. She was born April 1, 1925 in Tulsa, Oklahoma. She was raised in either Texarkana or Corpus Christi, Texas. During World War II her husband was in the Navy. I am not sure which southern state he is from.—B. H. Baggett, 3225 Garnet Dr., San Jose, California 95117

Hicks-Daniel-Boskins-Shooks

I am trying to find out something about my father's family. His father was Peter Daniel, born in 1822, died in 1899 at Harrison, Arkansas. The Daniels were from Tennessee.

My grandmother was a Hicks from Pennsylvania, Margret Emlie Hicks, born in 1852, died in 1910 at Harrison, Arkansas.

I believe her mother was a Shook, also from Pennsylvania. Grandfather Daniel's mother was, I believe, a Boskins from Tennessee.

Grandma had a brother, Joe Hicks, and a sister. Sermanthy Hicks Christie. Uncle Joe Hicks was living at Danville, Arkansas in 1931.—Claudine Daniel Bruce, 538 W. Ralston, Ontario, California 91761

Kelly-Hunsaker

William J. Kelly was born in 1862 in Detroit, Michigan and married Laura Hunsaker, 1890, in Seattle, Washington. He worked as a comedian in Cort's Standard Theatre, Seattle. William was Irish and Catholic. I believe his parents were John and Mary Kelly, who are listed in the 1880 census of Detroit at 402 Grand River Ave., with children John, Elizabeth, William J., Mary and Catherine. William and Laura had two children, Andrew John and Loneta.

John Hunsaker was born 1824 in Muhlenburg County, Kentucky and married 1845 in Edgar County, Illinois to Zipporah Wheeler; died 1900 in Klamath Falls, Oregon. Zipporah Wheeler was born 1827 in Kentucky. Their children were George, Cris, Jasper, Benjamin, Sarah, Tamer, Robert, Minnie and Laura.

Amelia Hukill was born 1812 in Ohio County, Virginia (now West Virginia) and married Frederick G. Schwatka 1833 in Wheeling, Virginia; died 1885 in Salem, Oregon. Her children were Catherine, Helen, Amelia, Lauriette, August, Josephene, Frederick, and Anne. She had at least one brother and sister and was a Methodist. Her parents were born in Maryland.—Stephen V. Dennehy, 37 E. La Platte, Butte, Montana 59701

Waitman

I would like very much to hear from descendants of Sarrah and John Waitman, married March 14, 1826. The family is from Ohio and Iowa. The children are Washington William, Johanathan, Marie, Andrew, Noah, John William, Elizabeth (Black), Joseph G., Watson and Sarrah. They were born between 1827 and 1852. I have lots of information I will trade with anyone interested.—Max E. Waitman, Star Route, Bridgeport, Nebraska 69336

Trask-Foote

I'm seeking information on our family on my father's side. His name was Sidney S. Foote, descending from Nathaniel Foote, the settler of Wethersfield County. My grandmother was Alicia A. Trask, I believe from Ohio. My grandfather was Sidney B. Foote.—Mrs. Harold A. Youngquist (nee Alicia C. Foote), Route 6, Box 161, Anoka, Minnesota 55303

Bousman-Williams

Anyone with information concerning John C. Bousman in Neosho, Missouri around 1877, or Thomas M. Williams in Farina, Illinois, same year, please write.

Also anyone knowing anything about a Tom Bousman and Billy in Neosho, Missouri, Kinmundy, or Farina. Also Tom Metts or Sam Coursen, same year and towns.

I'd also like to correspond with anyone who may have pictures or copies of the Harris & Holladay store, dealers in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hats and caps. The store was known to be in Farina, Illinois in 1877.—Mrs. Ann Mayfield, 213 Stephens Pkwy., Grand Prairie, Texas 75050

Kelly-Bridges-Carpenter-May

I am interested in hearing from descendants of James and Lois Bridges Kelly who lived in Tennessee from 1843 until 1859 at which time they moved to Erath County, Texas. Also, William J. Kelly, who served in the General Assembly of Tennessee in 1869, and J. I. Bridges, no information.

Descendants of William S. Carpenter, born 1805, Ohio and died 1878, Lockhart, Texas; Joseph Long, born 1770, died 1857; Albert Gallatin May, no information.—Miss Carrol Kelly, Box 734, Hamilton, Texas 76531

Gerhardt-Carlyle

I am seeking information on my grandfather, Grover Cleveland (Fred) Gerhardt, born in Illinois, I believe, December 23, 1882. He married Flora M. Carlyle, born April 11, 1881. His father was Isaac Gerhardt. Her father was Samuel I. Carlyle; her mother, Mary A. Cochran Carlyle. They all lived in Illinois, Indiana and Missouri.—R. C. Gerhardt, 113 8th Ave. North, Texas City, Texas

Gibson-McPherson

I would like to hear from anyone who can give me information on my great-grandfather, Henry Clay Gibson, and his family.

He was thought to have been born and lived in Kentucky. I don't know his birth date but it could have been in the 1840s. A record of his marriage to Rebecca Jane McPherson was found last year in Boone County, Kentucky. The marriage date was December 22, 1863 at the home of N. G. Johnson in the presence of S. McPherson and Alex McPherson. Henry and Rebecca were said to have lived near Gratz, Kentucky. I guess this would be close to Owenton, Kentucky.

They had six children, Thomas Alfred (my grandfather), Will, Omer, Florence, Lilly Judy and Lidy. I am not certain of those last two spellings.

Henry and Rebecca later were divorced. He left and was not seen again until many years later. His daughter Florence said he had remarried and had two daughters that she knew of. No one ever saw him again.

Rebecca took her children (those who were not already married) and went to Indiana after the divorce. She put the children in different homes of relatives. My grandfather went to live with McPherson relatives. Will may have lived around Noblesville, Indiana. Rebecca later remarried a Lineberry or Liveberry. She died about 1908 and is buried at Frankton, Indiana. If anyone knows of her second marriage, I would appreciate hearing from them. All the above children of Henry and Rebecca were thought to have been born in Kentucky. My grandfather would not speak of his parents and seldom spoke of his brothers and sisters. I hope someone can help me on this.—Mrs. Gary Eckelberry, Route I-A, Box 53, Columbia Falls, Montana 59912

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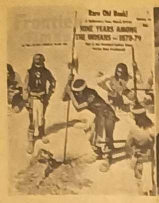
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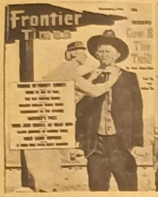
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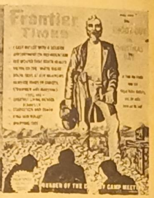
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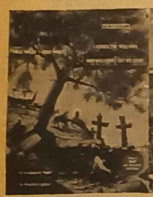
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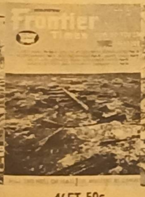
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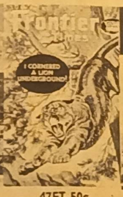
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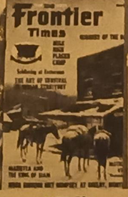
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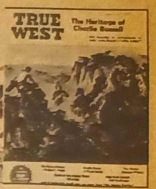
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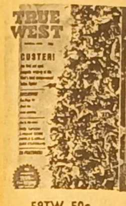
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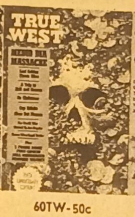
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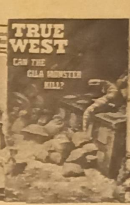
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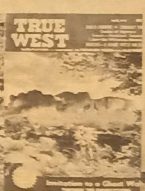
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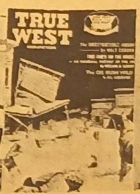
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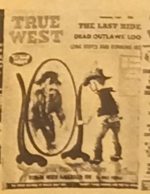
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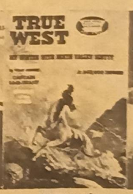
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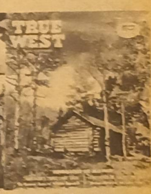
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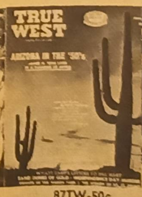
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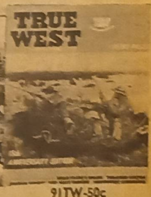
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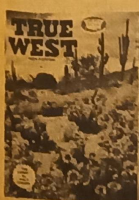
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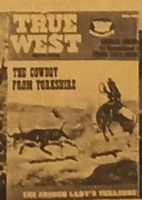
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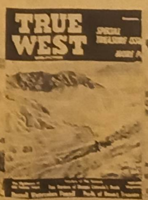
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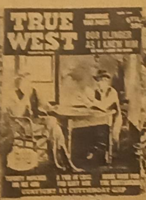
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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

THE JAMES MYTH

The Life, Times and Treacherous Death of Jesse James by Frank Triplett first appeared in 1882, a month after Bob Ford killed Jesse. The Swallow Press, Inc. ($5.00) has republished this long suppressed 1882 edition with a ripping introduction and notes by Kansas historian, Joseph Snell. Artist, Jerry Vallez, has redrawn many realistic scenes based on the smeared illustrations in the original book. Oozing with mushy sentiment, the book allegedly is based on information given the author by Jesse's wife and mother. First denying their contributions, the good ladies later sued the publisher for their share of royalties. Triplett portrays the James boys as generous Robin Hoods maligned by Missouri's Governor Crittenden, railroad magnates and the Pinkertons. Editor Snell demolishes the James-Robin Hood legend and evaluates the controversy over the origin and sources of material making up the text. This is a good one for new collectors of the James Legend.

HERALDRY OF THE RANGE

The heraldry of the range gets its most complete treatment in Manfred R. Wolfenstine's *The Manual of Brands and Marks* (University of Oklahoma Press, $9.95). Texas cowboy historian Ramon F. Adams edited the book and wrote a helpful introduction about brands and marks in the tradition of the roundup camp. Branding with a hot iron as well as earmarking and wattling have been used by owners to identify their livestock since the reign of Egyptian pharaohs. Spaniards imported the first domestic livestock to the Americas and introduced their methods of branding and marking which were adopted on both American continents. The discussion expertly describes methods of branding and marking, and included are designs of numerous brands of famous individuals and organizations. George Washington used brands; Cortes used the famous three crosses; the letters "U.S." identified our government's horses and mules; Pancho Villa's complex brand is the most hideous of all. Highly recommended.

MONTANA TO HOLLYWOOD

The Gary Cooper Story (Arlington House, $6.95) by George Carpozi, Jr. presents the personal history of the singular actor who reigned for 36 years as *the* Man of the West. In nearly 100 films, largely of western flavor, Cooper also performed handsomely in a variety of other roles from the days of silent screen to the sophisticated era of the wide panoramic and stereophonic sound. Born of English parents, Cooper grew up in Helena, Montana except for time spent at school in England and later in American colleges and art schools. Cowboy life on his father's ranch along the Missouri River in Montana prepared him for his numerous bruising roles as an extra in Hollywood western films. His first break in a major role came when he played the hero in *The Virginian* and from then on he rode an updraft to fame and starred in such stellar movies as: *A Farewell to Arms, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *High Noon*. There are 57 very good photographs and a filmography of 95 movies. Excellent.

WINTER CAMPAIGN

Custer's Battle of the Washita and a History of the Plains Indian Tribes (Exposition Press, $7.00) by Jess C. Epple is a detailed account of the November 27, 1868 massacre of the Cheyenne and their allies by U. S. troops under General Custer. The surprise attack on Black Kettle's camp along the Washita River in Roger Mills County, Oklahoma was part of Generals Sheridan and Sherman's winter campaign policy to break the Indians' spirit and drive them onto reservations. After white hunters killed off the buffalo, Indian life source, the redman preyed on white man's farms and wagontrains to supply their needs. Most of the Indian raids were made in summer when grass was green and ponies were fat. In winter they settled into encampments and made peaceful overtures and gave promises of good behavior. U. S. troops on grain-fed horses had a strong advantage over Indians whose skinny ponies were incapable of winter campaigns. This book makes a major contribution to literature on Plains Indian battles and is amply illustrated with pictures of famous Indians and U. S. military personnel who participated in the battle of the Washita.

COLORFUL COLORADO

Colorado's First Portrait (University of New Mexico Press, $10.00) is a large handsome book with 500 scenes by frontier artists. Clifford P. Westermeier, professor of history at the University of Colorado assembled the material and wrote a vivid introduction. This is a first-class history for family entertainment composed of numerous illustrations which gave outside world viewers their first look at Colorado mountains, plains, rivers, Indians and mining camps. The large pages are filled with pictures of wagontrains, mountain men, cowboys, sheepherders, peace officers, railroads, forts, towns, plowboys, bordellos and politicians. Illustrations were copied from original woodcuts, lithographs, drawings and paintings and carry legends explaining what the pictures are about and where they come from. Unfortunately, the artists did not portray many of the interesting features about Colorado pioneering, but their works still were quite representative of the salt and spice of the era.

LONESOME LUMMIS

Long out of print, Scribner's 1892 edition of *A Tramp Across the Continent* by Charles F. Lummis, amiable western writer, has always been a pleasure to read. Fans will be pleased to learn that Calvin Horn Publishers, Inc. has just issued a facsimile edition of this true story of the Lummis youthful hejira over 3,500 miles of wild country on foot from Cincinnati to Los Angeles in winter. The new edition sells for $8.50. Bravely foolish, newly married Lummis set out alone and headed westward to a new job as city editor of the Los Angeles *Daily Times*. His fascinating travelogue relates the play by play sufferings and pleasures of the trip. Only a prime athlete of his calibre could have withstood the intense cold of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in Colorado and New Mexico and the stifling heat of his thirsty march through Arizona and California deserts. He was nearly brained by a convict in Colorado, broke his arm falling from a cliff in Mexico, and miraculously escaped being bitten when his own dog became rabid. Real pleasure reading.

PEACEFUL NEGOTIATIONS

Present-day strikers and violent members of mobs can learn a valuable lesson in peaceful negotiation from the arbitrators of the mining strike in Arizona in 1915-16 who settled their long-drawn-out altercation without murder or destruction of property. The latter had been the norm in previous strikes until the Arizonians pioneered a new basis for constructive bargaining. In his book *The Clifton-Morenci Strike, Labor Difficulty in Arizona 1915-16* ($3.50) author James R. Kluger traces the course of strike negotiations and shows how they affected working conditions, family income, and growth of unionism in the area. There were heated debates between the strikers and mine owners but the verbal encounters ended in successful arbitration, thereby avoiding violent action. Governor Hunt's shrewd strategy in bringing the two sides into conference had much to do toward engineering a treaty mutually agreeable to labor and management. This is a noteworthy study of social reform that worked in an isolated mining district in Arizona.

CIVIL WAR

For home and den, suitable for framing. Any item of your choice $1.00 each. Pony Express Notice; Gen. Robert E. Lee Funeral Notice; Confederate decoding chart; Anti-Lincoln Cartoon; Jefferson Davis Election Notice; President Johnson impeachment ticket; Army orders on President Lincoln Assassination; Army Discharge Certificate; Gold Mining Stock Certificate; Draft Exemption Certificate; $1,000 Reward for Gen. Morgan; Slave Dealer Poster; Confederacy Law of Treason Poster; Recruiting Poster; Abolitionist handbill; Underground Railroad Poster; List of slaves for Sale; K.K.K. Notice of new organization; Uncle Toms Cabin Poster; $500 Reward for runaway Slave; Civil War Recruits Handbill; Lynching Poster; Slave Auction woodcut; Civil War handbill for Brooks Pat; Richmond Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad Notice; Civil War Ambulance woodcut; Slave Chain Devices; General Orders Headquarters department of the South; Confederate Soldier woodcut; Horses wanted Notice; Calamity Jane handbill; Buffalo Bill Poster; Annie Oakley Poster; Reward Posters—Billy the Kid; Jesse James; Frank James; Francisco Pancho Villa; Joaquin; Belle Starr; John Wilkes Booth; The Daltons; Black Bart; Bill Doolin.

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Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 5)

Edgar Rollins of Seminole, Texas

In 1948 in *Reader's Digest*, Mrs. Marigold Rollins Burns of New York City told of being in the Seminole, Texas area and asking directions to the residence of Edgar Rollins. She was told to go down the road 100 miles and the place on the left would be his. I would appreciate hearing from him or Mrs. Burns. I have data covering Rollinses from 1632 to 1874.—Mrs. Edgar Rollins, Box 946, Columbia Falls, Montana 59912

Makes Life Interesting

I thought I'd tell you about one of the little things that make life interesting for some of us misplaced hillbillies.

I am a service dispatcher for a power company. Most customers never get far enough back into this building to find me, as most of them talk to the pretty girls in the business offfice.

We get quite a few transient laborers in the summer months, so we have people moving in and out of houses all the time. Company policy is that if you buy a house, you don't have to put up any deposit, but if renting, you must.

A young man recently walked into my office. He made me understand that he couldn't speak or understand English. But he made me see that he wanted the power turned on in a house at an address written on a piece of paper. Now, how was I going to make him understand I had to have a deposit, and did he have the money? Well, he seemed to understand "dollar," and he was neat and clean in Levi's and blue work shirt.

We get quite a few Mexican nationals in town, and I have been in Mexico a time or two, but I don't speak Spanish. I needed to know if the water was turned on so there would be water in the water heater before power was turned on. He didn't understand "water" so I clawed around and came up with *agua*. "No *agua*. Where go?" I showed him a map of town and showed him where city hall was. I made out the connect order and asked his name.

He said, "Dennis Geronimo." I said, "Pardon me?" He repeated it, and when I handed him the order to sign, he signed it "Denicio Geronimo." He left quite happy.

The other fellows in the office started saying that they didn't know I could speak Spanish. I told them I felt that a kindred spirit had just passed through my office, because his ancestors had to be Apache. I have some Cherokee blood from back before the "Trail of Tears" when the Cherokee Nation was moved west to Oklahoma. On bad days I threaten to get me a red blanket, take my Appaloosa horses and go back to the reservation.

Of course, I can't do that, or even prove I have any Indian blood, but sometimes it is a beautiful thought, and I am not too old to dream.—Donald A. Tucker, Route 1, Hillcrest Rd. E., Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

Jake Dale and the Flood

Sure would like to meet you in person and shake your hand for the swell stories found in your OLD WEST book. My father homesteaded in Moffat County, Colorado in 1918. I was three years old at that time and as I grew up I knew and heard of many of the characters mentioned in your article on Bob Meldrum in the Spring '70 issue. I also knew a man who knew Frank Carlysle, Butch Cassidy's successor at robbing the Union Pacific.

Your book reprint, "Perils of Waters," gives the facts and figures to back up a poem I learned about 1930 or '31 to fill in on a last-day-of-school program. I don't know the author or where the original came from. I found it in a bunch of clippings that my mother and grandmother had collected. For what it may be worth I'll put it down and send it on—maybe someone knows who wrote it. So here goes:

What—Stranger, you never heer'd tell of Jake—Jake Dale of the Lucky George? You must have been raised in the East my son, to have never clapped ears to the yarn that's spun of Jakey Dale and the race he won the night of the big ice jam.

Twas March of the spring of '81 and the river broke at Pierre and come rantin' down on a clean rampage. She marked 56 on the Yankton gage and I reckon you know that's some of a stage and she covered the bottoms here.

You see that riffle across the bar with the ripple of shoal below? Well that's where the widow of old Buck Slack oncet had a claim and drift wood shack, where she lived and slaved with her youngun pack—all which was some years ago.

The "George" lay up at the city bar, close up by the railroad tracks and when the row began we fixed her strong—rigged seven hawsers where two belong. She'd of taken an acre of ground along if she'd drug in the grindin' pack.

But along one night the drift ice stopped and the flood ran clear as June—for the stuff had jammed in Hagen's Bend and choked the channel from end to end—and it fit and screamed like a wild cat penned. In the light of the pale March moon.

Well we on the "George" had tumbled out—the roar of the jam was wild, when we heer'd a cry thru the shriekin' night—and there on that pint in the pale moon light—awavin' and yellin' with all her might—stood Buck Slack's youngest child.

An we all of us knew without darin' to say the word, they was tripped for the Great Unknown. For the jam had swapped the current 'round and cut em off from higher ground—and the hand that could save em from bein' drowned was the hand of God alone.

Then all at oncet we heer'd a yell—and comin' down 'cross the willer bank and layin' a course that was skeercily snug came Jakey Dale and his whiskey jug. Drunk as the mate of a log raft tug and a swearin' somethin' rank.

"Ye rust chawed fragments of junk," says he, "now what d'you think you've found—standin' 'round on this old bilge tank like a bunch of frogs on a floatin' plank—are you lookin' for gold on yon cut bank?—an then he heer'd the sound.

Quick as the jump of a piston rod he was over the wheel box guard, and before we could think of stoppin' him—he'd slashed the falls from the long boat's rim and was over the side and thru the slush of the channel's brim—a pullin' quick and hard.

He sidled his tub thru that rippin' flume while we stood on the "George" and swore, the boy was looney with raw corn gin—yet he reckoned his course to the width of a pin—ran straight to the eddy and clammed her in and staggered his self ashore.

Now, Stranger, I want to ask you flat, if a man with his headpiece right would think to pile eight folk on that skiff's inside for a half mile pull thru that mill race tide, and think to land safe at the end of the ride? Well, Jake Dale did that night.

When he shoved her off from that gumbo pint she reeled like a sawyer snag and when the current caught her along the beam, she whirled around and shot down the stream, with the foam from her bow like a cloud of steam—fast as a red-tail stag.

Good Lord, the fright in them children's crys—they curdled a feller's blood. Them rivermen's not a prayerful race but more'n one that night sorta hid his face and sent a prayer to the Throne of Grace to guide them thru the flood.

And then that jam set up a roar that shook the solid ground—like when a side wheel packet drips a flue and blows six bilers amoungst her crew and cooks them as ain't drowned.

She was breakin' out like an avalanche slipped free on the mountain side—Jake Dale turned 'round and give one look and bent to his oars til the keel post shook and pulled for the "George's" side.

He jammed her bow thru that buckin' tide, til her painter floated free—and with blinded eyes and drippin' skin, he fought for the race he had set to win like a soldier fights—til the ice rolled in and ground agin her lee.

But he'd got her up to ropin' range and we hauled her to the rail and when he'd landed the last one safe and sound—Jake follered and said as he looked around—"You fellers bring out that jug you found—I'm dryer'n the Morman Trail."

Now, Stranger, that there is the tale of Jake—Jake Dale of the "Lucky George"—he wasn't no saint with a gilt edge crown—his language would shatter a church steeple down. He'd a thirst in his throat that nothin' could drown and fist like a blacksmith's sledge.

But all the same he'd a Christian soul if he hadn't a Christian creed—and a lot better heart by a blame long shot than a lot of pious folks that brag a lot—about savin' their souls but haven't got no time for their brother's need.

An I reckon, that the Good Lord has found a place in the 'Kingdom of the Lamb' for the man who showed he wasn't afraid to die for the sake of a frightened baby's cry—the night of the big ice jam.

Well, there is the poem. My spacing and punctuation are off but the wording is all there and correct. Jake Dale in my book was quite a man.

The old-timers in the San Juans of southwest Colorado were also a breed apart. Thanks for a good mag (can't spell it so must use the abbre.).—Al Toflemoyer, 620 South Ninth, Montrose, Colorado 81401

Lost His Hat but Kept His Head!

It was May in western Oklahoma and I was going to high school in the little town of Eagle City where my folks lived, just 15 miles south of the big Indian school at Cantonment and about 100 miles west of Oklahoma City.

As I left the schoolgrounds and drew near town that evening, about a quarter-mile distant I met one of my young friends, Dave Phillips. Dave was very excited and told me that a black man named Alf Hunter had escaped jail in Oklahoma City, killed Sheriff Garrison and reached Blaine County, about seventy miles west of the scene of the murder. He had been holed up with a high-powered rifle in a wheat field near Hitchcock, fighting in a shoot-out with Blaine County Sheriff George McArthur and a deputy. He ran out of ammunition and surrendered after shooting off the big black hat the sheriff wore, at a range estimated at 300 yards. To add another man with a gun as help, the sheriff deputized his brother-in-law, George Massey, who was a fine friend of mine.

Mr. Massey owned the telephone exchanges at Watonga, Eagle City and Canton. To say the least, the two Georges got a big scare, but got their man. Hunter was lodged in jail at Watonga, where he was tried for murder and attempted murder. He was found guilty and sentenced to hang at Watonga. A scaffold was built on the east side of the courthouse and I went to see it, seventeen miles distant, but I sure did not go to the hanging.

I never again heard of George Massey chasing outlaws. That sharp-shooting outlaw cured him forever. The mystery was how an outlaw with a rifle was able to hitch-hike so far from the murder while traveling through a country full of telephones.—F. Horace Hughes, 1428 W. Roseburg, Modesto, California 95350

Old News Is Good News

I have a copy of the June 25, 1909 semiweekly *Farm News*, Dallas, Texas covering Oklahoma and Texas.

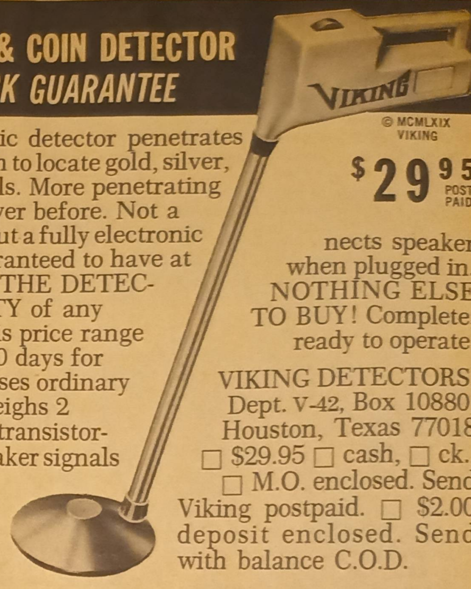
It has a front page story of the Waggoner Bank & Trust Company branch robbery at Fort Worth; a big murder story (New York) of Leon Ling, Chinaman, wanted for the murder of Elsie Sigel, granddaughter of Franz Sigel, a Chinese missionary.

On page two is a story on the lynching of Jim Hodge (Negro), headed "Judge Simpson of Tyler charges the Grand Jury." Also mentioned is the death of Col. J. Q. Chenaueth, who had held a number of offices in Texas during his lifetime. He came to Texas in 1872 from Harrisburg, Kentucky and located in Bonham. In 1875, he was appointed by Gov. Coke as Special District Judge of Criminal Court until a new constitution was adopted which abolished the office. He next served two terms in the legislature and during Cleveland's administration, served as First Auditor in the United States Treasury Department. Then he practiced law in Bonham for several years and was elected county judge for three consecutive terms. Gov. Lanham appointed him Superintendent of the State Confederate Home at Austin. He died at Bedford, Virginia and his remains were shipped to Harrisburg, Kentucky.

The paper also lists the following Texas deaths: Mrs. A. L. Kirkley, age 73, wife of J. E. Kirkley, in Sherman; Mrs. Alma O'Conner, 24, in Terrell; Mrs. S. F. Grant, daughter of Dr. Sidney Bass, Terrell; A. O. Newton, a Texas & Pacific trainman, in Wolfe City; Sarah Vaughan, whose son was Dr. H. E. Vaughan, in Olney; Mrs. L. E. Rea, 58, in Marshall; J. J. Morris of Hubbard City; Eugene McDaniel, 43, in Waco; Mrs. Albert Sears, past 70, wife of Capt. Albert Sears, Confederate veteran who had died the Friday before, in Paris; J. M. Morgan, 80, in Sherman; and George McCann, past 70.

There is a story told by Bettie Lee Carlile of Alva, Oklahoma about a Comanche chief, Mow A Way, whose tribe journeyed from Fort Bascom to Fort Leavenworth. After being at Leavenworth for some time, they went to Fort Sill where they reported to Col. Grierson as prisoners to be released from custody.

There are a lot of other interesting articles in this old newspaper. If any of your readers would like any information on any of them, I'd be glad to reply.—Roy Bogges, 317 S. Henry, Pampa, Texas 79065



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Know Where to Find Us!

If this is any help to your magazine, good. This morning I had the good fortune to talk to the representative of the Des Moines News Agency here in Des Moines, Iowa, where I live. This took place at the Hy-Vee Super Market on East Euclid Avenue. I know there are complaints from readers not being able to find TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST. I told him I would write you and you, in return, might print this in your magazine for the Des Moines, Iowa Trovers.

I know this can't help all your readers, but if persons in the major cities were to do this, it would sure help the nonsubscribers who always seem to miss out on your magazines: Locate the names and addresses of the magazine distributor and the largest place of business in your city, mail the information to this magazine, and maybe they can print it. It might help the circulation department.

For Des Moines it would be the Des Moines News Agency, 1497 Keo Way. Largest selection of magazines on the rack is at Hy-Vee Super Market on East Euclid. They carry a very large selection. —Donovan Paterson, 1507 Hull Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa 50316

The Post Haulers

For months I had been in southeastern Colorado and finally got in on the post hauling. Those cedar hills were where homesteaders got their posts. The first trip, we were loaded and about ready to start for home when one of the men come over to the campfire where I was. He just up and slugged me. When I got up, my brother had the old slugger down and was choking him. My uncle came over and put a stop to that. The trip on home was peaceful.

Some time later, friends of my uncle arrived from Kansas by automobile. They had big guns—they were loaded for bear. So it was planned that they, my uncle, guns and axes would head out in their car to hunt and cut posts. Me and the slugger would bring the wagons. He had since found out he was to blame, so I wasn't much afraid of him anymore. We were to go out to Shell Canyon on this trip.

I had begun to think we would never get to their camp after traveling half a night and a long day. This must have been forty or more miles south of Las Animas, really a wild and woolly country. I had never seen such big hills and canyons and so much timber. That evening we had prairie dog for supper and it was good. But where was the big game like antelope, bear and mountain lion? They hadn't even got a rabbit.

After dark the horses was acting up, snorting and pulling on their ropes. The hunters grabbed their guns and left. Soon they were back. They said they looked back of the wagons in the timber to the west, but they saw no mountain lions. Much later, the men were talking around the big campfire and things were quiet. I was about asleep when I looked up, and there was a tall man standing by the trees, all lit up by the campfire, and he was packing a six-shooter.

Well, he came on down and said his name was Bill Miller. He talked a while, then left right back up east through the trees. I guess none of the men found out what the stranger's business was.

My next trip was with Peg Leg and my old meanie friend. Peg Leg had a nice team of bays. I took a four-horse team of our little black ponies. The morning we were to leave for home, the team of bays were gone, so I had to split my four-horse team. After several hours we were within seven miles of home, when we came to a new fence, just built across the road. There was nothing to do but go through. The fence was put up again good as new. Then on a little we heard two shots. I saw a man on down near Hand Springs Ranch. He was at the road as we arrived. I sorta knew this Mexican with the gun, and also his daughter who had arrived earlier. Well, this gunman started cussing Peg Leg. Sounded like he was using every language there was. When he had run out of wind, he motioned us on.

Passing the ranch, Peg Leg began to get madder—so he said, the further the madder. He usually carried a .38 six-shooter, but not on this trip. Maybe the señorita had saved our lives—Peg Leg's anyway.

Right now, I began to think I had learned everything I wanted to know about post hauling. I had been beaten and half scared to death out in Shell Canyon, and had just been shot at. And besides, those fence posts were too heavy, and I was only fifteen and I wanted to live a little longer. I would rather go back and work on a farm in Kansas, where I had been last the year when these homesteaders started this business of post hauling.—Marshall Bullard, 896 Savage Creek Road, Grants Pass, Oregon 97526

Leo Moomaw, Rodeo Man

Enclosed is the obituary of Leo Moomaw of Omak, Washington, and if you'll publish it, I'm sure hundreds of veteran rodeo men all over the U.S. will remember him in some way. I've been to many of the rodeos and stampedes where Leo used his buckin' string and 99 percent of them were hard buckers! But all northern or northwestern buckers are harder to ride than most southern horses.

Leo's most famous bucking horse was the late Badger Mountain which gave his last performance at Omak, Washington's "Broncomak" rodeo in 1945. He was then retired to a life of ease on the Moomaw ranch near Omak. He died of old age several years ago and is buried on the ranch. Very few riders ever rode him to the whistle (8 seconds bareback and 10 seconds with saddle) but I believe Deb Copenhauer rode him at least once that I know of.

I had been planning to visit Leo Moomaw to get a story about some of his best bucking horses, but it's too late now and he's crossed over to that Last Great Roundup where all old cowboys go. He died June 21 at his home in Omak.

Other well-known buckers once owned by Moomaw were Rubber Doll, Snake, Shake-'Em-Down-Sally, Five Minutes to Midnite, and others I've forgotten. Although the obituary says Leo was born at Addy, Washington (northeast part of the state) he told me personally he came from Oregon. He was one of the last of the veteran cowboys and rodeo men, and there'll never be another one like him. So long, old cowboy!—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

Mountain Rhodes' Hidden Gold

Old Mountain Rhodes was an early trapper on the Popo Agie. He built himself a nice cabin; in fact it was a double cabin on the lower Popo Agie some four miles downriver from the present city of Lander, Wyoming. He also built a rock cabin on the Little Popo Agie. He was a successful trapper. His shipment of furs to St. Joe, Missouri and St. Louis would net him close to $10,000. There were no banks in Wyoming in the 1840s and 1850s, so when he received his payments, which were always in gold coins, he buried them.

I am an historical bug of Wyoming and especially Fremont County, of which Lander is the county seat. After buying what were supposed to be the best in metal detectors, we hied ourselves down to the site of old Rhodes' double cabin. When we turned the detector on the north wall of where the old cabin stood, the earphones let out a yell and the needle jumped as far over as it could go. My son came up from Cheyenne and we started to dig. The river was at flood stage in the month of June 1962. Every foot we dug, we got a foot of water. The old cabin stood about twenty feet from the river bank. When we got down about four feet, we were stopped.

A short time later, I had a friend and his son to help dig. At eight feet we hit a metal box. We couldn't see it. The water in the hole was about four feet deep, but when we hit it with the shovel it would sound "punk, punk." We could reach down and feel it with our hands. I thought we should get back to town and get a pump to drain that hole and then get the box out. The box was iron and seemed to be about three feet long and half as wide. Before we could get back, I became ill and was rushed to Cheyenne for surgery. I expected to be in the hospital a week, but I was there for a solid month. Oh yes, we have a good idea who got it out. I learned that friendship and fraternalism don't count when money is concerned.

Old Mountain Rhodes was killed by Indians not far from his cabin on the Little Popo Agie in 1868. The double cabin was moved from where Rhodes built it to the abandoned Camp Brown which was located on the present site of Lander. Camp Brown later was moved from where it was built in 1869. In 1872 Camp Brown again was moved some fifteen miles northwest to the Little Wind River. In 1878, the name was changed to Fort Washakie in honor of old Chief Washakie of the Shoshones.

Mrs. Hall, on her way to San Francisco to meet her husband, got sidetracked and was induced to take over the officers' mess at Camp Brown in 1870. When the camp was moved, she located a homestead on what afterwards became the town of Lander. She sent east and got her niece. She had the double cabin moved to her homestead from where old Rhodes had built it in 1856.

Everything was lovely until a beautiful August day. Lander, which was called Push Root by the miners at South Pass Mining District, was just getting started. Most of the male population were up in the mountains getting out timber to build homes. Pete Anderson, living just below, and Charley Fogg, a mile west of town, saw what looked like one man driving a herd of horses. When they got close to the Hall cabin an Indian straightened up and they charged the cabin. The two women were killed. Mrs. Hall had a butcher knife in her hand. She had been getting dinner. The Indians slaughtered her cows and her horses. The Indians were Sioux.

George Wroe got possession of the cabin, moved it to his homestead northwest of town and raised a large family. It stood just a little south and west of KOVE Radio Station.—W. L. Marion, 108 Canyon Street, Lander, Wyoming 82520

Cooper's Oil Paintings

I have two oil paintings which seem to have been painted on the site of Indian encampments. They are not signed but when I took them to Maxwell's Galleries in San Francisco to see if they should be cleaned, I mentioned that I wished I knew who painted them. The man said, "I can tell you that—they are by a California artist named Cooper." Later I saw some fine portraits of Indian chiefs signed Cooper. I believe it was J. Austin Cooper but, for the life of me, I can't remember the "front handles."

The California Historical Society has newspaper items on him but they can't copy them and I can't go to San Francisco to copy them myself due to ill health. I'm hoping to find out about this Cooper as I'm curious to know how he came to be in those encampments doing the paintings I have which are so true to life although not in the fine finished style of his portraits.—Mrs. P. H. Peterson, Broken Arrow, Box 102, Comptche, California 95427

El Chato the Bandit

Pedro Nevarez, a Mexican bandit known as El Chato, operated in Mexico and New Mexico. I would like to hear from people who know of his exploits. I have in my possession a letter written by a Vincent Basous on January 1, 1861. The letter is written on Santa Fe stationery Form 1607 standard), has two Santa Fe safety insignia, and is postmarked El Paso, Texas, October 20, 1921. The letter describes the location of loot hidden by El Chato in New Mexico. I had the letter interpreted by a few of my Mexican friends and they all came up with the same translation. One of them told me it is old Spanish and contains words no longer used in the Mexican language.

Was the old saying true—that Sunday would never cross the Mississippi?

Well, not exactly, but for a long time the whine of a bullet sounded a lot more often than a church bell.
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I went on one trip into the area mentioned in the letter and looked for landmarks and could not find one that fits those described. After returning from my trip, I discussed with my friends the story and my experience searching and finding nothing. We did some research on this bandit and find that there is not too much documented on his exploits. I would like to know specifically when (dates) he operated, the areas he operated in and around, how far into New Mexico it is known that he went, and how, when and where he died.

Any information I could get on him would really help out. One of my friends stated that it is a hoax and that somebody is just having fun sending treasure hunters into a remote part of New Mexico. He might be right but it was no fun climbing around those rough mountains looking for landmarks that weren't there.

Right now my treasure hunting buddy has the letter and is in New Mexico searching with a few others. They are searching the same area I covered, and I know they will return with the same results I did.

If El Chato did hide loot in New Mexico, there is quite a large cache, and even a mine, according to this letter.—John P. Halligan, 2674 Dumetz Street, Camarillo, California 93010

Oats and Green Pastures

(Continued from page 17)

but his words came fast with the excitement and anxiety he felt rising inside himself. "When I give my word, I mean it and I keep it. I figure this fellow better be doing the same."

"That's right," the stranger agreed. "Cut the horse and find out."

Cheney's hand came up slowly from the pocket. "Here's your hundred," he said, peeling off bills. "Give me a receipt." He put the remaining money back in his pocket with an inward shrug at how little was left now from the amount paid him for steamboat firewood he'd cut on his place. Since 1877 Cheney had been doing a good business supplying Yellowstone and Missouri riverboats with cords of wood he'd chopped in the area a few miles from present-day Sidney, Montana.

The stranger scribbled out a bill of sale on a tattered piece of paper. "The drinks are on me," he said, "if you'll tell me why in hell you're so bound to keep that horse."

Cheney and the stranger, whose identity remains unknown, elbowed up to the bar. Twirling his glass in his hand, Cheney began to talk.

HE TOLD of the first time he'd seen the Yellowstone Valley as a wagonmaster for General Alfred Sully's campaign of 1864 and of his decision to return to the area someday and settle down. He talked of a fall morning in 1877 when the commander of Fort Buford, a military post built in 1866 at the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers had walked up as he was saddling his horse, Nig, to head out for home. Cheney, with his background of military service, had friends at the fort and often visited there.

"Expecting dispatches from Keogh," the commander said. "Keep an eye out for any riders, will you?"

Cheney agreed and, as he was trotting Nig across Fort Buford's grounds, a buffalo hunter, who'd been lounging around the fort a few days, hailed him.

"Going out? Guess I'll ride a piece with you."

"Two's better'n one," Cheney said. "What's your name?"

"Just call me Smith."

Cheney grinned and spat tobacco juice. There were a lot of one-handled men in the country. One-handled for reasons of their own, mostly dodging the law or a woman, and no one questioned. But one-handled or not, Cheney was glad for Smith's company.

The lower Yellowstone Valley was a raw frontier in 1877, teeming with Indians still flushed with their victory of June 1876 at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. And after that battle, there'd been bloody skirmishes along the Yellowstone between the military and the Sioux, Sitting Bull, until that wily Indian leader had crossed into Canada with his band in May 1877.

Cheney remembered as he and Smith rode along that just earlier this fall of 1877 Nez Perce Chief Joseph and his followers had swept across Montana, terrorizing settlers in their flight to Canada. But Joseph hadn't reached Canada. He was defeated October 8 after battling four days in the Bear Paw Mountains against forces commanded by General Nelson A. Miles of Fort Keogh. It was from General Miles' Fort Keogh, built in 1876-77 near the site which would become Miles City, Montana, that the dispatch riders were expected.

It was a long ride from Keogh to Fort Buford—where there were few if any settlements.

Cheney and Smith were well aware of the danger and risk as they rode along the valley that day, but they'd seen no sign of hostiles by the time they reached Cheney's camp fifteen miles upriver from Fort Buford. They rubbed down the horses, fed and watered them, and fixed themselves a meal of fried antelope and sourdough bread. Next morning, Cheney told Smith, "Those dispatch riders ought to be showing up. I'll ride out a way with you. Maybe we'll run into them."

Armed and with plenty of ammunition, they rode warily up the valley. East of the area, where the town of Savage is now located, they found two bodies freshly scalped, mutilated and stripped of guns and belongings.

"Not been dead long," Cheney muttered. His quick eyes swept the valley floor, the river, hills and a clump of cottonwoods. He glanced back at Nig. The Morgan's nostrils were flaring. "We got company," Cheney whispered to Smith. "Look at Nig. He can smell Injuns!"

THE BLACK HORSE was right. A whoop came from the cottonwoods as the Indians spotted the two white men and their horses.

"Let's get the hell out of here," Cheney yelled, jumping into the saddle. "Head for the hills. Maybe we can make a stand there."

Behind them, in hot pursuit, came a dozen or more war-painted braves. Nig and Smith's horse, a leggy bay trained to chase buffalo, carried their riders up an incline of the rolling, hilly land on the west side of the Yellowstone River.

"We'd better work our way through the hills," Cheney said. "Pick off the Indian horses when they get close enough. Them varmints ain't no good on foot."

Cheney and Smith saved their horses' strength by dismounting and running alongside as they went up the hills. Then they leaped into the saddles and raced the horses downhill. Whenever an Indian drew close, Cheney or Smith turned and shot the hostile's pony. The chase continued until they reached a point north of today's Sidney.

"We've got enough of a start now," Cheney said. "Let's cross the river here. I know the best fording place."

They turned to make the crossing and the Indians, realizing what the white men had in mind, kicked their ponies to greater speed. Yells filled Cheney's and Smith's ears.

"Don't stop!" Cheney shouted to Smith. "We'll never live if we try to make a stand on the flats. We got to cross over!"

He leaned forward and patted the foam-flecked neck of his horse. "Nig," he said to the heaving, exhausted Morgan, "get me out of this scrape. Get me out, boy, and I'll take care of you for the rest of your life."

As if he understood, the Morgan's powerful chest swelled and in a burst of muscular power he raced, all heart and guts, to the river. They made the river's edge with the Indians whooping at their heels. Without hesitating, Nig plunged in and swam across. Smith's gallant bay followed, heaving and shaking.

As they reached the far bank, Nig struggled up the small bluff, but Smith's horse, played out by the ride, staggered out of the water and died at its edge.

"Catch your breath, Nig," Cheney said as he slipped out of the saddle and crouched down behind driftwood on the bank.

Rifles at ready, Cheney and Smith waited for the Indians to cross. They had stopped at the far bank, except for a few who galloped off to make the crossing out of gun range and come up behind the white men.

Cheney saw the maneuver. "Come on," he told Smith. "Nig'll carry us both back to Fort Buford." No Indians followed in the fifteen-mile ride to Buford. It was too risky.

Cheney reported the fate of the dispatch riders and, after resting himself and Nig for a while, returned to his place on the Yellowstone. Smith, whose identity and destination that day would become research projects for historians, took off alone in another direction. The burial place of the mutilated bodies Cheney and Smith found would also send future historians scouting the area.

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CHENEY NEVER FORGOT the promise he'd made to his Morgan horse that day. Like most loners, Cheney talked to himself and his animals—Nig and an old dog called Maj.

"You saved my life, Nig," he said, currying the horse's glossy coat. "I meant it when I said I'd take care of you the rest of your life. I mean to do just that."

Cheney was as good as his word and Nig loved the man who was his master. The horse had an extraordinary feeling for him. Cheney, who liked his liquor, would ride Nig to the nearest saloon after chores were done on his place. Nig would wait patiently for Cheney and, when the drinking was done, would carry his master home carefully, balancing the man in the saddle so he wouldn't fall off.

Cheney was "Uncle Bill" to his friends. And they never worried about his getting home. "Uncle Bill takes care of Nig," they'd say, "and Nig takes care of him." Cheney never married. The welfare of his animals was the only thing that could bring him out of a saloon before he was ready to quit the bottle.

Despite the drinking, Cheney prospered. In 1883 he settled on the west side of the Yellowstone River and engaged in farming and stock raising. One day Andrew Hanto, who worked nine years for Cheney, was hauling grain from the place for sale in Sidney, Montana. Cheney rode along in the wagon.

"Drop me off at the saloon, son," he said to Hanto. "I'll wait there for you."

When Hanto returned and said he was ready to go home, Cheney looked up from the table where he and his friends were drinking. "What do you mean, 'ready'? I'm not."

"Come on, Bill," Hanto grinned. It's time to go home."

"The hell it is. I'm not through here yet."

"Well," Hanto retorted, "the team'll be about through if you don't come on. They got hot pulling all that grain so far and it's danged cold outside now. They're liable to get sick."

"The horses?" Cheney shoved back his chair and stood up. "Well, why in hell didn't you say so? Come on. Let's go."

Nig wasn't one of the team pulling grain or working in the fields. As he grew older the Morgan was retired to the pasture in summer and to a comfortable, warm stall in the barn during winter months.

When Nig lost his teeth because of old age, Cheney would prepare cornmeal and oatmeal mush and feed it to him. Nig ate when he was hungry. He'd walk shakily and slowly from the barn to the farmhouse back door and paw there for his meal. Cheney would hear him and feed him at the doorway. Nig liked alfalfa, but as he neared the ripe old age of forty-two, he couldn't eat the stems. So Cheney would strip off the tender leaves and Nig would gum them down.

One warm, windy day in 1912, Hanto came into the farmhouse kitchen. Cheney was sitting at the table, head in hands.

"What's the matter?". Hanto asked the seventy-three-year-old man. "Don't you feel good?"

Slowly Cheney lifted his dark head, now liberally streaked with gray. He looked at Hanto with red-rimmed eyes. "Nig died last night. I found him when I went to the barn this morning with his breakfast. Son," he went on, his voice thick against the lump in his throat, "will you bury him?"

"Sure, I will," Hanto answered. "I'll hitch up the team, tie a log chain around Nig and drag him out. Where do you want him buried?"

"Just a minute," Cheney rose from his chair. His brown eyes, a little rheumy with long years of frontier life and drinking, blazed as they had that day the stranger told him to cut Nig open and find the dime. "Just a minute. You'll not drag Nig anywhere. You build a stoneboat. We'll roll Nig on to that and take him out behind the granary where old Maj is buried."

Cheney walked slowly to the kitchen door. "And then," he said, "you build a coffin. Take those boards stacked out by the tool house. And dig the grave with a sloping side so we can slide the coffin into it. I'm not going to have it dropped in."

While Hanto was digging the grave, Cheney rode into Sidney. In a store he asked for blankets. "Two of the best you've got," he told the clerk.

Back at the farm, Cheney laid one blanket on the bottom of the coffin. Then Nig's body was gently worked off the stoneboat into it. Cheney covered the horse with the other blanket and Hanto nailed on the coffin's fourth side.

"Close Nig's eyes before you put the lid on," Cheney directed. I don't want any dirt sifting through into them."

As Hanto was shoveling back the dirt, Cheney turned away. He'd lost his best friend. But in eight years more—in 1920—Bill Cheney joined that friend in death.

He was eighty-one when he died and for thirty-five years of that lifetime, uppermost in his heart and mind was keeping his promise to the horse which had saved him from the fate of the dispatch riders.

Train Ticket West

(Continued from page 27)

any one to talk to   got an imegrant ticket to Los angles for $45.

passed on through some beautiful country through high hills and over high truseles   one greeny stuck his head out of the window while we were crossing a trussel and forgot to take it back when we got to the hills and like to have got the Sap part peeled off. Saw two negroes fight at Cisco   one was the porter on our train   he whiped two yellow negroes [who] got on the train at sweet water and begin to talk dutch   It suddenly occured to me that they were mexicans   May bee the verry ones that killed Crocked [Davy Crockett]   I soon dozed off to sleep and dreamed that the mexicans were robbing the train   just at that point the conducter slamed the door and called a station   I threw up both hands and opened my eyes to find it only a dream   got of the cars at Col. City [Colorado City] at 9 PM   a cold misting rain was falling and it was as dark as egypt only where the lights were burning.

Went with the news boy to a hotell and got a good supper   soon found I was in a rough place   went up to my room and went to bed   the door would not lock so I put a chair against it and fixed it so no one could open it without wakeing me   Went to sleep and slept like a log untill daylight   woke up   felt my throat   it was not cut and I was glad once more   Lef Co. City at 10 10 AM

Saw some more beautyful hills and vallyes   Ceadar trees on the hills and grass in the vallyes. passed over a wide stretch of level sandy plain through dog-town   saw hundreds of prarie dogs. Staked plains next   nothing visable but grass and sky. on over the sand hills almost a desert   saw one antelope and eight Chinaman   saw a beer salloon and a store on the plain   J. H. Jones Propritor   got sick and not half way there yet   two Chinamen came aboard at Pyote   regular dudes   bought candy of the news boy

We are a mixed set   two men on the left 2 chinamen behind one negroe in front and me in the middle   at quita [Quito] got rid of one chinaman and got another that could talk louder and look uglier than the other   Pecos is next   ground as flat as a stove lid   Saw a mexican holding a six horse team with a sore on his nose and a sticking plaster on the sore   stoped at the next station to get something to eat   Wanted to buy some crackers   the beef seat [?] made me sick so I thought I would try something not quite so fresh   Went to three stores and they were all sallons   found a little store kept by an old man   he was so slow I thought the train would leave before I could get my change. It was just getting dark and as I was hurrying back to the train I heard a pistol shot   it scared me so I liked to have droped my crackers. got abord safely though and sat down behind my negroe   lerned that he was on his way to Cal.   took a nap   woke at Vanhorn   Chinaman came abord to by some apples. We are in the hills again

Alpasso [El Paso] cryes the conducter as we slack up at the long looked for place   steped out on the platform   the stars were shining but there was no moon

I looked away to the south and saw the gloomy hills of old mexico looming up in the night   I looked behind and thought of Tex and the friends that I left there   a great lump came up and stuck in my throat like a dry cracker. it was a mixed mass in the waiting room   people of all nations and stations in life

now and then the bell on the switch would ring and a dozen or more would make a break for the door feeling shure that they would be left.

Sunday 4 A.M.   on the way again crossed the rieogrande [Rio Grande] into new mex. Deming first station   sun up 20 min. for breakfast   the coldest weather I have felt yet   hilly country. I am going to try an experiment   experiment failed to stick   tryed to ride in the ladies car on a 3d class ticket   the conductor told me to git. have rode all morning through a vally   high mountains on either side. Switched off onto a side track to let a train pass   all got off and was looking at a strange kind of a plant   a dude took hold of it and got his hands full of stickers and we all laughed   crossed a desert of white sand

it was as Smooth and white as marble

at a distance it looked like a large lake. into the hills arround sharp curvs and over high grades and on the edge of high precipes we are thundering along toward the golden gates

12 A.M. entering Ariz. Bowie first town in Arz. Saw Som Six horse teams hauling freight. Saw some Chinee wemen dressed in there old mens cloths   [s]ome good looking spanish wemen. Wilcox next it is a mineing town in the hills   fill up with Spaniards and mex and Indians wouldent feel safe here. on ward again Saw 3 little huts upon the side of a hill

Draggoon Summit is a small station

saw a neat chinnees d[w]elling surrounded by a fence made of cactus stalks

mountains that look one mile off are 6 or eight miles to the foot.

Benson next   the crookedest ride and the fastest I ever had   the train was delayed at dr[a]ggoon summit and we run to make up lost time   around curvs and through hills We went with a rapidity that I felt shure would upset us. more chonamen here that [than] carter had oats. Cactus a species of prickly pear grow on the hills 25 to 39 ft. high   the stalk of the plant is 18[?] in. in diameter

the coman [common?] prickl pear grows 10 or 12 ft. high

Tucson 20 min. for supper   bought some bread and cheese from an old mex

he tryed to cheat me in makeing the change but did not succeed   John chinaman came to the door with a basket of pies but I did not buy. Yuma   stoped to feed and water our Iron horse at 2 A.M. We crossed the Col. [Colorado River] and are in Cal[ifornia]. as we crossed the bridge I looked out into the starry night and I wish I were able to discribe the scene I saw and the emotions with which it filled my breast.

Stoped at Indio 20 min for breakfast

Saw some palm trees. Saw some snow caped mountains apariantly 2 miles off but in reality they were 20   at Colten saw a pepper tree and one called blue gum   bought 3 large oranges for 11 cts. and another fellow bought 5 for a dime my luck

approaching Los. angles we rode through the most beautiful country I ever saw   orange groves and vinyards on either side   now and then vast fields of grain   the foothills loked as green as a carpet & in the backgrounds giant snow caped mts. met and kissed the Sky. It seemed as if the engine had suddenly passed away into paredice   got to los. angeles at 12 non   was met at the depot by a crowd of drummers for hotells   I finally managed to dodge them and was makeing my way across the street   was met by a crowd of porters   one enterprizeing fellow got hold of my valiece and about to take it in spite of me but I made out like I was getting mad and he let me go   went to a barber shop and washed and got shaved   went to a resturant and got diner cost 25 cts.

Went to the employment office and put in an application for a job   he asked me if I could carry a surveyors chain I told him yes   he asked me if I ever done that kind of work   told him no

Said to come in in a half hour and see him again. Went back and he said he had got a man that was used to the business. I stayed arround Los angles 2 days then before I struck a job   Went out to a ranch 4 miles of downy   Waded Los Angles river   the ranch is a neat little farm of 11,000 acres   got back to town after night   got a job the next day driveing a scraper team on the road near town

I am getting 20 per month   dont like my job much   it is hard work and the wages are not as good as other men pay here   as soon as I can strike a better job I will quit him   We have good bord

bill of fare [includes] bered [bread] Beef stake   gravy   string bean[s] navy [navy beans?]   sweet potatoes irish potatoes   cabbage   plums apples   honey   molases   coffie   rice baken [bacon]   pies and kakes and a great many nicnacs to numerous to mention   can get a very good dinner in town for 15 cts.   everything is fresh nothing caned or dryed or caned except plums or grapes   Watermelons tomatoes and fact everything for sale in the city

tell John C. to come here if he wants

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to enjoy him self but to get rich before he starts . there is nothing here but hard work for a poor man he must take a blanket and go to the stable and sleep with the mules he must furnish his own towels come [comb] and looking glass if he has one hire his washing

is not considered worthy to speak to his employer and must work 14 hours every [day] We have to lose [wages for days not worked during] all the wet weather where there is any but that is seldom

I am in the stable lof writeing on a box and as night draws near my mind goes back to Fairyland [apparently the name or nickname of the community from which Jones came in East Texas] and I think of all my friends and the meeting they will have tonight and wonder if any of them will think of me and if I will have an interest in there prayers tonight

if I live and keep my health I will be with you again next Christmas I wouldent be a slave for my board and cloths and that is all we get in this world any way.

havent heard any thing of Haughtens yet although I have enquired of several in the vicinity of Downy this letter is to all of you read it and give it to Lee and Scrap all of you write good bye

John D. Jones, Los. Angeles, Cal.

Railroad Towns Were Tough!

(Continued from page 21)

thought to be Byrne, in honor of Moses Byrne. However, confusion soon resulted because of the similarity to the terminal station Bryan, and Byrne had to be changed. Since the sisters of the two families, Mrs. Byrne and Mrs. Guild, had both come from Piedmont, Italy, the town was renamed in its honor.

Piedmont was essentially in Shoshone territory, but there were only two instances of serious Indian trouble. The first occurred while Moses Byrne was still running the Muddy Creek Stage Station. A small hunting party of Sioux rode by and kidnapped Byrne's two-year-old son Eddie while he was playing in the yard. The Indians moved swiftly and by the time the child was missed, all chances of rescue were gone. Heartbroken, the Byrnes gave up all hope of ever seeing their son again. One summer day two years later, Chief Washakie rode into the station and handed the stunned Moses Byrne his now four-year-old boy. The chief would not tell where he had gotten the child. Ed Byrne grew up to become mayor of an Idaho town, where he was buried.

The second event occurred one evening at Charles Guild's ranch. Sixteen of Washakie's braves broke into the house while Charles was away and threatened to burn the house if Mrs. Guild didn't give them firewater. While under the pretense of searching for whiskey (she had none in the house) Mrs. Guild managed to sneak her seven-year-old son James out of the house. James rode to the Moses Byrne ranch about a mile and a quarter east of Piedmont, and Byrne, rallying some other men, returned with James and ran the Indians off. Washakie, upon hearing rumors of the raid, promptly came to Mrs. Guild and demanded to know the names of the braves who had frightened her. Although she knew most of them through business dealings with them in her husband's store, she refused to tell Washakie because she knew his punishment of them would be severe. After her refusal, Washakie had his squaw make a beaded purse for Mrs. Guild and a pair of moccasins for Mr. Guild as a token of his good will.

Washakie's control over his people was so strict that even though the Guild Mercantile Store did much credit business with the Shoshones, each and every Indian account in the old store ledgers was paid in full, a fantastic record of credit business done with the Indian tribe. Washakie contended that a man's word was his law, and when a brave promised to pay for something he had received, he paid or was killed.

THE LOGGING industry as a commercial venture became well established in Piedmont, and enterprising Moses Byrne constructed four charcoal kilns. Charcoal was shipped out by railroad to ore smelters in Utah and Colorado. Byrne sold it to the railroad for heating the engines and to many restaurants as a cooking fuel.

More men and their families moved to Piedmont to operate the helper engines and maintain the roadbed, leading to the opening of a mercantile business by Charles Guild. Several other stores were built and soon the town included four saloons. Moses Byrne also constructed a lime kiln for use in plaster after the town began needing permanent homes and other commercial structures. Several ranches were started in the surrounding area and Piedmont became the business center, able to contribute its share to the rich lore of the West, and contribute it did. In fact, it began with an event which dignitaries of the Union Pacific Railroad wouldn't soon forget.

On May 5, 1869, the Central Pacific track crossed Promontory Point in Utah and stopped just fifty-eight feet short of the Union Pacific tracks. The north side of the rails were joined, but the south side was left open in preparation for the driving of the Golden Spike on May 7 which would link the East with the West and complete the transcontinental railroad. Promontory Camp was overflowing with discharged workers waiting for the ceremony, and its days and nights were wild and woolly. Two tent saloons were stocked with wine and women; the idle workers furnished the songs and the money.

A special train from Sacramento, California had arrived with the vice-president and honored guests of the Central Pacific Railroad, and all was in readiness for the ceremony. Things, however, were not as rosy on the Union Pacific side of Promontory. At Piedmont 300 graders and tie cutters had been discharged but not yet paid. It wasn't long before rumors began to fly. The story was circulated that the financing of the railroad had collapsed and all that the Union Pacific would receive upon completion would be a government subsidy. This would force the grading and tie contractors into bankruptcy because they wouldn't be able to pay their men. To forestall this disaster, a willing telegraph operator was enlisted to keep track of the progress of the Union Pacific special train on its way to the rendezvous.

On Friday, May 6, 1869, the special train, carrying financial wizard and vice-president of the Union Pacific Railroad Thomas C. Durant and other prominent officials and guests, was halted in Piedmont by a pile of ties on the tracks, an open switch, and gunshots ringing from the mob of 300 angry men. The engineer was told to pull onto a siding where the special car was uncoupled and the engineer told to move along, which he gladly did. Durant was greeted by angry shouts when he stepped onto the platform of the private car to ask what was going on. He was promptly told that his car would remain on the siding until the $200,000 in back pay was paid to the workers in cash. Durant argued and pleaded bitterly that he had no way of supplying the money and that he was not responsible for the men's not being paid. In answer, an armed guard was placed around the car and the mob prepared to wait it out. It was a veritable holdup, the first on the road. Durant telegraphed East and West, but it was two days before the ransom money could be obtained.

Redfaced and highly perturbed, Durant sent a telegram to Promontory Point stating that his delegation could not possibly reach there before May 10. Finally the money arrived and Durant's car was coupled onto another train and proceeded to the historic meeting, three days late. On Monday, May 10, the Golden Spike was driven, thus completing the nation's first transcontinental railroad. After the ceremony, Durant remarked that he had enough of the West and this feeling was evidently quite sincere. He eventually left railroading.

The incident was quite mysterious. When Durant wired Salt Lake City for the money, the president of the bank there sent a dispatch to Fort Bridger for troops lest Durant be harmed by the workers. The dispatch was taken off the wire by the Piedmont telegrapher and no troops were forthcoming. The actual date of the incident has been determined by pure conjecture since all dispatches of the incident were taken off the wire by sympathetic telegraphers all along the line. The only definite fact is that the original date of May 7 for the Promontory ceremony was postponed until May 10. Robert Fulton, a telegrapher in Rawlins in 1869, established the date of the highjacking as May 7. Some historians disagree. Newspaper accounts of the holdup brought Piedmont temporary fame.

WITH THE LEAVING of the 300-man crew, life settled down somewhat, although with the logging camps and the railroad, Piedmont always had its share of rowdies.

Numerous Chinese were employed on

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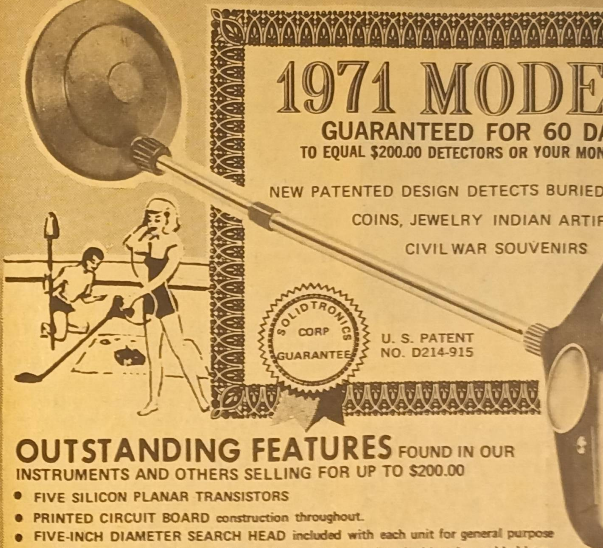

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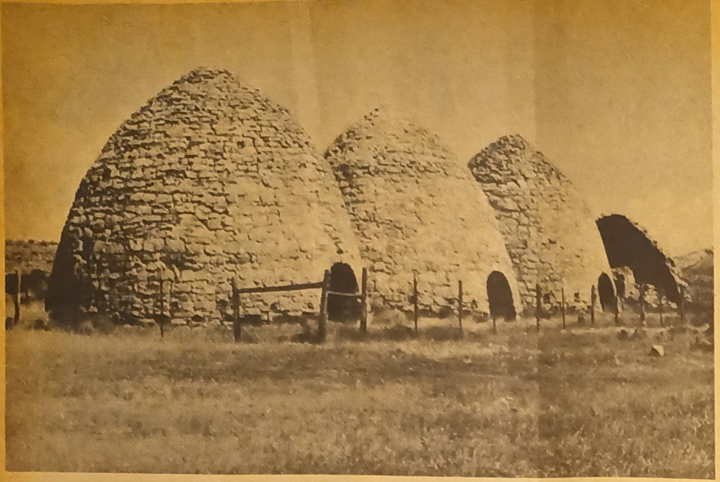

Charcoal kilns built by Moses Byrne in 1869.

the railroad during its construction and some were retained as section hands after its completion. The Chinese liked to gamble and it was not unusual to find several Chinese playing cards or dice in the saloons.

One of the killings in Piedmont involved an engineer of one of the helper engines and a Chinese worker. While waiting for his run, the engineer became involved in a game with one of the Chinamen. They quarreled and the engineer killed him, carried the body over to his engine, stuffed it into the firebox, and burned it on his way back to Leroy to pick up another train.

One of the saloons was run by Al Scruggs. Al would let his wife tend bar while he napped in a room in the back. On one such occasion a man of Mexican descent who had been drinking too much, shot out the coal oil lamp. Scruggs was on his feet immediately, screaming, "Shoot again, you dirty so-and-so! I want to see your smoke!" The Mexican burst out the door and ran down to the tracks with Scruggs right behind him. In his haste, the Mexican made the mistake of running under the lamp down by the water tank, and as he entered the light, Scruggs pulled down on him. The Mexican was buried on the hill in back of the hotel and Scruggs carved a notch in his gun handle, one of a total of five.

Joseph Canary, Calamity Jane's father, was said to have been gunned down in a Piedmont saloon and buried in an unmarked grave north of town. Old-timers will tell you also of two strangers getting off a train in Piedmont and dragging a man out of a saloon into the street. When the man wriggled loose, they shot him in the back, climbed on the train and left. The victim, also a stranger, was buried on the hill in back of the hotel.

One Sunday afternoon, two young daughters of a Piedmont family were attacked and insulted by a Greek railroad worker. One of the girls informed her father, a rancher who was very skilled with the bull whip or black snake. The irate father rode to the worker's camp and called the man out of his tent, whereupon he lashed the man with the whip, cutting his head wide open. When several members of the camp tried to grab the rancher's horse, he drew his Colt .44 and fired point blank into them while spurring his horse through their midst. Two or three were killed or injured.

THE FORMATION of a vigilance committee drastically reduced Piedmont's high rate of crime and brought a semblance of law and order, though not necessarily justice. The leader was a man who was suspicious of everyone, and because of his methods of obtaining a confession, no one was very eager to fall into the hands of the committee. His method of interrogating a prisoner was to take him to a grove of cottonwood trees down on the river, about a mile east of town. There, using two small ropes, half hitches would be tied around each of the prisoner's thumbs. The two ropes were tied to a tree branch and adjusted so the suspect would have to stand on tiptoes to keep the ropes from cutting into the thumbs. A suspect would be left like this for several hours until the pain became so unbearable that he would "confess," after which the committee would hang him all legal and proper.

Once in a while a suspect would hang by his thumbs for hours and still not confess. Such was the case one evening when the committee happened to pass the corral of Charles Guild who was milking a cow. Mr. Guild recognized the suspect as one who had been "tried" two or three weeks earlier. Guild hailed the committee to a stop and asked why the man was being tried a second time. After listening to both the suspect and the leader of the vigilantes, Guild began to argue that the man couldn't have committed the crime. Being very courageous, the threatened reprisals of the committee didn't scare him one bit; in fact, he only became more convinced of the man's innocence. The committee soon realized that not only was Charles Guild one of the leading citizens of the area, he also was very stubborn and wasn't about to back down. Grudgingly the committee let the grateful suspect go. Thus Mr. Guild became one person who defied a vigilante group and got away with it.

One evening during a dance some boys asked George Guild, who had taken over the management of the store from Charles, if he would let them in the store to buy candy. He agreed to do so and, walking ahead of the boys, stepped up onto the platform of the store. As he stepped to the door, a bullet crashed through the window in front of him. The boys ran to help him, and they cautiously entered the store. Mr. Guild found that the safe had been drilled. On the floor were a small container of nitroglycerine and flour sacks which had been piled around the safe to deaden the sound. The back window had been broken out and on the ground under the window Guild found the heel of a new shoe. One of the safecrackers had knocked it off while jumping out of the window.

The next morning, Joe and Jimmy Guild, brothers of George, followed the tracks of two men from Piedmont to the top of Aspen Hill where apparently they had boarded a train. Joe and Jimmy took the morning train for Evanston. After a hard day of searching, Joe located a man with the heel missing from his shoe, and his companion. While Jimmy held the two at gunpoint, Joe tried the heel on the man's shoe and found that it fit. He made a citizen's arrest and bound the two men over to the sheriff, who placed them in the county jail.

IT WAS ABOUT 7:00 a.m. on August 10, 1896 when two men rode into Piedmont from the east. They put their horses up at the stable and went to the Armour room in the Piedmont Hotel. One of the men was identified as Butch Cassidy. The other was probably Bob Meeks. At 10:00 a.m. the same morning, prominent Rock Springs attorney Douglas Preston got off the west-bound train and joined Cassidy and Meeks in the hotel. They talked together privately until 4:00 that afternoon when Preston boarded an eastbound train for Rock Springs. At about 7:00 that evening, Cassidy and Meeks were seen riding north out of Piedmont.

On August 13, 1896, just before closing time, the Montpelier, Idaho bank was robbed of $6,165 in greenbacks and $1,000 in gold and silver. The bandits were identified as Butch Cassidy, Bob Meeks, and Elza Lay. On Tuesday, September 10, 1896, in Ogden, Utah, Douglas Preston headed the counsel for the defense of one of Cassidy's friends, Matt Warner. Warner was accused of the murder of three men near Vernal, Utah the previous May. Because of a threatened lynching, Warner and his companion had been brought to Ogden.

On September 9, the second day of the trial, the Salt Lake *Herald* had uncovered evidence that while Warner was in the Vernal jail, Cassidy had stated that he was broke but would soon have some money and would send Preston to defend Warner. The paper also asserted that the purpose of the Montpelier bank robbery had been to get money for Warner's trial, and that at least $1,000 of the stolen loot had found its way into the pocket of "one of the attorneys" for the defense. In fact, the paper boldly asserted that the counsel for the defense had been paid from the proceeds of the bank holdup, a statement stoutly denied by Preston. He and his associates threatened to sue the paper for libel, but charges were never pressed. The meeting in the Piedmont Hotel had been for the retaining of Mr. Preston as defense attorney for Matt Warner and to apply the finishing touches on the plans for the bank robbery. Preston may or may not have known about the planned robbery, but is is hard to conceive that the fee received from Cassidy (Preston denied this but would not tell who paid his fee, nor would he sue the Salt Lake *Herald*, who accused him of taking his fee from Cassidy) could have been money other than that obtained from the Montpelier bank robbery. The meeting in Piedmont was not disclosed at the trial.

ABOUT 1900, the Union Pacific Railroad began digging the Aspen tunnel through Aspen Mountain. Upon completion, the tunnel, nearly a mile and a quarter long, eliminated the steep winding grade from Piedmont to Aspen Station at the summit. The railroad was rerouted from Leroy to the tunnel, missing Piedmont by several miles. Piedmont was stranded and its demise began. Although the population dropped from around 200 to 35 persons, and its railroad, charcoal and lumbering business was gone, the partially vacated town struggled on, serving the surrounding ranch area. However, its decline continued and in the 1940s lack of business forced the closing of the old Guild Mercantile Store. The last resident of the town was William Taylor, a sheepherder who carried mail from the railroad station of Regan to the Gildean ranch which had become the Piedmont Post Office. Taylor froze to death in the blizzards of 1949 and no one has lived in Piedmont since then. Most of the buildings, including the store, have been hauled away. All that remains are three or four tumble-down remnants of homes, some foundations, the coal dump where the engine shed once stood, the charcoal kilns of Moses Byrne, and the cemeteries.

Piedmont left its legacy, nevertheless. A Union Pacific train robbery of $7,000 was never recovered and is thought to be buried somewhere in the area. Also, part of Butch Cassidy's Montpelier bank robbery loot is supposedly buried near the town. Much of the area has been dug up, and buildings have had their floors, walls and ceilings torn out. Ash dumps have been carefully sifted, and old foundations and holes of basements thoroughly probed. The loot taken from this endeavor? Parts of opium pipes and other Chinese relics, old bottles and newspapers of the 1900s. A man with a metal detector is said to have picked up three twenty-dollar gold pieces, touching off another thorough probing of the townsite. What remnants there are will be reduced still further by man's lust for riches, and his desire to find a link to the past.

Piedmont is now occupied by her most faithful resident, the biting Wyoming wind.

Gambling in Early Day Montana

(Continued from page 26)

full out against fours in his own hand, but them fellers knew one another pretty well and there was nothing strange in their being sort of suspicious.

"There was some close watching done the next time the deal came 'round to Conley and as hard luck would have it, there were three pat hands out. Ayers wasn't in, but LeCouer had a flush. Goddard had a straight and Conley caught a small full. They played a straight in the West as long as the early mining days, and it was the rule that straights were only counted when an agreement to that effect had been made beforehand.

"THERE WAS some pretty stiff betting, and Conley cleaned up about $400 on the hand. Just about this time (though I'm not a-saying as there was anything crooked) Goddard spoke up sort of nasty and said:

" 'It appears to me that you're getting pretty damn good and strong on the deal.'

"Conley showed pretty quick whether he was a fighter or not. There was no one who knew whether or not he was cheating, but before Goddard had quit talking, Conley had a gun pointed square under his nose, and these were his words:

" 'I allow that you'll swallow those words and chew 'em up,' and Conley's voice had just the softest purr that anyone ever heard—just like stroking a cat the right way before a logwood fire, 'And I want to tell you quick that you beg my pardon or I'll blow the top of your head off your shoulders.'

"It didn't seem like he'd do it, for Goddard hadn't really charged him with cheating, although his conversation was sure insulting, and an insult in those days was worse than a blow anytime in the week. Goddard was furious, and being without fear, he undertook to 'jaw' back. I don't recall what was said, but he started to say something rightly, and before Goddard stopped saying his little piece, Conley had pulled the trigger.

"Goddard fell over dead and the next minute Ayers and Conley were blazing away at each other. Although they were near enough to each other in the cab not to miss their aim, they did miss. I expect the struggle had been too hard on their nerves and ruined their aim. They fired seven or eight shots before either of them fell, and when they did go down both of them were dead.

"There was terrible excitement. It all happened so quick that there was no chance for anyone but LeCouer to interfere, if anyone had really wanted to.

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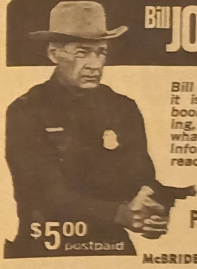

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A Real Bargain Podner! See page 39

After it was all over, we were just driving into the Ruby Cross trail and a few of the citizens dropped in on us to view the remains. The only man who was not in the least excited was LeCouer. He sat still during all of the fracas, simply looking on, but not making a single move. And, when the smoke of battle had cleared, he remarked in his womanish voice:

"'Well, that seems to break up this game of poker completely. If you gentlemen care to accept the offer, will you all do me the courtesy to line up at the bar across the street and have one on me?'

"But there was one thing I noticed," said the stage driver. "When LeCouer got up from the makeshift table in the stagecoach and they were cleaning up the scene of battle, there wasn't any money whatever lying around loose. There had been a good deal of it while the playing went on, but no one ever knew what became of it.

"There was one thing that this fracas with the shooting irons taught me, and that was this: When gamblers of the olden days got into such games with no sucker holding a hand, they always agreed amongst themselves that they would play fair, straight games. The boast used to be that when a gambler gave his word to play fair, he did, but I never took any stock in that," concluded Graves.

GEORGE HULM, nicknamed "Faro George," came to the town of Coulson in 1881 from London, England, where he claimed to have made a wonderful discovery. The discovery, his friends—Charles Hibbard, Joe Worley and Sigmund Deutsch—soon learned, was a sure system of beating faro. His newly acquired friends were more than a little skeptical. They had often heard of such systems, but had never heard of them actually working. However, they did consent to try the system out in their British friend's room where they spent almost the entire night working out different combinations which, to their great amazement, proved ninety-five percent perfect.

Fortified with great confidence, they made their way to Tock's gambling establishment the next night where they watched the faro layout for about an hour when Joe Worley asked the proprietor what the limit was. "The sky," replied the gambler. He had Joe figured as a green tenderfoot, ripe for picking, and he was the man, he thought, who could easily do it.

Joe entered the game cautiously at first, playing the part of an inexperienced gambler well, then suddenly with a cyclonic finish broke the bank completely. His system paid off to the tune of $16,500.

The following day Hibbard was obliged to attend to an imperative engineering job and much to his dismay found that he would be unable to return to Tock's for another gambling engagement. His friends, however, were on the job. They didn't expect a red-carpet welcome after the previous evening's performance, but neither did they expect the welcome they did get. The proprietor met them with a smile that pushed the ends of his handlebar mustache almost up to his eyebrows and personally escorted them to the gambling room, where they proceeded to annex the roll of the re-established bank; but sad to state, Tock, it appeared, also had a system and his was one hundred percent efficient. It took him but a few minutes to empty the wallets of the three gamblers and completely remove their faith in their new system.

In the meantime Hibbard was cussing the luck which kept him from making another killing, but when he returned to Coulson and saw the long faces of his friends, he changed his opinion on his luck and silently thanked his lucky star for the $5,000 he still had in his pocket.

ABOUT seventy-five years ago, "Kelly, the Sport" was a well known character of northern Montana. Kelly, to put it mildly, was an eccentric character, as well as a confirmed gambler. He called home any of the mining camps of the Belt Mountains although he did make infrequent social calls to the sheep and cow camps. Kelly considered raising sheep or cattle a foolish business when there was always an opportunity to gamble for a living, even though, as he was willing to admit, the living was sometimes far from being first class.

Kelly didn't fit into the accepted picture of an early-day gambler at all. When gamblers were usually immediately recognized by their picturesque attire and gentlemanly manner, he worried little about his appearance, with one exception. No matter how poorly dressed he was, he was always fitted out in an elegant pair of soft calfskin boots which he kept in good condition. They were never soiled regardless of weather conditions and it was said he never sat down without dusting his boots with his handkerchief. Some said he had been a shoemaker by trade, but if he had been, he had discarded this tedious profession for the far more exciting games of chance.

Kelly had one habit which interrupted his routine considerably. Whether flush or broke, he had to indulge in periodic ten-day drinking sprees which would begin with a systematic tour of every bar in town. He was never unruly or loud during these times and his fellow-drinkers always saw to it that he never lacked for a bottle. His peculiar attire did make him the butt of many jokes, but he never seemed to mind furnishing the miners and ranchers with a little local color. Bartenders often amused themselves by decking Kelly out in donated wearing apparel, intended, of course, to make his appearance even more ludicrous than usual. Kelly was extremely grateful for such handouts and wore them with dignity. Even sympathetic pedestrians found it difficult to suppress a smile upon seeing him on the street wearing a lady's wide brimmed feather and flower trimmed hat, a swallowtailed coat and carrying a ruffled pink parasol.

But regardless of Kelly's unorthodox appearance, when engaged in a game of poker he commanded respect and received it even from the best of gamblers. He played a lone hand and had a reputation for honesty at all times. He was known to have nerves of steel even when under the most trying circumstances and many stories have been told about his conduct in big games.

One concerns a combination sheep-shearer-gambler and just plain no good bully named Francisco Suisse but better known as "Spanish Frank." Spanish Frank had a habit of showing up in Montana annually during the sheep-shearing season. It was the custom for sheep-shearers to work hard in the daytime to make as much money as possible to gamble with after dark. Kelly occasionally dropped into a saloon for a game with Spanish Frank.

One night over in Big Sandy County, Kelly was in a draw game with Spanish Frank across the table. Play was high and big pots came often. Spanish Frank, who had been drinking steadily for several days, was in a very ugly mood. Most of the players, afraid of him, had gotten out, but not Kelly. At last the game narrowed down to just the two of them. It was a jackpot opened by Frank with a hundred dollar bet. Kelly squinted at his hand and raised it a hundred. The call was made, Frank drawing two cards and Kelly three. Frank bet two hundred dollars, rising from the table at the same time and shouting, "I no theenk yuh call dat bet, Meester Kelly."

Kelly peeked carefully through his hand, laid it face down, looked squarely and confidently into Frank's whisky-blurred eyes, and said quietly, "I'm going to call it, and I am going to raise you two hundred dollars more," with which he pushed the money to the center of the table.

Kelly took the pot, and no one was again afraid of Spanish Frank after that, for Kelly, with nothing, had made him lay down three queens.

After gambling was outlawed in Montana, Kelly lost interest in life. He died at the poor farm in Meagher County a few years after the game with Spanish Frank.

CALAMITY JANE was a familiar figure at the poker tables. Although she was considered more or less an average player, she was also considered an honest one and her opinion of crooked card sharps as expressed in her own language is not printable.

Henry Parrent, a Montana pioneer who lived in Gilt Age in 1898, often told this story of his chance meeting with Calamity Jane:

"I was sitting in a poker game one night with a tinhorn gambler who was taking my money away from me fast. I realized that the game was crooked and got up to leave when a deep voice spoke from behind me saying, 'Stay right where you are, young fellow. I'll see that yuh get fair play.' The voice belonged to none other than the famous Calamity Jane and to emphasize her words she laid a little gun down in the middle of the card table. I took her advice and stayed where I was and for some reason or another I had a change of luck and ended up by coming out of the game as winner.'"

Old-timers often vouched for what they called one of the most famous poker games ever played in Montana.

The game took place in the cabin of the river steamboat, *Far West*, at the mouth of the Rosebud the night before Custer and his ill-fated troopers marched out to a rendezvous with death June 25, 1876, on the Little Big Horn battlefield. Captain Tom Custer, Lieutenant Calhoun, Captain Crowell of the Sixth Infantry, Captain Grant Marsh of the *Far West*, and several others were engaged in a card game.

George Custer wrote several letters in his tent on the river bank. The game was more than a game of cards, it was a battle between the various branches of the service. Luck was very fickle; first it favored the cavalry, as represented by Custer and Calhoun, then the navy, as represented by Captain Marsh. The air was filled with tension as the game progressed to the point where finally the infantry emerged the winner and Captain Crowell left the card table richer by several thousand dollars. Captain Marsh remarked that undoubtedly the thought of the danger the men were soon to face made the officers more than usually reckless but that he had witnessed many games when fortunes were won and lost, and the poker game on the eve of the Little Big Horn battle was one of the stiffest ever played on a riverboat.

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The Test

(Continued from page 23)

wagon, as I am now.

Pappy and the two boys built a stout adobe of one or two rooms, with a heavy plank door and shuttered windows, in one corner of the farmyard. Plank shelves and a counter were added. He enlarged his stock, mostly bulky things, things he had never dreamed of handling in the days of peddling from a wagon, and things which would appeal to the tribesmen and their squaws.

Word went out across the Indian lands south of the river that there was a new trading post north of the river run by Man-with-Long-Beard. And in a short time they started to come. No family groups, though; no women, no children. Just men, at first, by twos and threes. And not to buy or trade, just to look. They would stand for hours in small groups along the walls near the door, occasionally conversing in their guttural native tongue in low voices. But always looking, their sharp eyes seldom missing a movement or gesture or the addition of an item on the plank shelves. Never touching or handling the displays, just looking.

Pappy Wharton wasn't always at the store during these early days. He kept up his peddling trips to the more remote spreads and went freighting whenever he could to bring in a little, much needed hard money. But whenever he was not there, Will or Hosea—usually Will, as he was the older—was at the store. And whether Pappy was there or not, the post operated with the sun. At the first glimmer of sunrise the heavy plank door was unbarred and swung open on its protesting hinges. And with the last rays at sunset the lookers would be shooed out of the bull pen, the door swung shut and securely barred for the night.

Whoever tended the store—be it Pappy, Will, Hosea, or sometimes Ma—he was careful never to show the least sign of impatience or anxiety. When the Indians made up their minds to trade or to buy they would, but they could not be hurried. Time meant nothing to them, in the sense of the whites.

Pappy was in the store on the day several weeks later when the tribal headman came from across the river. The few Indians lounging outside in the store yard stood up when he rode in. Those in the bull pen moved back respectfully against the walls when he entered the store, leaving the center of the floor and the trading counter to him.

The headman ignored the Whartons. He stood just in front of the counter, his blanket loosely draped around his spare body. He stared over the Whartons' heads at the shelves behind them, and moving his craggy face slowly from left to right he piercingly eyed the stock.

Apparently satisfied, the headman fumbled under his blanket and brought out a buckskin bag. He opened the drawstrings deliberately and selected a small coin, which he laid on the counter. Imperiously, he pointed with a bony finger to a sack of tobacco. With his purchase the headman, still without a word, turned from the counter and left the store.

Thus symbolically, trading began. The Whartons sighed with relief, thinking that they had been tested and accepted.

ACROSS THE RIVER, almost directly opposite the trading post, was the camp of the Shaky-Heads, prolific, quarrelsome, and unable to get along for long with their own. They had traded up and down the valley, running up a credit bill at one trading post until their credit was stopped, when they would shift their trade to another post. They had been over to the Whartons' a time or two, preceding the headman's visit. They would join the lookers in the bull pen, but they were pointedly ignored by the others. They would stand in front of the counter and hungrily eye the small, easily hidden items of the stock just out of their reach.

Pappy knew of the family's reputation through his freighting contacts, of course. He was unwilling, though, to take any action against them during the ticklish weeks of establishing the post and the trade. Even though the family seemed to be poorly regarded by the other tribesmen, to order them away from the post might give offense to the tribe as a whole and jeopardize the future of the post. Once trade had been started and the Whartons had been accepted, however, all of this would be changed.

A day or so after the headman's visit, three of the Shaky-Head men came splashing across the ford and tied their horses in the store yard. One of them was the family head, a wispy but wiry little man with bowed legs. Another was a youth, barely beyond puberty, but with black, hooded eyes which constantly and restlessly darted from object to object. The third was a young man of immense proportions whose nickname was The Bull.

Several family groups, women and children included, were in the post when the Shaky-Heads rode into the yard, and other groups were in the yard as well. Through the open door Pappy saw the new arrivals. He came from behind the counter with eyes fixed on the three, and advanced to the door where he blocked the passage. In moments of stress, Pappy had the habit of combing his fingers through his beard, starting at the chin and running first his left hand and then his right downward toward his belt. He did so now, over and over.

The various groups of Indians fell silent and apprehensively watched the Shaky-Head family head approach the store door, his high moccasin leggings flapping against bare shanks. He seemed not to see Pappy blocking the door until one foot was reaching for the door sill. He hesitated a moment, then made a move sideways as though to brush Pappy aside and enter the store. Pappy blocked the move.

The Shaky-Head muttered something in a low voice. Pappy, also in a low voice but one which carried to the farthest limits of the yard, told him that he and his family were not welcome to trade at the post. The Indian fell back a step, glared at Pappy, and slowly looked around at those in the yard who were witnessing and overhearing his shame. He turned back to Pappy and said something short and explosive.

Pappy said nothing but stood unmoving; even his beard combing stopped. The Shaky-Head stepped back another pace, glaring at Pappy all the while. Then he turned abruptly on his heel, and putting his feet down hard on the bare earth of the yard strode briskly with tense, set face to where The Bull and the youngster waited with their horses.

The three mounted their ponies, and with a last hard look at Pappy still standing in the door, whirled and went thundering down to the ford. The family groups started moving about again, talking and laughing in low voices. Trading resumed.

One of the people friendliest to the Whartons, Hosteen Blue-eyes, sidled over to Pappy and said in English, "This is not the end, you know. They will be back."

Pappy, in back of the trading counter, nodded soberly.

A WEEK OR TWO passed without incident. From word crossing the river, the Shaky-Heads were keeping close to their camp. Trading at the post was brisk, and family groups were constantly coming and going. Pappy prepared to go out on another freighting trip, leaving Will in charge of the post with Hosea to help him.

He had just returned and joined Will in the post when a slight stirring at the door and a darkening of the opening drew Pappy's attention. At the moment there was no one else in the store, as it would soon be time for the sunset closing of the door.

The family head of the Shaky-Heads, already well advanced into the bull pen, stood with snake-like eyes glinting maliciously. Behind him in solid phalanx stood the Shaky-Head men, with The Bull and the youngster in the forefront. Somehow they had crossed the river unobserved and had circled around to come to the post from the rear.

Pappy, with a chill feeling in the pit of his stomach, knew what was coming and reached for the pick handle lying on the back counter. From the corner of his eye he saw Will grab another pick handle and vault the counter with a shrill yell to Hosea outside.

The fight was brief. Pappy stirred where he lay on the floor, and felt of his raw, bleeding face where his proud beard had been savagely torn away. Will lay in a heap in one corner of the room, the jagged stub of the pick handle still clutched in his right hand and his arm bloody to the shoulder.

The trading post was a shambles. The counter had been torn from its moorings and lay splintered on its side. All of the shelves had been torn down, and the stock was a trodden litter on the floor. The heavy plank door had been wrenched from its hinges and lay in the yard. And over everything, splashed on the walls, standing in congealing pools on the floor, was blood. Of the Shaky-Heads there was no sign. They had had their revenge and gone.

Among Wharton's neighbors there was talk of sending an express messenger to Fort Wingate for troops, but Pappy characteristically vetoed this. He preferred to handle the matter in his own way. With the limping Will and battered Hosea, Pappy set about rebuilding the trading post. A careful inventory of the remaining stock showed that only inconsequential items of little value were missing and presumably taken by the Shaky-Heads. In keeping with their ways, they had symbolically robbed the trading post, and by purposely selecting items of little value had shown their scorn for the Whartons.

For a few days not an Indian was seen. No more did family groups come splashing across the ford on horseback or in wagons. During this time the battered Whartons singlemindedly kept to their task of rebuilding the trading post. The repaired plank door, propped in the opening, remained securely barred, but from within during the hours of daylight came the sounds of hammering and sawing. But in a week the door was unbarred one morning at sunrise and swung open on its protesting hinges. Behind the counter stood Pappy as usual, except for his bandaged face.

Then, by twos and threes the men began to show up, with Hosteen Blue-eyes among the first, to be followed by others. Trading resumed. After a time, word filtered across the river that the Shaky-Head camp had been abandoned and the entire family had followed their flocks into the badlands far to the south of the river.

It was Hosteen Blue-eyes who found the old-time lance, its point jabbed into the earth in the center of the abandoned Shaky-Head camp. Knotted to its haft was a scrap of blanket tied into a bundle. And inside the bundle were the inconsequential items of little value taken from the store of Man-with-Long-Beard, who was now beardless and would remain so for the rest of his life.

Author's Note: Will Wharton, who told me this story from his life experiences, still lives on the family place near the Hogback. His memory and recollections of the past are extremely sharp and vividly detailed. Wharton is not his real name—this change was made at his request—but his real name is on file at Western Publications, and all other identifications in the account are accurate.

"Ride Easy Kid, the Road's Rough"

(Continued from page 29)

boundary of Oklahoma Territory. Dad didn't want to make the run, so waited a few days. In early May he went to the new Territorial Government Land Office at Guthrie to see if any unclaimed sites remained. They gave him several. One was two miles north and one east of the tent town of Still Water (as it was spelled then).

For several years he had heard exciting stories about Captain David L. Payne and Captain W. L. Couch and their constant trouble with the United States troops as the two men attempted to settle the unassigned lands, so he took the one closest to Still Water. This homestead was described as the Southwest Quarter of Section Twelve in Township Nineteen North, Range Two East Indian Base and Meridian, Oklahoma Territory, containing one hundred sixty acres. Dad rode directly to Still Water where he met Robert A. Lowery, an attorney; John J. Barnes, a groceryman; and W. A. Swiler, a hardware dealer with whom he became and remained firm friends as long as they lived. These men directed him to the quarter section.

As he rode over his new homestead, he found a not-so-young fellow, hard at work digging a ditch. It was a case of two Irishmen meeting, but when Dad showed Bill Kelly his filing papers, the latter admitted that he was a squatter, just hadn't taken time to go to Guthrie and file. He quietly rolled up his little tent, tied it with his tools on his pack mule, and rode away. Dad hastily staked his claim, leaving plenty of evidence that it had been filed on, then hurried back to Arkansas City for the family.

W. A. WATSON, his wife, and sons Claud, age four, and Dell, two years, thus arrived at their new home. They had come to stay regardless of conditions, so their covered wagon was

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loaded inside and out with a few household articles, farming implements and carpenter tools. A crate with eleven hens and one rooster was wired to the endgate, a lantern swung from the end of the coupling pole, a milch cow and the boys' riding horse were tied behind, and the dog trotted along.

They lived in the covered wagon with a canvas lean-to while he built a sod house—one room sixteen feet square. Mother planted a little garden in the places where Dad had removed the sod. He had money to buy the roofing, two doors, and four windows. Mother finished the house by papering it with newspapers saved along the way. That sod house was to be my birthplace.

The next job was to dig a well. It was only a few feet down to water. Then, as soon as they were settled, Dad joined a freighter train. This was a group of men, each with a stout wagon and a strong team, who hauled freight between Still Water and Perry, the closest railroad, about twenty-five miles away. It took three days and two nights to make one trip.

For many years, before and after we arrived, the Pawnee Indians on the north and the Shawnees to the south, were friendly tribes and held their powwows together. Each spring the Pawnees would travel to the Shawnees and each fall the Shawnees returned the visit, and on every trip they would camp one night directly in front, but a little way out, from our house. There was good grazing and a small creek close to their camping spot, so they could water and feed their horses. Although they were supposed to be friendly, Dad always timed his trips so as to be home when the Indians came by.

Freighting was good pay and within three years Daddy kept his promise to Mother and built a two-room frame house. A frame house, even a small one, in homestead country meant prosperity to any passer-by, so we had many visitors—tramps, peddlers, itinerant preachers—all looking for a free meal and often a bed. Dad would let them sleep in the barn.

My favorite story, although it was the most frightening, was about the Indians, and I would ask Mother to tell about the night she was so afraid.

"LATE ONE EVENING when Dad was on a trip," she said, "a lone wagon of Indians came by and pitched their camp on the same old spot. I hurriedly did the outside chores, then got you boys in the house and locked both doors. After dark I started to open the kitchen door to throw out some water only to find the door fastened on the outside. I blew out the light and took the three of you to the big rocking chair. Holding the baby in my arms, I wedged you boys in, one on each side of me. We stayed very quiet, each minute expecting the Indians to break in the front door.

"After what seemed like hours I heard someone go quietly around the house. I was petrified but remained calm so not to frighten you children. Nothing happened. Eventually I got up and peeped out the front window. There stood a big horse, and a man was in a bed roll asleep on the front step. I felt sure it was one of the Boys keeping watch, so I put us all to bed.

"Early the next morning I looked out the window again and both the Indians and the horse and rider were gone."

When Dad got home he and Mother reconstructed the experience this way: One of the cowboy-outlaws was riding by and saw the Indians and the dark house. The Boys had ridden the country long enough to know all the homesteaders and thier habits. They knew that most of them left a dim light burning through the night, so a dark house meant trouble. This one rode around the house and when he saw the wagon and team gone, he knew Dad was on a trip, and that the Indians had come by. The folks never knew who he was or how the door became fastened.

The first incident I remember occurred in the spring of 1893. Mother had taken a fresh baking of lightbread from the oven and turned it out on the table to cool while she took the lumber wagon and us three children and drove three miles to town. When we returned, the bread was gone but in its place was a ten-dollar gold piece and a note: "Thank you ma'am, we can get money easier than we can get bread like this." Ten dollars in gold! That bought a heap of flour and other staples in those days.

By 1895 our home had grown to five rooms and there were five of us children. Dad got the homestead patent in 1896 signed by President Grover Cleveland. In homestead country the father made the living and did the heavy manual labor, but the mother made it home. There was very little social life. Mother had brought one hymnal and many an evening we sat in the moonlight or by the fire and sang. Then we hopped into bed.

Our favorite among the Boys was a big, rugged but fatherly sort of fellow. He said for us to call him Charley. He not only paid well for a meal and the sandwiches he always asked to take along, but he also had a bag of candy for "the younguns," as he called us. We were so fascinated that we would follow him to the hitching post, where he would tousle Claud's hair, then swing into the saddle. As he rode away we would hear him mumble, "Ride easy, kid, the road's rough." He would be gone several weeks or maybe months.

When my big brothers were old enough to be interested in roping matches, horse racing and bronco busting—there were many mustangs in the country that made good saddle and work horses when they were broken—Dad bought Molly, a little racing filly, for added interest and possibly a little additional income. She was always locked in the barn at night because sometimes horses were taken from the pasture.

One morning Molly was gone and a beautiful chestnut stallion stood in her stall. He was pretty but he made a horrible noise. Later we learned that some fellows had robbed a bank in Tulsa, about sixty miles away, and had outrun a posse. Someone had traded his tired horse for Molly. In the race the stallion had run himself down, and it was his hard breathing which made the noise.

Both the Daltons and Doolins had hide-outs in the hill country about twelve miles farther east. Stillwater was never bothered much with them because we had no railroad, no herds of horses, cattle or large banks. This was strictly farming country and had nothing worth stealing. And the country was too level and open even to make good places to hide.

After weeks a stranger rode into our yard and claimed that the stallion had been taken from his breeding barn in Tulsa. When he learned the horse had been injured he didn't want him. He even sent Dad the registration papers. The stallion's services probably brought more than Molly's racing would have.

THE SOIL around Stillwater proved to be fertile and soon the grass lands gave way to wheat fields. Dad now was a freighter and a farmer. In 1897 he went to work for the Stillwater Milling and Manufacturing Company which had been reorganized with James Beech as General Manager, Cliff Rock, President and W. A. Watson, my father, as Secretary and Engineer.

After the mill was in operation the company added an ice plant. Dad was put in charge of the plant and, because he had a good team, was given the added job of delivering ice to the local citizenry. He was called, and long remembered, as the first iceman in Stillwater. On December 10, 1899—at 1:30 a.m.—the mill and ice plant burned down. It was soon rebuilt at the same location and today, so many years later, a much larger and modern industrial center stands at the same place and carries the same name as the original, doing a huge business in a city of 32,110 population.

In 1903, the year Claud was eighteen, Bob and Jack Smith opened a livery barn in Stillwater. Bob was a husky fellow with iron gray hair. Jack was younger. They were likeable fellows and good businessmen, but Jack soon became restless and moved on. Bob was involved with the town's affairs and remained. When the country boys rode into town Saturday evenings, they often stabled their horses with the Smiths. If Bob were night man, he usually had some excuse for not charging my brother Claud full price. "Your nag's little—give me a dime," he would say.

Claud became curious and wondered if Bob could be our "Charley" of earlier years. One night as he rode away, he heard Bob murmur, "Ride easy, kid, the road's rough."

Bob never married and during his second winter in Stillwater he took pneumonia and died, leaving no relatives that anyone could locate. After the funeral Claud told me what he had heard Bob say but we agreed never to mention it—until now, many years later.

THE RECORDS in the Payne County Clerk's office in Stillwater, the county seat, call Ingalls a square town. Four blocks north and south, four east and west, Main Street was 100 feet wide and the alleys were 20 feet.

Although it was only ten miles from Stillwater it, too, soon became a thriving community in a good agricultural area. Besides Dr. McMurtry's office there was a combination grocery, drygoods and drug store; a hardware and blacksmith shop; and a saloon and gambling room operated by a Mr. Vaughn. Ingalls was settled by families—which meant children and a school. All the people joined together and built a house, larger than just a cabin, on the southwest corner of the town. This was the community center. All town meetings were held here, all elections, as well as school during the week, church on Sunday, and an occasional dance or program on Saturday nights.

Ingalls didn't have Stillwater's good luck, however, because it was located in more broken country and was close to the Creek Indian Nation where anyone wanting to get "lost" could do so quickly. Soon outlaw gangs had two hideouts within a few miles of the town's limits. They didn't bother the town at first. It had nothing to rob, not even a post office, and it was a pleasant place to loaf. They were good spenders and the merchants appreciated their business.

One July afternoon in 1891 a handsome young fellow rode into Ingalls and stopped at the saloon for a drink. When he laid his money quietly on the bar instead of flipping it as most did, the bartender gave him a quizzical look.

The fellow just smiled and took his drink to a corner table. After sitting there a long time watching people enter and leave, he went back to the bar. He said his name was Sam—just one of the Boys passing through—but this seemed like such a quiet, friendly place he'd like to stay and rest a few days if he could get a bed and meals. The bartender said, "Bed upstairs and food across the street." Sam went out.

Come Sunday Sam sat in front of the restaurant watching families walking across the dusty street to a large building. Saddle horses and teams were tied to the hitching rack. Out of curiosity he went over and found church services in session with a pretty red-haired girl in charge. They mostly sang and he joined in. J. W. Perry, the druggist, was the preacher.

Sam's few days stretched to a few weeks. Soon he was dating the schoolteacher whom everyone called Miss Dora. Instead of leaving for another job he leased a quarter section and stocked it with a few head of cattle. As he was then Sam Palmer, citizen, he bought an organ for the church.

One Sunday in September 1892, toward the close of the services, he was leading the congregation in that famous old camp meeting song, "Shall We Gather at the River," when two lawmen slipped in and squatted down so not to disturb the meeting. Sam saw them but hardly paused. As he went out the door with the lawmen he waved goodby to his friends and said jokingly that he'd bet he was the only one in the bunch who had ever bought an organ for a church. To the little schoolteacher he whispered, "Wait—I'll be back. I want to marry you."

As this was only his second offense and he had proved himself a desirable citizen, he was given just a two-year sentence and a light fine. Then he did come back and they were married and settled down to establish a ranch.

While he had been gone—1893-'94—the Doolin gang had visited Ingalls. Someone had tipped off the law that Doolins were loafing in and around the town. And, according to C. S. Bassler, well known local historian, on September 2, 1894 the U.S. Marshals, aided by many of the local citizens, had their last big fight with the outlaws, a fight which completely shattered the little town. Businesses were destroyed and many people were killed. Soon families began leaving. They were afraid, and Ingalls became another ghost town. Sam found he was no longer trusted and treated as a friend, so one day he and Dora loaded their covered wagon and started to Montana country.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Allen and their children, originally from Georgia, moved from Ingalls to Stillwater. Years later Mae, the oldest child, and I became neighbors and friends. She said so far as she knew no one had ever heard from Sam and Dora, but she hoped they reached Montana and another one of the Boys made good. So do I. Mae died in 1956, the last of her family.

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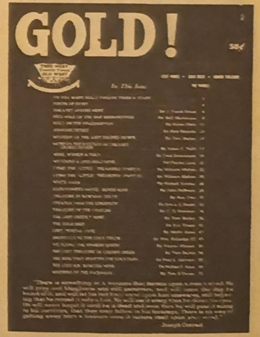

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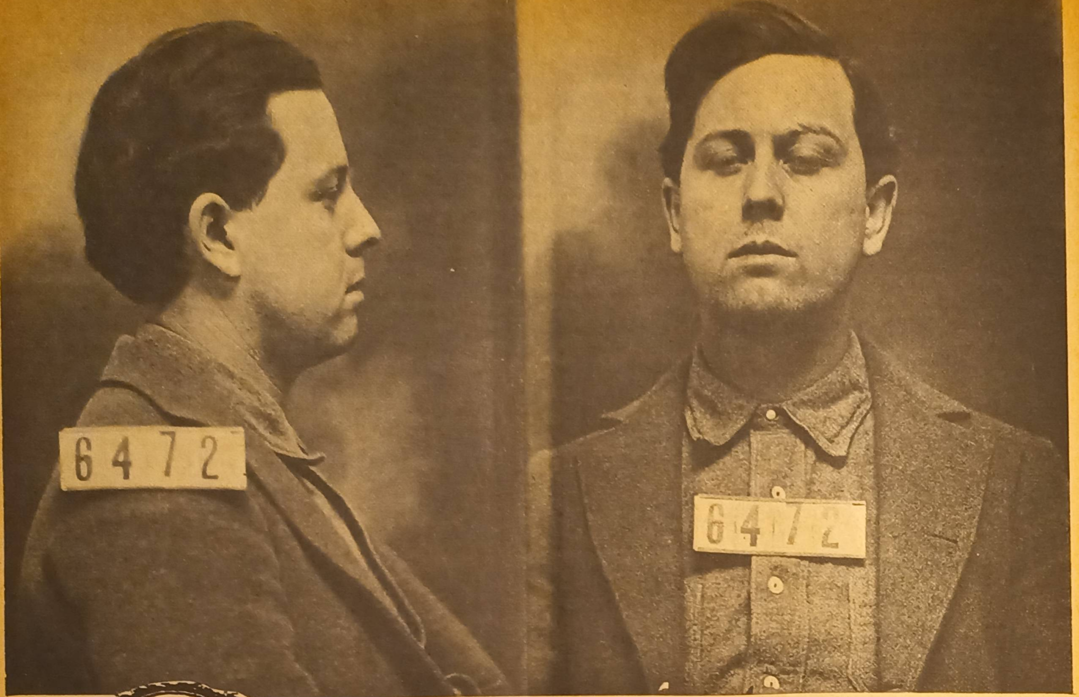


Courtesy Kansas Historical Society, Topeka

Emmett Dalton's official Lansing Penitentiary mugs—possibly the first time these photos have ever been published.

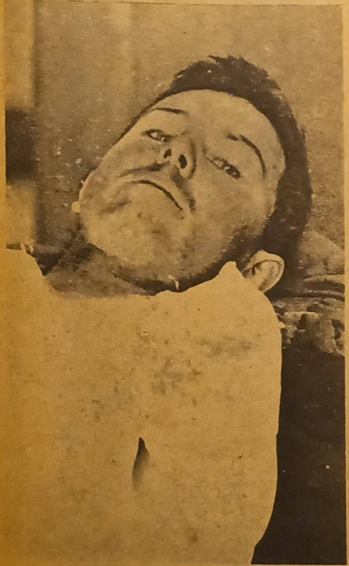
OLD WEST Special!

"PRISON DELIVERY"

By Emmett Dalton

Submitted by JOHN WALLACE

Courtesy REA Express Agency



EMMETT DALTON'S life of crime came to an abrupt and bloody end amid black-powder smoke and choking dust on a street in Coffeyville, Kansas, October 5, 1892. Wounded critically during the Dalton gang's abortive attempt to rob two local banks at the same time in broad daylight, Emmett lay beside his dying brother, Bob, to whose side he had returned in a vain attempt at rescue. Not far off lay gang members Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell and another brother, Gratton, all dead.

Nineteen-year-old Emmett survived his numerous wounds, was transferred to Independence and there was tried, convicted, and sentenced by Judge J. D. McCue to life imprisonment in Kansas' Lansing Penitentiary, which he entered March 8, 1893. After serving more than fourteen years, Emmett was pardoned by Governor Edward W. Hoch on July 7, 1907.

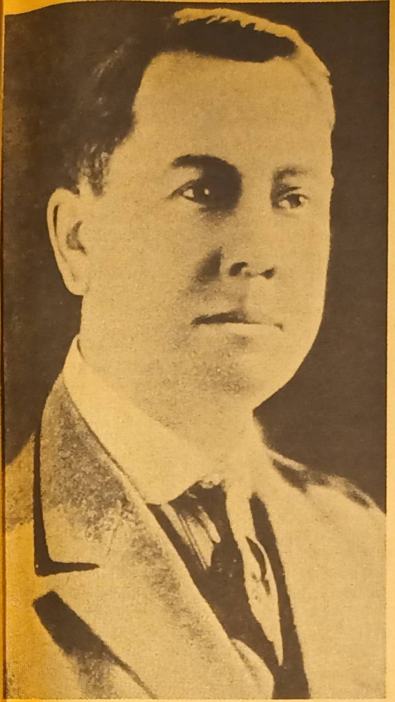
COMPLETE in this ISSUE!

More than a year later, on September 8, 1908, Emmett married Julia Johnson, his long-time sweetheart. The couple eventually moved to Hollywood, California, where Emmett made a good living in real estate. He died in California July 13, 1937.

While Emmett Dalton succeeded in putting behind him his brief career in outlawry, he had not suppressed his desire to see stories of his and his brothers' colorful lives set down in print. Barely ten years after his release from Lansing, his book "Beyond the Law," which had previously been printed serially in "Wide World" magazine in London, was published in New York in 1918. (A motion picture of the same title—in which Emmett himself starred—hit theaters across the country at about the same time.)

Still another decade later, in New York in 1931, Emmett saw published "When the Daltons Rode," written in collaboration with Jack Jungmeyer. This book was republished in 1937. In the meantime, a history of the Dalton gang written by Chuck Martin, a close friend of Emmett and to whom Emmett had related the material for the story, had appeared in six installments of "All Western" magazine in 1935.

"Prison Delivery," written by Emmett and published most likely only once, in pamphlet form two years before his death, may be considered one of the lesser-known (or least known) of the stories written by Dalton. All later books about the Dalton gang so far examined carry no mention of "Prison Delivery," and the pamphlet does not appear in Ramon F. Adams' "Six-Guns and Saddle Leather," a bibliography of books and pamphlets on western outlaws and gunfighters published in 1954 and again in 1969.



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Emmett Dalton wounded after the Coffeyville fight (below left) and, at left, some years after his release from Lansing Penitentiary (below) in Kansas.

"Prison Delivery" was printed in 1935 as a four-page, unbound pamphlet by Ralph F. Cummings of Grafton, Massachusetts as publication number two of "Reckless Ralph's Twenty-five Cent Novel Library," which sold, strangely enough according to the price on the separate color wrapper, for fifteen cents a copy. Presumably Cummings had issued a "No. 1" and perhaps even published some numbers following "Prison Delivery," but so far Emmett's story of prison ills and recommended remedies is the only issue in the series I have seen.—JW

BACK in the early nineties I made a mistake when I called the law a liar. For that egotism I was compelled to give the state of Kansas fourteen years of my life. Lansing was the mausoleum in which my living ashes reposed those many years.

While in prison undergoing that mysterious something called "social regeneration" I saw many prison deliveries, some by escape, others by pardon, parole or expiration of time, but the greatest prison delivery the world has even known started long before I went to Lansing. It involves every kind of penal institution in America. And it is still going on, this gigantic disgorgement of men, women, and youngsters from penitentiaries, jails and all manner of punitive and so-called corrective institutions throughout the United States.

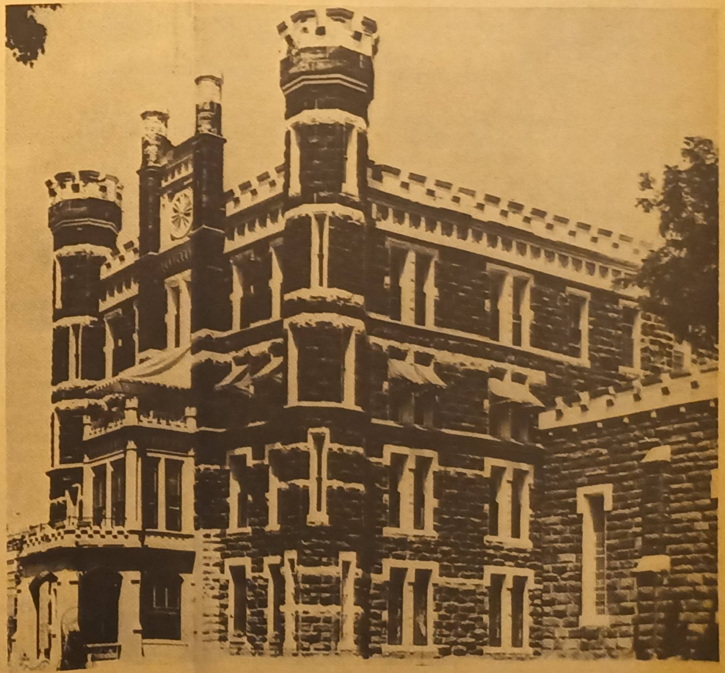
Imprisonment is an unnatural condition, and no man-made law will ever change human nature.

Prisons, as we know them today, should either be abolished or put on a higher plane if erring humans are to be reclaimed to any appreciable per-cent.

From them approximately four hundred thousand inmates march out every year. Four hundred thousand! Last year. This year. Next year. A vast army of folk who have known forcible confinement. Scattering, filtering back into the places where you and I walk and dwell, work and play. One of President Hoover's crime commissioners has certified to this almost incredible figure. And I use the words "prison delivery" in that sense. But so far as the effect is concerned, the delivery might as well be violent break or stealthy escape.

Men will come out of cell houses, one way or another; either legitimately by discharge, parole or pardon, or vaulting the walls like charging tigers. It is not in what manner, but in what condition they come out—how they have been effected [*sic*] by incarceration—that is of public concern. Their frame of mind, their attitude, their equipment to face

Courtesy Kansas Historical Society, Topeka



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

On February 6, 1935, the same year "Prison Delivery" was first published, Emmett Dalton (right) presented his .44 Colt to writer Charles M. (Chuck) Martin at the Dalton home in Hollywood while Emmett's wife looked on and took this picture. The pistol is the same one which Emmett had carried on his early outlaw raids.

the turmoil of free life again, depends largly [*sic*] upon the nature of prison administration and the public intelligence behind the prison warders [*sic*.] This is as obvious as that a man's nature can be influenced by his surroundings and associates. This is one of the largest problems facing America today.

For five thousand days and nights I watched this conditioning process in operation at Lansing, in the work shops and the cell houses. I observed what a penitentiary did to its inmates. I reflected what it might do—this and other penal institutions similarly administered—under more intelligent operation in the manner of prisoner rehabilitation. And if I were to leave unsaid, briefly, the gist of these reflections—for whatever they may be worth—I should feel that I had left unfinished the intimate story of a former law breaker. For they had to do, in a fundamental way, with my own permanent farewell to violence.

I am no glib panacea shouter. I know that no man's recipe is suddenly going to bring a heavenly balm to this tough world of sinners. And most certainly I do not expect prisons ever to be angel factories. But equally certain I am that they can be governed and appointed to breed and nurture fewer devils who presently may go raging up and down the land. Sure too, that this may be accomplished by using nothing more nor less than the common sense which the outside world applies in its business and social affairs.

THE only function of a penitentiary is to innoculate its inmates against the fever of lawlessness. That, and no other, in the modern world.

It is the fashion today to speak of prisons as schools of crime. To make the statement with a nod of sad finality, as if that were the unalterable situation. Generally it is meant to imply that prison association inevitably brings about a general vicious contamination. The outsider has vague visions of some confirmed "master criminal" zealously instructing redeemable young innocents in the intricate arts of crime.

That is mostly poppycock.

There are no deep mysteries in the general run of criminal professions whose practice may be imparted. Crooked proficiency isn't so much a matter of technique. It is a mental bent. And in these swift days when youth has taken the reins of lawlessness, it would be some bland youngster who could be wising up the penitentiary veterans, if that were the way of contamination. No, the infection is not so specific.

Idleness is the prison ogre. Idleness which confirms the crooked bent.

Time hangs especially heavy on the minds of men who have always been doers instead of thinkers. No matter if their activities have been malicious. They have been energetic. Bursting with energy, many of them. The habit of activity shrieks for an outlet. Suddenly this is damned [*sic*] up in unaccustomed channels. Awkward thought is easily herded by any glib tongue. It runs after any Pied Piper of the lawless few who whistles a seductive tune.

The majority of prisoners in every penitentiary are kept more or less busy at something it is true. But there is always an excess of men over jobs—often a great excess—due sometimes to administrative inefficiency, due more often to over-crowding and outside pressure of political expediency and industrial taboos. And even in the men who are steadily employed, the nature of the work seldom takes up the slack of the mind. Only the most childish conception of a prisoner's fitness for a given task actuates the majority of penitentiary assignments, although here lies a fertile field for rehabilitory treatment.

The misfitting of man to prison task would be ludicrous if it were not so serious, bearing in mind that work is not primarily punitive but presumably a way toward reformation.

The twin degenerative ogre of prison idleness is labor so unendingly monotonous and so barren of compensation that the mind, for sanity, simply refuses to cling to it or be nurtured by it.

I am absolutely convinced—speaking always from the standpoint of public benefit—that every prisoner in every penal institution should receive a wage for the work he does.

A nominal wage for prison labor would actually result in an enormous saving of money now expended in prison maintenance. Apportioned to the prisoner and to his outside dependents, where there are families, it would counterbalance charity disbursements and prevent many of those distressing and sinister disintegrations which now follow the incarceration of a breadwinner.

A prison wage would in part be arbitrarily saved against the day of the convict's release. It would serve to tide him over the precarious period of re-establishment during which so many released men now flounder back into crime for need of a few dollars alone. In addition, it would exert an incalculably reformative effect upon a recreant himself.

Mind you, I'm not talking about "coddling prisoners." I'm talking sound common sense. Talking about what kind of neighbor Mr. Prisoner is apt to be when he moves in next door to you—for neighbor he will be, good or bad, better or worse than when the iron door clanged behind him in your state penitentiary.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Emmett Dalton (center) with Will James (left) and George T. Cole.

How in heaven's name is the captured man-of-prey, the spoilsman, going to be weaned to the prated dignity of labor and its compensation if his every day prison day teaches him the fallacy of the preachment? Hated, despised, stultifying labor is no antidote for the lust to pillage. This is no deterrant [*sic*] against the seductions of "easy money." A man must like labor itself to live the decent way. He cannot like it minus its fruits.

"THE MAN in prison should have no pleasure, not even in his task," you say? "Let him learn to behave by suffering and bitter sweat!"

Thus speaks the virtuous man of shallow thought. For no human being has yet learned to "behave" through pain applied by anyone he feels he can whip. Fear and agony are not curative, although the world from time immemorial has always gone on that stupid assumption in its treatment of transgressors.

It is this mistaken notion upon which the haphazard penal institutions have been maintained until now, with vastly increasing influx and outpouring, they have become a dangerous and all but unmanageable problem. Witness the recent prison riots and deliveries at Auburn and Dannemora in New York state, Canyon [Canon] City in Colorado, Ohio state Penitentiary, Folsom and San Quentin in California, Lansing and Leavenworth federal prisons in Kansas, and half a dozen others in the past few years. Bloody eruptions of the prison volcano which stupidity keeps stoking to fresh outburst!

Bitter, fruitless tasks are not good punishment, even!

Strange paradox it is that the human being must have some joy even in his suffering, if he is to be curatively punished. Otherwise retribution becomes merely double-edged savagery begetting fury of fear, hatred of pain. And let jailors beware how they release a man thus scourged!

A man is not easily and perhaps not often chastized [*sic*]. His spirit has many ways of avoiding it.

Something of willingness to endure the rod, the yoke or the torture must enter into it to effect atonement. And some master psychologist might well make that plain to those who devise and inflict the torments of the law.

"Curse God, and die!" shrilled Job's rebellious wife as she saw him suffer his affliction. But Job knew he had it coming to him. Wherefore he bore his ills, and lived.

The psychological aspects of painful punishment are still pretty much uncharted territory. Modern penology has scarcely even guessed at its nature or consequence. The devices of sanctioned punishment are largely hold-overs from the blindly furious impulses of primitive humanity striking back at whatever hurt or offended it.

In that simpler, earlier world from which the passion of insensate revenge derives, there was no cause to gauge its after effects. Primitive society didn't turn back upon itself four hundred thousand recreants per year. It wasn't concerned with constructive reform. It simply killed its wrong-doers or smashed them with unmitigated violence. The creed of the feud was the code of the law. "What measure ye mete, it shall be meted unto you."

Today the State, albeit a bit ashamed and apologetic of this terrible equity of old, still clings to its exactions. Pain is still its chief instrument and reliance.

After all is said and done, a man finally reforms himself, aided by example and guidance in altering his mental habits. Reform—a word which has become almost odious—lies deep down in his soul where not much save his own communings may stir it to life. No man is truly recreated until he himself admits he's dead wrong; until of his own free will he decides to mend his ways because new ways seem better.

HOW TO come by new ways? Society has conditioned its pariah for the cell. But it is totally bewildered in fitting him for release.

Certainly the creature who fights the trap, whose energies are constantly mustered to a resisting pitch, is in no state to alter his lawless spirit. While it is actually fighting, every living thing feels itself in the right. That's part of the will to survive. Under fire the outlaw always feels an exhilirating, primitive virtuousness. Combat for the moment or the hour, the five year prison term or a life tenure, so completely fills one with the lust of indignation that nothing else may live in the mind beside it.

Time and place for thought, for the periods of solitude which nourish a man's better self—this the prisoner should have to achieve balance.

Every prisoner should have a cell to himself.

Costly, yes—since in our national mania of law making we seem determined to confine everyone for something, and since the pressure of prohibition laws and automobile statutes are daily cramming the houses of restraint to the bursting point. But even so, not as costly perhaps as the indiscriminate caging of three and four men in a space designed for one.

Many a well behaved prisoner would gladly exchange for a time with the incorrigible in solitary confinement to get away from the eternal intrusion of a cage fellow. How can he compose himself to study and self improvement if constantly distracted by the chatter of some half-wit or the gibberings of some degenerate!

Better housing and better management are vitally necessary if prison riots and uprisings are to be prevented, maintains Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing prison in New York. Warden Lawes is progressive and far seeing, and he has had long enough experience in dealing with convicts to give his utterances exceptional weight.

"Prison laws," he says, "are framed for control of the five per cent of prisoners who are accounted dangerous. The other ninety-five per cent are forced to conform to these rigid requirements, no matter what the result, under our present penal practice."

The impersonal numeral attached to a convict's shirt does not make him any the less an individual. He cannot be handled merely as a gray or striped blob in a mass of man-flesh, with any hope of successful rehabilitation.

There is crying need for competent teachers and modern vocational instruction in most of the many penitentiaries I have visited since my days at Lansing. Schooling and trade instruction in prisons should not be mere indifferent gesture. They should be made compulsory and effective. The failure to develop and perfect the enormous amount of potential technical skill and mechanical ability now going to waste in thousands of prisoners is one of the greatest indictments against present prison management.

The industrial activities in penal institutions, always limited or viewed askance by organized free labor, constitute a problem which will have to be better adjusted—both for the sake of free and bond labor. Manufacture of clothing, shoes, furniture and other equipment for state institutions offers one way of taking up slack, without any serious conflict.

Prisons will remain approximately what they are until taken out of politics. At present the wardenship is one of the big juicy plums of party patronage. Almost any man is considered fit to govern the walled city of several thousand malefactors and social misfits as warden, if he can get by without any serious riots or political blunders—and so long as he plays the game of the dominant political party.

Patronage. That, quite irrespective of personal qualifications, is the guiding hand in prison administration. The governor appoints the warden. The warden selects his subordinate executives. At the tail end, still the beneficiaries of patronage, stand the guards—the men who have daily, direct contact with the convict. The guards, as well as their superiors, may know as much about handling men as the proverbial old maid knows about rearing children.

Prisons, if they are not to be factories of crime and rebellious violence, must be handed over to more competent, more intelligent, more broadly humane administrators.

A STATE BOARD of commissioners, elected by the people, with salaries which would insure high calibre, would at least be desirable experiment. Such a body of men, say five, with executive charge of all state penal institutions, would have to show special fitness for their task. Their number would prevent the autocratic concentration of power. They would devote their time wholly and exclusively to the job. They would eliminate the present boards of prison directors and parole which many states now have—political appointees who meet only occasionally for their part-time duties. Such a commission, naming the wardens or superintendents of state prisons, would hold the government of corrective institutions more responsive to the people and give scope for more intelligent, constructive policies. The job of salvaging human wreck and flotsam would become an expert undertaking instead of a dark and dubious grappling.

A body of men in close and constant contact with prisoners, and having full authority, would certainly be better qualified than any trial judge or part-time parole board to determine the essential period of incarceration.

The fires of the volcano might at least be banked.

I am convinced too that all penitentiary prisoners should be released conditionally. There should be a period of probation. Arbitrary sentences in terms of years are but another evidence of the blundering guess-work which guides our punitive practice. Parole serves as a test of the man's fitness. It shoulders him with salutary responsibility, and at the same time gives him a sustaining hand at a crucial time.

Voluntary surrender in spirit to the forces of social control alone marks a prisoner's fitness to move again among his herd fellows.

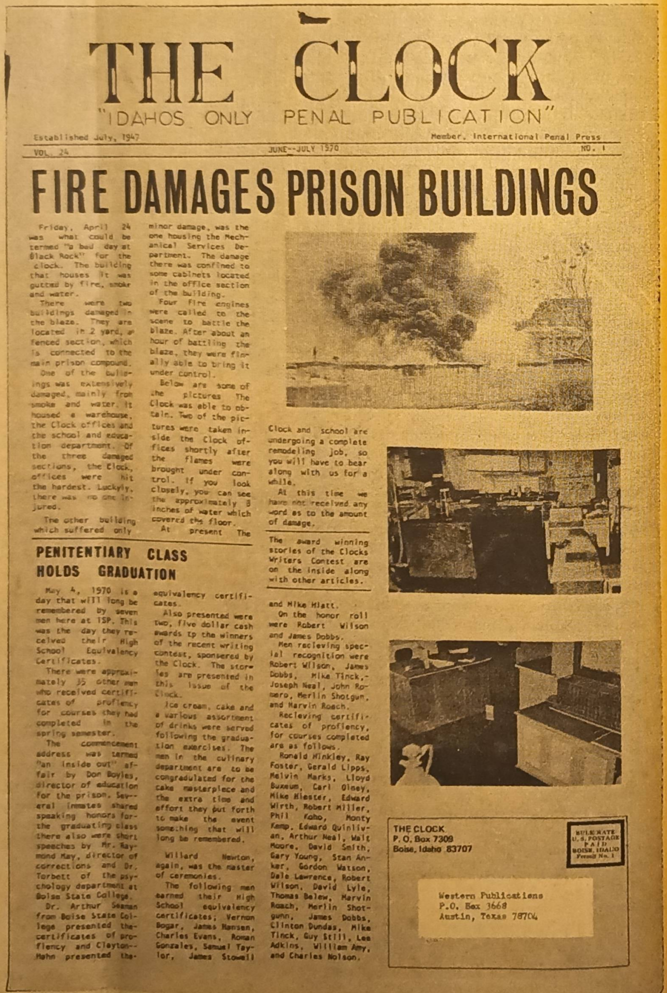
Too bad it is that blood-smeared humanity has made that word "surrender" odious—almost as despicable as the word "coward." It is no wonder that renegades, colored with the common loathing, so seldom surrender even in the cage. A fighting psychology has made "surrender" the unpardonable sin against the ego. It serves to keep vast legions "hard boiled." In prison these incorrigibles are the Old Guard of the lawless legion. Their guns flash in riot. Their fists shake the bars in ominous thunder.

How often during the first days of my retribution did I recall Bob Dalton's dying admonition—"Don't surrender! Die game!"

It took me a long time to decide this business of giving up. It is no light thing. Even public sentiment, as I have said, is against it. And I was a young man who had accounted himself hard and unconquerable. The transformation came in agony of spirit, after many months. It was like exercising [*sic*] devils.

There too—in the psychology of surrender as it applies to caged prisoners—is a challenge for the ponderings of wise men and thoughtful penologists: how to inspire surrender without abominable degradation.

Lansing was, as prisons go, a well managed institution. The seven succesive wardens under whom I served time were intelligent, humane and just executives—several of them exceptionally so. The guards were in the main as well adapted to their task as could be expected, considering the usual political source of supply. Not many obstacles were placed in the way of a man's redemption, if that was his purpose.



THE CLOCK

"IDAHOS ONLY PENAL PUBLICATION"

Established July, 1947

Member, International Penal Press

VOL. 24

JUNE--JULY 1970

NO. 1

FIRE DAMAGES PRISON BUILDINGS

Friday, April 24 was what could be termed "a bad day at Black Rock" for the Clock. The building that houses it was gutted by fire, smoke and water.

There were two buildings damaged in the blaze. They are located in 2 yard, a fenced section, which is connected to the main prison compound.

One of the buildings was extensively damaged, mainly from smoke and water. It housed a warehouse, the Clock offices and the school and education department. Of the three damaged sections, the Clock, offices were hit the hardest. Luckyly, there was no one injured.

The other building which suffered only minor damage, was the one housing the Mechanical Services Department. The damage there was confined to some cabinets located in the office section of the building.

Four fire engines were called to the scene to battle the blaze. After about an hour of battling the blaze, they were finally able to bring it under control.

Below are some of the pictures The Clock was able to obtain. Two of the pictures were taken inside the Clock offices shortly after the flames were brought under control. If you look closely, you can see the approximately 8 inches of water which covered the floor.

At present The Clock and school are undergoing a complete remodeling job, so you will have to bear along with us for a while.

At this time we have not received any word as to the amount of damage.

The award winning stories of the Clocks Writers Contest are on the inside along with other articles.

PENITENTIARY CLASS HOLDS GRADUATION

May 4, 1970 is a day that will long be remembered by seven men here at ISP. This was the day they received their High School Equivalency Certificates.

There were approximately 35 other men who received certificates of profiency for courses they had completed in the spring semester.

The commencement address was termed "an inside out" affair by Don Boyles, director of education for the prison. Several inmates shared speaking honors for the graduating class there also were short speeches by Mr. Raymond May, director of corrections and Dr. Torbett of the psychology department at Boise State College.

Dr. Arthur Seaman from Boise State College presented the certificates of profiency and Clayton Mahn presented the equivalency certificates.

Also presented were two, five dollar cash awards tp the winners of the recent writing contest, sponsered by the Clock. The stories are presented in this issue of the Clock.

Ice cream, cake and a various assortment of drinks were served following the graduation exercises. The men in the culinary department are to be congradulated for the cake masterpiece and the extra time and effort they put forth to make the event something that will long be remembered.

Willard Newton, again, was the master of ceremonies.

The following men earned their High School equivalency certificates; Vernon Bogar, James Hansen, Charles Evans, Roman Gonzales, Samuel Taylor, James Stowell and Mike Hiatt.

On the honor roll were Robert Wilson and James Dobbs.

Men recieving special recognition were Robert Wilson, James Dobbs, Mike Tinck,- Joseph Neal, John Romero, Merlin Shotgun, and Marvin Roach.

Recieving certificates of profiency, for courses completed are as follows.

Ronald Hinkley, Ray Foster, Gerald Lipps, Melvin Marks, Lloyd Buxeum, Carl Olney, Mike Hiester, Edward Wirth, Robert Miller, Phil Koho, Monty Kemp, Edward Quinlivan, Arthur Neal, Walt Moore, David Smith, Gary Young, Stan Anker, Gordon Watson, Dale Lawrence, Robert Wilson, David Lyle, Thomas Belew, Marvin Roach, Merlin Shotgunn, James Dobbs, Clinton Dundas, Mike Tinck, Guy Still, Lee Adkins, William Amy, and Charles Nolson.

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Front page of "The Clock" issue of June-July 1970. Actual size of the paper is 11¼ by 16½ inches. "The Clock" is published six times a year by inmates of Idaho State Penitentiary in Boise with permission of the Board of Corrections and the Director of Corrections.

Bonus Feature!

Emmett Dalton would have approved

THE PENAL PRESS AND "THE CLOCK"

By ERNIE WHITE

Explanatory note: Shortly before Emmett Dalton's "Prison Delivery" was scheduled for this issue, a copy of *The Clock,* an inmate publication of the Idaho State Penitentiary, showed up in the morning's mail at Western Publications. We don't know how we happened to get it; we don't know how we happened to take time to read it but curiosity can sometimes bend the work at hand a little one way or the other.

In the copy we received was an article written by Ernie White, the editor, giving a short history of this country's prison newspapers. As we read the article, William Keteltas—dead now for over a century—suddenly emerged for a moment to stand beside Emmett Dalton, and Dalton in turn seemed very much a part of *The Clock.*

With permission of Raymond May, Director of Corrections, Idaho State Penitentiary, we are reprinting Mr. White's article.

VERY SELDOM does the general public ever hear or come in contact with one particular branch of the fourth estate: the penal press.

Idaho State Penitentiary's magazine, *The Clock,* like all other penal publications, is restricted in its goals and contents, mainly because it is a prison publication. We are hoping for more lenient restrictions as time goes along.

America's first penal newspaper was founded by an inmate of the New York Prison. His goal was to work for the enactment of a bankruptcy law. Imprisoned along with hundreds of others, because he could not satisfy his creditors, William Keteltas established the *Forlorn Hope* on Monday, March 24, 1800, in an effort to bring an end to imprisonment for debt in the United States. *Forlorn Hope* survived less than a year, the last known edition being September 13, 1800. During his six months of publishing, Keteltas crusaded for prison reform in general, but he concentrated on imprisonment for debt as a prime evil.

There is no record of any further attempts at prison publications until more than three-quarters of a century later. In the 1880s, three prison newspapers were founded in rather quick succession, and each is still being published. This triumvirate included the *Summary,* of the Elmira Reformatory, New York, in 1883; *Our Paper,* of the Massachusetts Correctional Institution, Concord, in 1885; and the *Prison Mirror,* of the Minnesota State Penitentiary at Stillwater in 1887.

New concepts in penology probably accounted for the creation of prison newspapers in these institutions at that time. With the introduction of the so-called Elmira System, prisoners were given the opportunity to earn merits with good conduct to shorten their sentences; shops and schools were established; excessive punishment for rule violations was eliminated; and the silent system was relaxed. This more humane outlook on imprisonment originated in Ireland in 1876. It became known as the Elmira System because it was first used for youthful offenders at the New York State Reformatory at Elmira, where the second known prison publication emerged.

Only five other present-day penal publications, two of them in juvenile institutions, originated prior to 1900. These publications were still in existence at the writing of this article [in 1970].

It is impossible to know how many may have been founded only to live a short while. In most penal institutions, then and now, maintenance of files of the institutional publication has not been considered a matter of major importance, and undoubtedly some periodicals were born and died without having their existence recorded.

The longevity of these five *Boy's Messenger,* Montana State Industrial School, 1889; the *OPNews,* Ohio Penitentiary, 1892; the *Pendleton Reflector,* Indiana Reformatory, 1896; the *Hawkeye,* Iowa Men's Reformatory, 1898; and the *Mentor,* Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Walpole, 1898, is amazing. To survive through all the changes in administration and public attitudes required courage and caution, patience and perseverance, of inmate staff and administrators alike.

At the turn of the century, a few hardy papers from the eighties were still cele-

]

brating birthdays. However, most of the growth in the press at correctional institutions was occurring in juvenile and federal institutions.

Despite the longevity of several penal publications, the penal press is basically a development of recent years. Most have been founded since 1940. In fact, more than one-half of them have been started since 1950, and more than one-fourth since 1960. It was in this era that *The Clock* was born.

THE EARLY history of *The Clock*, at least from its beginning in July of 1947 until February of 1955, seems to have disappeared with time. In 1947, the Idaho Board of Corrections came into being, and possibly *The Clock* was an idea of the original board members. The actual records cannot be located.

The oldest issue in the present files dates back to February 1955. It is 5½ x 8½ in size, and an extremely well written edition. The editor is listed as Saquaro. There is no first name or initial given. He is listed as the editor until August 1956, at which time Boyd Hatcher took over the duties as editor. Boyd was only editor for one month, because he had been granted a parole shortly after obtaining these new duties.

In September 1956, W. L. Owens started his long tour of duty as editor, which lasted until December 1959.

The format remained the same until June 1963 when it was changed to its present size. It has, as far as we can find, been a mimeographed magazine from its inception in 1947 to the present. There was a period, between June 1963 and July 1969, when it was printed on a 1250 Multilith offset press. At that time the print shop here at the institution was shut down and the press was sold. Printing again was returned to the mimeograph machine.

In January 1968, *The Clock* changed its publishing schedule from monthly to bimonthly, and the *Clock* staff started *The Addenda*, which is just what the name means, a supplement. *The Addenda's* purpose is to keep the inmate population informed of happenings in and around and pertaining to the institution. Approximately 1100 copies of *The Clock* and 125 copies of *The Addenda* are printed at present.

We doubt seriously if any of the editions could be called an excellent printing job. *The Clock*, down through the years, has had some excellent, and at times some very controversial material printed on its pages. Some of its editors and staff have gone on to better jobs in the newspaper field, and there are hopes that more will, as time goes on.

The excellence of many prison publications had obviously helped the penal press win acceptance and growth. But modern developments in prison administration undoubtedly also have been responsible for a greater use of periodicals in correctional institutions, increased attention to rehabilitation rather than punishment, an awakened understanding of the importance of communication in any society, and increased freedom and responsibility.

Publication supervisors in institutions throughout the country consider their penal publications to be a meaningful communications media both inside and outside the institution. Inmate editors are also enthusiastic about the communication function of their periodicals, but there is a pronounced preference for the outside public as the more important of their audiences. This belief that improvements in penology will come only through public enlightenment has spurred the efforts of editors to reach a larger and more influential audience outside the institution.

IT IS GENERALLY agreed that a communication medium, to fulfill its total obligation, should inform, entertain, and influence its public. In each of these areas of operation, both individually and taken as a group, prison publications have shown some remarkable work.

The opinion-molding function should be paramount because the investment of funds and other resources in their operation is motivated solely by the desire of inmates and administrators to change the attitude of others. America's first prison newspaper was established as a medium to influence the public outside the walls.

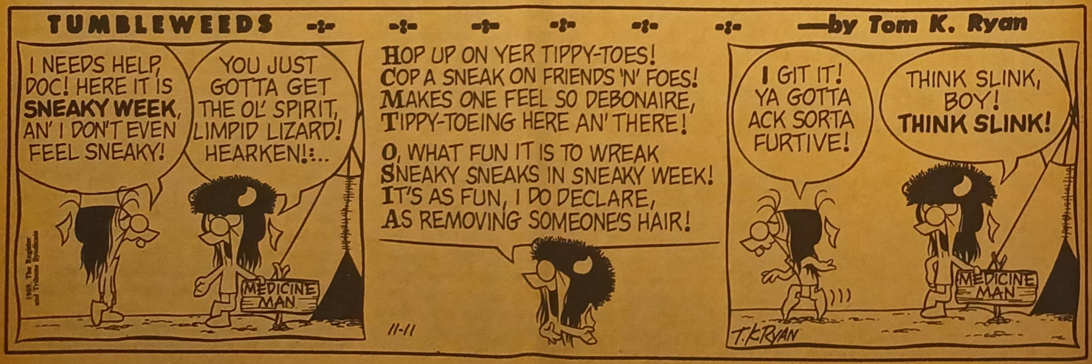
There is no doubt that the penal press can be of great service in this area—service to prison inmates, prison administrations, and society in general. The public is inclined to neglect penal institutions. Other syphons of the public monies usually are more appealing, and the prison system seems forever doomed to inadequate facilities and operating revenues. Lack of public attention to prison conditions and to the warnings and requests of prison administrators often means that pennies saved ultimately result in dollars lost through higher recidivism rates and destruction from violence. Public understanding of modern penological thought, and of the means needed to put new ideas into practice, would benefit everyone.

Some institutions still restrain their inmate publications from general outside circulation. Only persons having direct connections with these institutions are permitted on the mailing list. This practice is giving way, however, to some definite efforts to increase the range of the outside audience. Such is the case with *The Clock*.

Since the *Forlorn Hope* made its debut in 1800, the penal press has established itself as a respectable and worthwhile segment of this country's press. For more than a century and a half it has struggled to determine its legitimate goals, its unavoidable limitations, and its worthwhile potential. It is still, in many respects, an unsettled area of the fourth estate—its course not fully charted. Penal press editors should continue to accept the challenge of making their products worthwhile ventures. Supervision, collaboration, and guidance from prison administrators should be welcomed and put to use.

All publications, even those outside prison walls, have certain restrictions under which they must operate. Although the restrictions on the penal press may be more numerous and more direct, they do not bar the performance of service to inside and outside populations.

Prison administrators, as they guide inmate publications, should permit a reasonable freedom of operation so editors may have the respect of their audiences. Other support should be adequate also. The penal press in its history has been like a plant that has grown from a field of stones. No one planted it there, but still it grew. And with some food and water (finances and facilities) and some air to breathe (reasonable freedom), it can grow into something of greater value than it has been before. Its past record merits future support.


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
I NEEDS HELP, DOC! HERE IT IS SNEAKY WEEK, AN' I DON'T EVEN FEEL SNEAKY!
YOU JUST GOTTA GET THE OL' SPIRIT, LIMPID LIZARD! HEARKEN!:..
MEDICINE MAN
HOP UP ON YER TIPPY-TOES! COP A SNEAK ON FRIENDS 'N' FOES! MAKES ONE FEEL SO DEBONAIRE, TIPPY-TOEING HERE AN' THERE!
O, WHAT FUN IT IS TO WREAK SNEAKY SNEAKS IN SNEAKY WEEK! IT'S AS FUN, I DO DECLARE, AS REMOVING SOMEONE'S HAIR!
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I GIT IT! YA GOTTA ACK SORTA FURTIVE!
THINK SLINK, BOY! THINK SLINK!
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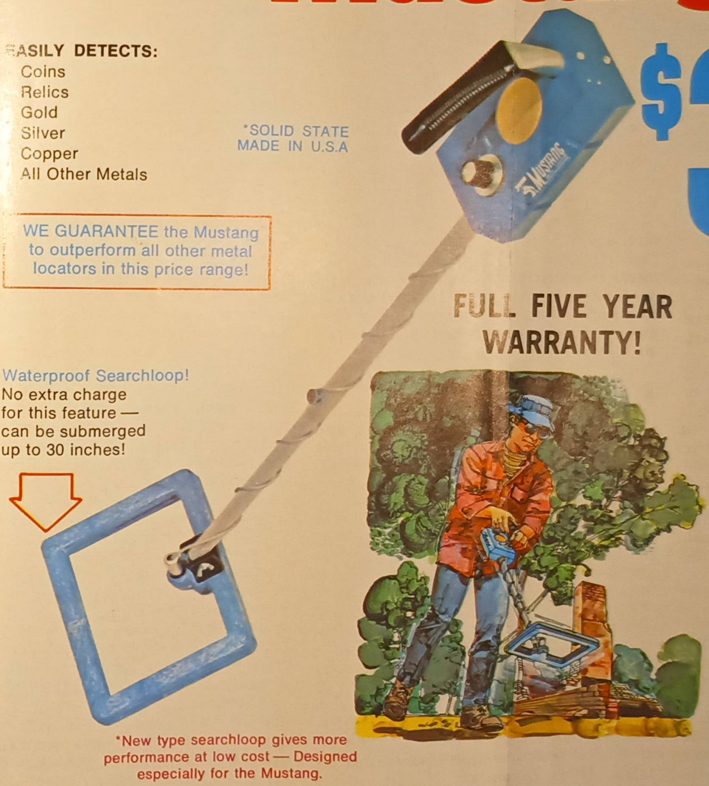

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